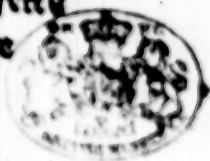


The double sorow of Troilus to telle  
 Kyng Pyramus sone of Troy  
 In loupynge / both hys auentures telle  
 From woo to wele / and after out of Joye  
 My purpos is / or that I parte from  
 These woeful verses / that becom as I wyte  
 To the clepe I goddesse of turment /



Thou cruel fury / sorowynge euer in payne  
 Help me that am the sorowful instrument  
 That thy seruice / as I can to playne  
 For wel fitte / the sooth for to sayne  
 A woeful wyght / to write a dierie fete  
 And to a sorowful tale / a song clepe

For I that god of loupes seruauitis serue  
 He dar not loue / for myn vnphylpnesse  
 May for swete / al shuld I therefore serue  
 So fer am I / from hys helpe in derlinesse  
 Out natheles / yif thys may do gladnesse  
 To ony hert / and hys lady auayle  
 Deue is the thank / and myn be the trauayle

What ye knowe that luten in gladnesse  
 Of ony drop of pite in yow be  
 Remembre yow in passyng loupnesse  
 That ye han felt / and in the aduersite  
 Of other folk / and thynk how that ye  
 Haue felt how hie durt yow dysplease  
 Or ye haue wonne hem louth to grete ease

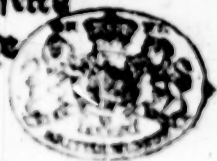
And pray for hem that len in the cas  
 Of Troilus as ye may after hit  
 That leue hym loupynge / in truene to solace  
 And eke for me prayeth / to god so deere  
 That I haue myght / to sturbe in some manere  
 Such pene & woo / as loupes seruauitis endure  
 As in Troilus vnsele aduenture



1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
British Museum  
1 2 3



The double sorow of Troilus to telle  
Kynge Priamus sone of Troy  
In buyng / how his auentures falle  
From woo to wele / and after out of joye  
My purpos is / or that I parte fro  
Elysio ne thow helpe me for to endyte  
These woful verses / that wepyng as I wyte



To the clepe I goddesse of turment/  
Thou cruel fury / sorowbyng euer in payne  
Help me that am the sorowful instrument  
That helpe louers / as I can to playne  
For wel sitte / the sooth for to sayne  
A woful wyght / to write a dreery fere  
And to a sorowful tale / a sorow chere

For I that god of lours seruantes serue  
Ne dar not loue / for myn vnkyndnesse  
Pray for spede / al shuld I therefore sterue  
So fer am I / from his helpe in derkenesse  
But natheles / yif this may do gladnesse  
To ony luer / and his lady auayle  
Haue he the thank / and myn be the traouayle

But ye lours that batten in gladnesse  
Yf ony droppe of pyte in yow be  
Remembre yow in passyd buynesse  
That ye han felt / and in the aduersite  
Of othe folk / and thynk how that ye  
Haue felt how loue durst yow dysplease  
Or haue wonne hem louth to grete ease

And pray for hem that ben in the mas  
Of Troilus as ye may after here  
That loue hym buyng / in heuene to solace  
And eke for me prayeth / to god so dere  
That I haue myght / to shewe in some manere  
Such payne & woo / as lours seruantes endure  
As in Troilus vnseely aduenture

Ande byddyth eke for hem that ben dyspayred  
In loue / that neuer wyl recouered be  
Ande eke for them that falsly ben apyred  
Thurgh wykked tungen / be yt he or she  
Thus prayeth god / for hys kensynge  
So graunt hym soone / out of this world to passe  
That is dyspayred out of louys grace

Ande byddyth eke for hem / that ben at ease  
That god graunt hem ay / good perseruance  
And send hem myght / their ladyes for to please  
That is to loue by worschyp and plesaunce  
For so hope I my self best auance  
To pray for hem that lous seruantis be  
Ande wyte their woo / ande lye in charyte

Ande for to haue on them compassioun  
As though they were their olde brethern dere  
Nolde herknyth wyth good entencioun  
For nolde I wil go sepyght to my matere  
By whiche ye may the double sorow here  
Of Troilus in lounge of Criseyde  
Ande how she forsooke hym or he deyde

i        It is wel wyse / how y Grekis stronge  
In armes with a thousand shippes wet  
To trope ward / ande the cite longe  
Assygid wel ten yere or they stent  
Ande in dyuerse wyse / ande oon entent  
The maysshynge to wreke / of Heleyn  
By Paris don they brought alle their payne

Nolde I it soo that in the town ther was  
Dwellynge a lord of grete auctorite  
A grete deuyneur / that clepyd was Calas  
That in sciens so expert was he  
Knewe wel that Troy shuld destroyed be  
By answeere of hys god / that hyght thus  
Dagones or Apollo Delphicus

So when calcas knewe by calculyng  
And eke by answey of thys Apollos  
That grekis shuld such a peple bringe  
Thurgh whiche that Troye must be fordo  
He cast anon out of the town to go  
For welc he wyte by sort that Troye shold  
Dystroyed be who so wold or nolde

For whiche he thought to departe softly  
Toke purpos thus in ful unknowen wyse  
And to the grekis went ful pryvely  
He scale anon and they in curteys loys  
Hym dyden both worship and scrupse  
In trust that he had connyng hem to rede  
In every peple / whiche that stood in drede

Moyse by word when it was first espyed  
In alle the town / and openly was spoken  
That calcas traytour fled / was and alped  
To hem of grece / and cast was to be broken  
On hym that falsly hath his sayth so broken  
And sayd he and alle his kynne attones  
Were worthy to be bent bothe fel and bones

Now had Calcas left in thys myschaunce  
Unwyte of thys fals and wykked dede  
A daughter whiche that was in grete penaunce  
And of her lyf she was ful sore in drede  
And wyte neuer what best was to rede  
And as a wydelce was she al alone  
And wyte to whom / she durst make her mone

Eriscide was thys ladyes name a ryght  
As to my dome in al Troyes cite  
Most fayrest lady for passyng every wyght  
So Aungelyk shone her natyf beaute  
That thyng none mortal femyd she  
And ther wyth was she so perfyte a creature  
As she had be made in scoryng of nature



Thys lady that alday / lryd; at er  
Hys fader shame / falschyd; and; treason  
Ful mygh out of hys wyt / for sorow & fere  
In wydelwes habyte large of samy & brow  
Byfore Hector on knees she fpl adoun  
Hys mercy had; / hys self excusynge  
Wyth pytous voyce / and; tenderly wepyng

Molo was thys Hector pytous of nature  
And; salve that she was sorowful bygon  
And; that she was so faye a creature  
Of hys goodnes / he gladyd; her anon  
And; sayd; / late pour faders treason gon  
Furth wyth myschaunce & pe pour selfen joye  
Whellith wuth be while pour good lste in troye

And al þ; honour that men may do polly haue  
As ferforth as though pour fader dwellyd there  
Ye shul haue / and; pour body shul men saue  
As fer as I may ough; enquire and; there  
And; she hym thanked wyth ful humble chere  
And; oster wold; / and; it lnd; ben hys wyf  
Toke her leue went home / and; held; hys self

And; in her hous abode wyth such meyne  
As to hys honour nede was to hold;  
And; while that she was dwellyng; in þ; cite  
Kept hys estate / and; both of yonge and; olde;  
Ful wel behyrd; and; men of hys tolde;  
But whether she childe; lnd; or non  
I wete it not / Therfor; I lete it gon

The thynges ful as they don of Ibery  
Wellby; hem of Troye and; Grekis oter  
For some day bought they of Troye wete  
And; eft the Grekis founde nothyng; left  
The folk of Troye / and; thus fortune aloft  
And; Eady; eft gan hem to repente both  
After they; coure lshyn they lber; l;:oth



But hold this tolde com to discretioun  
Ne falsyth not to purpoos me to telle  
For it were here a longe dyscressioun  
fro my matyer / and; yow ful longe to deible  
But the Troian gestes as they telle  
In Omere in Dares / or in Dyt  
Who so that can may rede hem as they wyte

And though þe grekis them of Troie sixteen  
Had; and; they; were bisegyd; al aboute -  
Yet for alle they; blage hold; they not lesten  
To worship; : honour they goddis ful deuoute  
Wpþ most reuerence in honour out of doute  
They worshipped; a reliquy callid Palladion  
On whom was alle they; trust aboute ecoun

And; so helth whan comen was the tyme  
Of Aprill whan clothyd; is the mede  
Wpþ nelke grene of lusey beete the pyne  
And; swete smellynq; floures whete and; rede  
In sundry wyse shewyd; as I rede  
The folke of Troie there obseruaunces old;  
Palladion feste wente for to hold;

Wnto the temple in alther feste wyse  
Generally they; wente many a knyght  
To sekene of Palladion scrype  
And; namely many a lusey knyght  
And; many a lady freshe and; mayden bryght  
Ful wel arrayed; both meste and; lest  
Both for the season and; the hye feste

Amonge thise other folk was Erisydre  
In wydelbe; halp; black; / but natheles  
Kyght as our first letter is now an A  
In healt; fre; / so stode she makeles  
Her goodly lookynq; / gladdyd; alle the yowes  
Nas neuer seen thynge to be pryfedy; drete  
Nor vnder cloth; black; so bryght a sterre

As was Criseyde / as folke sayd: echone  
That her beheld: in her black weede  
And yet she stood: ful solbe and: seyl alone  
Behynd: other folk in lytel brede  
And nyr the dore vnder shames drede  
Symple of atyre / and: desonayr of chere  
Wyth ful assuryd: lookynge and: manere

Thys Troilus as he was wont to gylde  
Hys ponge knyghtes lady hem by and: down  
In thys large temple / on euery syde  
Beholdynge ay the ladyes of the toun  
Nolde he nold there / for no deuocoun  
Had: he to none to reuen hym hys reue  
But gan to prayse and: call vpon hym leste

And: in hys walk ful fast he gan to wapen  
Yf knyght or sauer / of hys company  
Can for to sigh / or leste hys eyen bryden  
On ony woman that he coude espye  
He wolde: symple and: hald: it a folye  
And said he thus god wote she seipill ful softe  
For loue of polb / wshyn ye to me ful ofte

I haue herd: tel paradies of polbre cupyng  
Ye seuerd and: eke your selve obseruaunce  
And: wshyn a labour / folk haue in wpynyng  
Of loue and in the keepynge wshyn dourdaunce  
And: wshyn your pray is lost wo a prauaunce  
O veny foole / blynde and: nyte he ys  
There is not one can wate by other he

And: with þe word he wold: cast by the browe  
Aseunce is thys not welle y spoken  
At which the god: of loue gan to loken wode  
Knyght for despyte / and: swope to be broken  
He spode anon / hys solbe was not broken  
For sodaynly he byt hym at the ful  
And: yet as prold a pock can he pul

O blynd? woeld? / O blynd? entencioun  
Holt oft falsyth alle theffes contraye  
Of surquydrye and? foul presumptioun  
For caught is prolb? & caught is & sonapre  
Thys Troylus is chombyn on the seapre  
And? lytel benyth that he shall & scenden  
But alday fuplyth thyng? / that foolis wenden

As prolb? luyard? begynneth for: to skyp  
Out of the way / so wylkyth hym hys corn  
Tyl he a lassy haue of the longe-abhypp  
Than thynkyth he though I prauun? al byforn  
Fyrt in the trape / ful fat and? neibe y shorn  
Yet am I but an hors / and? horses lalbe  
I must endure / and? wyth my feetis dralbe

So fierdy it by this herts and prolb? luynght  
Though he a worthy kynges sones wete  
And? wend? nothyng? had? had? suet myght  
Agens? hys wyf that shuld? hys hert sterte  
Yet wyth a booke hys hert way a fupre  
That he that nobl was most in pryde aboute  
Way sodaynly most subget vnto loue

For thy ensample take of thys man  
He wyse prolb? and? worthy folkes alle  
To seorne loue / wyse that so soone can  
The freedom of poltre hertis to hym thralle  
For euer it was and? euer he shall  
That loue is he / that all thyng? may bynde  
For noman may fordo the lalbe of kynde

That this is sooth is prouedy and? doth yit  
For thys trolb I y? knolben alle and? some  
Man wden not that folk haue gretter wyf  
Than they y? kin ten most wyth loue y none  
And? strengest folk be therwyth ouercome  
The worthiest and? grettest of degre  
Thys was and? is / and? yet may I yul it see



And treibly it fallyth wel to be soo  
For alther lypfeste han ther lypth ben pleasid  
And thyng that han ben althermost in woo  
Wyth loue haue ben conforced most and easid  
And oft it hath the cruel hert apesid  
And worthy folk made worthyer of rame  
And causith most to drede byre and shame

Nolb sith it may not goodely be lypthstonde  
And is a thyng so vertuous in kynde  
Refusith not in loue to be bounde  
Sith as hym self lyst he may polb bynde  
The perdy is better that solben lyp and lypnde  
Than that that bresith / and therfor I polb rede  
To folowe loue / that polb so wel can lede

But forth to telle / in espectral  
As of this kyngs sone of lypth I tolde  
And lete other thynges collateral  
Of hym thynk I my tale forth to hold  
Both of hys joye and of hys cares cold  
And all hys werkis to lychnyng this matere  
For ther as I gan I lyp thereto referre

Within the temple he lichte hym forth pleyenge  
Thys Twylus of euerie lycht aboute  
On thys lady and nolb on that lokyng  
Whether so she were of tolone or of lypthoute  
And vpon mas byfel that thurgh a folbe  
Hys eye perad and so depe it went  
Al on Eriseide it smet and there it stent

And sodaynly he way ther lypth astomred  
And gan hys bet behold in thursty lypse  
O mercy god thought he / lypst last þe lboned  
That art so fayre and goodly to deupse  
Ther lypth hys herte began to sprede and ruse  
And soft sigld / lest men myght hym here  
And caught agayn hys fyrst pleyenge chere



She was nat wyth the leste / of hyr stature  
But alle her symmes / so wel answeryng  
Weren to wommanhode / that creature  
Was neuer lasse mannyssh in semynge  
Ande eke the pure wyse of her meynynge  
Shelwyd; wele that men myght in her gesse  
Honour estate / ande wommanly noblesse

Tho Troilus ryght wonderly wel withal  
Gan for to lyke her meynynge ande hyr chere  
Whyle sumdel deynous was for six leete fal  
Hyre looke a lyte asyde in such manere  
Askaunce what may I nat stonde; here  
Ande after that her lookynge gan she lyght  
Hym neuer thought haue seen so good; a sight

Ande of hyre looke in hym ther gan quyen  
So grette desire / ande such affectioun  
That hye hert botum it gan styken  
Of hyre fygure wyth depe oppressioun  
Ande though he erst had polvred; by & down  
He was tho glady / hye hornes in to shrynke  
Wyneth wist he how to looke or wynte

So he that leete hym self so connyng  
Ande scorned; them that loue paynes dyen  
Was ful vnware / that loue hath his dwellyng  
Withyn the subtyl streames / of hyre eyen  
That sodaynly hym thought he shuld; dyen  
Ryght wyth hyre looke the spryt in hye hert  
Blissed; he loue / that can thus folk conuert

She thus in black / lookynge to Troilus  
Ouer al thyng / he stode to beholde  
Ne hye desire / ne wylkefor; he stode thus  
He neuer chere made / ne word; told;  
But from afer / hye maner to beholde  
On other thyng somtyme hye looke he caste  
Ande eft on hyre whyle the scruple laste

And after this not fully al abaypde  
Out of the temple / al easely he went  
Repentynge hym that he had euer jappde  
Of this folk / lest fully the descent  
Of scorn shal on hym self / but what he ment  
Lest it were wyse in ony maner spde  
Hys woos he gan dyssimulen / and to hyde

Whan he was fro the temple thus departe  
He streight anon / into his palays turneth  
Right with his book thur shot a thur dar tid  
So feyneth he in luse / ther he sojourneth  
And al his chere & speche / also he tourneth  
And ap of his seruantes / euery wyse  
Hym self to wreke at him he gan to smyle

And sayd lord so ye lyue alle in lese  
Ye buere for the conynge of polb  
That scrupth most ententfuly and lest  
Hym til therof as often harme as prold  
Your hupre is quyt agayn / ye godd woos folb  
Nat wele for wele / but scorn for goodd ser uper  
In feyth your ordir is / miled in goodd wyse

In no certayne ben al your obseruaunces  
But it a self fyre wyntre be  
He nothyng askyth so grete attendaunces  
As doeth your lay / and that knolben al ye  
But that is not the worst so moche I the  
But told I polb the worst wynt I leue  
All sayd I soth / ye wold at me graue

But take this that ye buere oft eschepde  
Or ellis den of goodd entencion  
But oft your lady / wyse it mys consuetude  
And deme it harme / in her oppynoun  
And put yf for other encreason  
We broth thene shalt y haue a groyne anon  
Lord wele is hym / that may be of polb son

But for al thys / whan that he salde hys tyme  
He held his was none other boote hym gayned  
For loue bygan hys fethers for to tyme  
That wel bnneth into hys folk he feryned  
That other lesy nedes / hym dyscrayned  
For wo was hym that what to do he myst  
But hys folk go wher that hem lyst

And whan that he in chambre was alone  
He dwyn from hys beddis feete hym sette  
And fyste he gan do sigh / and eft to growne  
And thought ay so on hys / wythouten lette  
That as he sat andy booke / hys spirit mette  
That he he salde temple andy alle the gysse  
Ryght of her booke / andy gan it nelbe aduysse

Thus gan he make a myrtour of hys mynde  
In whiche he salde al hool hys fygure  
Andy that he wel coude / in hys lert fynde  
It was to hym a ryght goody auenture  
To loue such one / andy yf he dyd hys cure  
To scriven hys pit myght he fal in grace  
Or ellis for one of hys seruauntis pace

Imagynynge that trauayle ne gream  
He myght not for so goodely one he born  
As he ne hym for no desyre ne shame  
Al were it wyse / but in pyre by born  
Of al buens wel more than byforn  
Thus argued he in hys begynnynge  
Ful vnauysed of hys woos comynge

- Thus tolde he purpos / lous craft to spelbe  
Andy thought he wolde werke pryuelly  
Fyste to hys hys desyre in melbe  
From euery wyght y born vtyrly  
Wnt he myght ought recouered he theerly  
Remembrynge hym that loue to wyde y sholbe  
Yeldith better fauyt though swete seede he solbe



And? cur al thys moche more he thought  
What for to speke / and? what to shew pame  
And? to art her to haue he sought  
And? a songe / anon ryght to begynne  
And? gan blyd? on hys secolde for to bypame  
For byth good? hope / he gan fully assent  
E ryse for to lue / and? not to wpende

And? of hys songe not only the sentence  
As bypeth myn auctour / callid? billyus  
But pleyntly saue our tonges difference  
I dare wel say in al that Tropluse  
Seyde in hys songe to euery word? ryght thus  
As I shal seyn / and? who so lyst it here  
To next thys vers ye may it fynden here

If no lue is / O god? what feele I so  
And? if lue is what thyng and? wher? is he  
If lue be good? from uske comyth my wo  
If it be wyll? a wond?r thynketh me  
Whan euery torment and? aduersite  
That comyth of hym may to me sauour thynk  
For as thys I the more that I it drynk

And? if that at myn olde lust I brenne  
Fro uske comyth my waphyng & my pynne  
If harm angre me / wherto pleyne I thenne  
I not not why vnlber that I seynt  
O quyl deth / O swete harme so ouerpat  
How may of the in me be such quantite  
But if I consent / that it so be

And? if that I consent througfully  
Compleyne ploye / thus possid? to and? fro  
Al sterles / bythm a bot am I  
Ampece the see fetlapp wyndes also  
That in contrary stondyn euermo  
Alas what is thys wond?r maladre  
For hte of celd? / for celd? of hte I dye



And to the god of loue thus sayd he  
Wth pvtous voyce / O lord nold polbre is  
My spirit whiche that ought polbre be  
Polb thank I lord / þ haue me brought to this  
But whether goddesse or womman ylis  
She be I note whiche that ye do me serue  
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue and serue

Ye stonden in her eyen / myghtyly  
As in a place / vnto your vertu dygne  
Therefor lord yf my scrupel or I  
May lyke polb / so be to me kerygne  
For myn estate Foyal / I here resigne  
In to her hande / and whiche ful humble chere  
Wcome hyr man as to my lady dere

In hym ne depned to spare blood Foyal  
The fere of loue wherfrom god me blesse  
Ne hym forsake in no degre for al  
Hys excellent or vertuous prouesse  
But held hym as hys thral / in loue dyssewse  
And brent hym so in sondry wyse al nelbe  
That sixty tyme a day / he lost hys selbe

Somoch day from day / hys olbne thought  
For lust to hyr / gan quykely and encrease  
That euery other charge he sette at nought  
For thy ful oft / hys hote fere to wace  
To see her goodly chere he gan to preace  
For thereby to be eased wel he wende  
And ay the more he was / the more he brende

- But when he had a space / from hys care  
Thus to hym self / ful oft he gan to vlepne  
He sayd o foole / nold art thou in the snare  
That whychonnyngest / at loues payne  
Nold art þ sent / nold guald thy olbne chayne  
Thou wert ay wont / eche souer to reprefende  
Of thyng the whiche thou canst the not defende

What wyl nold every lover / say of the  
If thys be wyl / But ever in thy absence  
Laugh in scorn / and say to other goth he  
That is the man / of so grete soppence  
That held he lovers / lest in reverence  
Nold thanked he god / he may go in the dailie  
Of hym that love wyl / freely to avaunce

But o thou woful Troilus godd hold  
Synth thou must love / thurgh thy destyne  
That thou byset were / on such one that shold  
Enoble al thy woo / al lakked he pyte  
But also cold / in love towarde the  
Thy lady is / as frost in wynter moone  
And thou for done as frost in wynter soone

Godd hold I were argued in the port  
Of deeth the whyche / my sorow wyl me lede  
A lord to me it were a grete comfort  
Than were I quyte of languishynge in drede  
For by myn hnd sorow y bblowen in brede  
I shal y iaped be / a thousand tyme  
More than a foole of whos folp men ryme

But nold help godd / and ye swete for whom  
I pleyne / y caught ye neuter wyght so fast  
O mercy dre hert / and help me from  
The deeth / for I whyle my lyf may last  
More than my self wyl love yow to my last  
And with som frandly booke / gladith me swete  
Though never nothyng more ye me byhete

These wordis / and ful many another to  
He spak and callid ever in his compleynt  
Hys name for to tellen hys / he is woo  
Tyl mygh that he in salt teiris dreynt  
Al was for nought / he herd not hys pleynt  
And when that he hathought / on that folpe  
A thousand fold / hys woo gan multiplie

By wayfynge in hys chambre / thus alone  
A frend of hys / that callid was Pandare  
Come oones in / and herd hym gone  
And salb hys frend / in such dyseres and care  
Alas quod he / who causith alle thys fere  
O mercy god / what Unhap may thys mene  
Hane nold thus soone / grekis made yold lene

Oz hast thou some remors / of conscience  
And art nold fallen / in some deuocioun  
And waylest for thy synne & for thy offend  
And hast for fere / might contricioun  
God saue hem that bysieged haue thys towne  
That so can lye / our Jolte on presse  
And bypnyng oure lusty folk / to holynesse

These wordis sayd he / for the nones alle  
That with such thing he might him agry make  
And wyth hys angre / do hys sorow falle  
As for the tyme / and hys corage albaen  
And wel wyse he / as fer as tungen spoken  
There nas a man of gretter hardynesse  
Than he / ne nomore desired worthynesse

What was quod Ewilus tho / or what aduerture  
Hath guded the / to see me languysshynge  
That am refuse / of euery creature  
But for the loue of god / at my prayenge  
Go hens alway / for certis my depenge  
Wyl the dysease / and I mote nedis dre  
Therefor go hens / ther is nomore to se

But yf thou wene / I be thus sike for drede  
It is not so / and therfor scorn me nought  
There is another thyng I take of drede  
Wel more than ought the grekis han yit brought  
Whiche cause is of my deth / sorow & thought  
But though I nold tel it the ne lest  
Be thou not broth I hyde it for the best



Thys pandar that my mall / for woo & wold  
ful oft sayd: alas / what may thys be  
Holt frend: quod: he / yf euer loue or troth  
hath ben or is / byllbene the and: we  
Ne do thou neuer / such a cruel  
To hyde from me thy fande / such a  
Wost thou not wel / that I am pandar

I wyl part wylth the al the pryne  
yf it be so / I do the no confort  
As it is frendis rpght / sooth for to seyne  
To entreparre woo / as glad: dysport  
I haue and: shal for trew or fals wyl  
In wrong and: rpght / I haue: the al my wyl  
Hyde not thy woo from me / but telle it ful

Than gan thys sorowful Troilus to sike  
And: sayd: hym thus / god: lieue it be my  
To tel it the / for sith it may the lyke  
Put wyl I tel it / though myn art breste  
And: wel wote I / thou mayst do no wyl  
Wut lest thou deme / I trust not to the  
Holt frend: frend: / for thus it standeth wyl

Loue agensse wylth / who so defendeth  
Hym self most / it al therlste auereth  
Wylth dyspente / so sorowfully me offendeth  
That strepght vnto the deth / myn art sayeth  
Therto desire / so hrennyngly me assaileth  
That to be slayne / it were a gretter joye  
To me than to be kynge / of Grece and: Troye

Suffisith thys my ful frend: Pandar  
That I haue sayd: / for nold wost thou my  
And: for the loue of god: / my wold: we  
Hyde it wel / I wold: it neuer nemo  
For harmes myght folowe me than woo  
yf it were wylth / but be thou in gladnes  
And: let me sterue / vnkowly of my dyspente



Holt fast thou thus / Unkynpely and longe  
Wyd thyse fro me / thou foole quod Pandarus  
Peraventure thou mayst / after suchon longe  
That myn aduysse / anen may helpe be  
Thyse were a bounder thyng / quod Troylus  
Thou coldest neuer in love / thy self wysse  
Holt deupl mayst thou than / byng me to blisse

¶ Troylus herken now / quod Pandarus  
Though I be nyce / it hath oftyn so  
That oon that excess doeth / ful euylfare  
By good counsaile / can kepe hys frend therfro  
I haue my self seen a blynd man go  
There as he syl / that coldde looke wyde  
A foole may eke / a wyse man oftyn guyde

A whetston / is no keryng instrument  
Wut put it makyth / sharp keryng twolis  
And there thou woost / that I haue mysident  
Eschew thou that / for such thyng to scoole is  
Thus oft wyse men / ben ware by foolis  
If thou do so / thy wyte is wel belband  
By hys contrary / is euery thyng declarid

For holt myght euer / swetnesse be knowe  
To hym that neuer / tastid bytternesse  
Ne noman may / be myl glad I tolde  
That neuer was in sorow / or some dysresse  
Eke white by black / by shame eke worthynesse  
Eke set by other / more for othyr sempth  
As men may see / and so the wyse it demyth

Spth thus of two contraries / is oo bre  
I that haue so oft / in love assayed  
Struances ought conne / wel the more  
Counsable the / of that thou art dysmayed  
And eke the net ought / be euyl apayed  
Though I desire / wyth the for to lere  
Thyn huy charge / it shal the lasse dore

I wote wel / it faith thus by me  
As to thy brother Charis / and a pryneresse  
Whiche that y clepde was Denone  
Wrote in a compleynt / of hyr cruynesse  
Thou salve the letter / that he wrote I gesse  
May neuer yet plynys / quode Troylus  
Nolw quode Pandare / breken it was thus

Phibus that first founde / art of medycyne  
Quode she that colde / in every wyghte can  
Remedy ande rede / by herbis & kethes fyne  
Yet to hym self / hye connyng was ful lare  
For loue had hym / bounde in a snare  
Al for the daughter of the kyng Ametr  
That alle hye craft / ne colde hye forlows & tr

Myght so fare I / Unhappily for me  
I loue one best / ande that me smerteth sore  
Ande yet perauenture can I wryte the  
Ande not my self / reueus me nomore  
I haue no cause I wote wel for to soke  
As doeth an halbe / that lyeth for to playe  
Wut to thyng help / somwhat can I saye

Ande of o thyng / ryght sike mayst thou be  
That crayn for to open in the pyne  
That shal I neuer more / dyscouern the  
Ne by my trolth / I kepe not trespone  
The from thy loue / though that it were Deloyne  
That is thy brotheris wyf / yet I u wyse  
We wote she be / ande loue hye as the lyse

Therefore as frendfully / in me assure  
Ande tel me plat noll / what is thenceforn  
Ande synal cause / of woo that ye endure  
For douthteth nothyng / my entencion  
Nys not to you / of representation  
To speke as noll / for no wyght may exreue  
A man to loue / tyl that hym lyse to leue

Ande wyte wel / that bothe lye: Vices  
Mysfauſt al / or ellis al to leue  
But wel I wote / the meane of it no wyte is  
For to truſt ſome wyght / it is a proue  
Of trolbth ande for thy / wold I fayne remeue  
Thy wronge conceyt / ande to the ſomwht cryſt  
Thy woo to tel / ande tel me yf the lyſt

The wyſe ſeyth / Woo hym that is alone  
For yf he falle / he hath no hely to ryſe  
Ande ſith thou haſt a felowe / telle thy mone  
For tyme is not certeyne the next wyſe  
To wyppen ſoue / as treſen be the wyſe  
To waſelbe ande wepe / as wyſe the auene  
Whos treis yit in marbyle ſtone be ſcene

Let be thy wepyng / ande thy dreepneſſe  
Ande let be aſſen woo / wyth our ſpecte  
So may thy woful tyme / ſeeme leſſe  
Delyte not in woo / thy woo to ſeche  
As don theſe foolis / that theyr ſorowes eke  
Wyth ſorow / wſtan they haue myſauenture  
Ande lyſt not to ſeche hem / othyr cure

Men ſeyn / to wretchis is conſolacioun  
To haue anothyr felaw in hys payne  
That ought wel be / our owynpoun  
For both thou ande I / for loue be pleyne  
So ful of ſorow am I ſoth to ſeyne  
That certaynly nomore hardy grace  
May liſte on me / for why ther is no ſpace

Yf godd wyll thou art not agaſt of me  
Leſt I wold of thy lady the begyle  
Thou woſt thy ſelf whom that I ſoue parde  
As I beſt can / goon ſith lenger wyſe  
Ande ſith thou woſt / I do it for no wyſe  
Ande ſeyſt I am he / thou truſtiſt moſt  
Tel me ſomwht / ſith al my wyte thou woſt



Yet Troplus for al thys / no worde seyd  
But longe he lay styll / as he deyd lye  
And after thys / wyth sighynge he abyed  
And to pandarus boye / he leyde hys ey  
And by hys eyen cast he / that in fere  
Was pandarus / lest that in fernesye  
He shuld falle / or ellis soone dye

And ayed alwake ful wonderly and sharp  
What stombryst thou / as in a lptarge  
Or art thou lyke / an Ass vnto the harp  
That scrith solne / when men the strynges plye  
But in hys mynde of that no methode  
May synken in / to gladden for that he  
So dul is of hys bestialyte

And wyth that pandare / of hys wordis stent  
And Troplus put hym / nothyng answered  
For thy to tellem / was not hys entent  
Neuer to noman / for whom he so ferde  
For it is sayde / men make oft a perde  
Wyth whyle the maker / is hym self y betyn  
In sondry maner as these wyse trefyn

And namely / in hys counsayl tellynge  
That touchyth loue / that ought to be secrete  
For of hym self / it wyl ynough out sprynge  
But ys that it / the bet gouerned be  
Eke somtyme it is craft to seme fle  
For thyng whyle in effect / men huntyn fast  
Al thys gan Troplus / in hys herte cast

But neuertheless / when he had herd hym crye  
Alwake he gan / and sigfed wonder fore  
And sayde frende / though that I styll lye  
I am not deaf / noli peas and crye nomore  
I haue herd thy wordis / and thy fore  
But suffer me / my myschepes to belaplen  
For thy prouerbis / may me not auaplen

None other cure canst thou for me  
Eke I wyl not be curid / I wyl deye  
What knowe I of the queene Myke  
Late be thyng old ensamples I the prey  
No quod pandare therfore I sepe  
Suche is delyte of foolis to bylvepe  
Her wo but seeke boote they ne kepe

Now knowe I that reason in the fayltyth  
But tel me / yf I wylt what she were  
For whom that the al this mysaventure alyth  
Durst thou that I told it in her eere  
Thy woo sith thou darst not thy self for ferre  
And hyr lesought / on the to haue some wylth  
Why nay quod he / by god and by my trouth

What not as busily quod pandarus  
As though myn olde lyf lay in thys nece  
No certis brother quod thys Troilus  
And why / for that thou shuldest neuer spece  
Woost thou not wel / ye that is out of drede  
Quod troilus for al that euer ye conne  
She nyl to no such wretche as I be bonne

Quod pandarus alas what may thys be  
That thou dyspaynyd art thus causeles  
What luyth not thy lady benedicate  
Holde woost thou so / that thou art graceles  
Suche euyl is not alway booteles  
Why put not impossible thus thy cure  
Sith thyng to come is / oft hath aduenture

What shold he therfor fal in dyspayre  
Or be wreaunt / for hys olde trene  
Or sle hym self / al be hys lady feyre  
Nay nay but euer in oon be fressh and grene  
To serue and loue / hys dere sertis queene  
And thynke it is a gylverdon for to serue  
A thousand fold more than he can deserue

And of that word toke heed Troilus  
And thought anon / what folie he was in  
And how that soth hym sayde Pandarus  
That for to sle hym self / myght he not wyne  
But both do Unmanshod / and a synne  
And of hys deth / hys lady not l. wyte  
For of his woo gode boote she knew but lyte

And wyth that thought / he gan ful sore like  
And sayd alas / what is me best to do  
To whom pandar / answerd yf the lyke  
The best is / that thou telle me al thy woo  
And haue my trouth / but thou fynde it so  
I be thy boote / or that it be ful longe  
And this to prae / do me dralbe and longe

He so seyst thou / quod Troilus tho alas  
But gode wote / it is not the rather so  
Ful hard were it / to helpe in thys case  
For wete fynde I / that fortune is my foe  
He alle the men that ryden comen o: goo  
May of hys cruel wyke the harm withstonde  
For as she lyt / she playth wyth fur and hond

I graunt wel that thou endure woo  
As sharp as deth I knowe in like  
Whos stomack folde thyn euermo  
That hyght Vulture / as lookes alle  
But I may not endure / that thou dwelle  
In so an Unskilful owynyon  
That of thy woo is no curacion

But comes nyl to do / for thy coward hert  
And for thyn ire / and foolish wylfulnesse  
For wantouse al of thy woundis smert  
He to thyn olde help / do besynesse  
As mocke as speke a reason / more or lesse  
But byggeste as he that lyt of nothyng wiche  
What woman coude soue such a wretch



What may she deme / other of thy deeth  
If thou thus dye / and she note why it is  
But that for drede is holden by thy breth  
For Greeks han bysegged vs yllys  
Lord such a thank shalt thou haue of thys  
Thus wyl she say / and alle the tolde atones  
The wretche is ded / the deuyll haue hys bones

Thou mayst alone see wepe knels and crye  
But thoue a woman that she wote itnought  
And she shal quyte it / thou shalt it not espye  
Unknowe Unkyse / and lose that is Unought  
What many a man hath thoue / ful dere y thought  
Twenty wynter / that hys lady ne wylte  
That neuer yet hys lady mouth se kyse

O wode pandaris thou blamest fortune  
For thou art wroth / noly at erst I see  
Wost thou not wel that fortune is comune  
To euery maner wyght / in some degre  
And yet thou hast thys comfort so parde  
So as hit iours must ouergon  
So must hit sorowes passen euerychon

For yf she wyle seynt any thyng to turne  
Than feareth she anon fortune to be  
Noly wyl she by no way may so ourne  
What woost thou / of hys mutabilite  
Ryght as thy self lyte / she wyl do by the  
O yf she be not seen at thyng helpyng  
Fortauenture thou hast cause for to synge

And therfor woost thou what I the lesce  
Late be thy woo / and turnyng to the ground  
For who so lyte haue helpyng of hys leche  
To hym byhought first / Unhouer hys wounde  
To artears in halle / as he I bounde  
Wete it for my suster / all thy sorow  
By my wyl she shuld be thyng to morow

U 9  
Looke vp I say / and tel me what she is  
Anon that I may goo aboute thy needs  
Enolbe I hye not for my love tel me thy  
Thin wold? I hope rather for to speke  
Tho gan the byenes of troplus to blede  
For he was hit and way alle wds for shame  
A ha quod? Pandare / here begynneth the game

And wyth that word? he gan hym to shake  
And sayd thyf thou shalt hye name telle  
But tho gan self Troplus to quake  
As thought þ men shuld haue led? hym to telle  
And sayd? alas / of alle my woo the well  
That is she my swete callid? Crysode  
And wyth that word? / for few mygh he depe

And when pandare herd? hym her name newne  
Lord? he was glady / and sayd? furd? so de  
Nob farr a right / for Jouis name in deuene  
Loue hath he set the wel he of good? chere  
For of good? name / wysedom and? maner  
She hath ynough / and? eke of gentylnesse  
If he be hye / thou woost thy self I gesse

Neuer salþ I none more bound:uous  
Of her estate ne gladder of speche  
A frendher / ne more gracious  
For to do wel ne lasse had? neiz to see  
What is for to done / and? al thyse he to eche  
In honour to do for as she may stretch  
A kynges art semeth by hye a wretch

And? also thynk / and? therbyth glady the  
That syth thy lady vertuous is al  
So folowyth it / that there is som pr  
Among? alle thysc other in general  
And? for thy see that in especial  
Require not that is apense her name  
For Vertu stretchyth not hym self to shame

Nolb lette thy brest / and; fere to god; of loue  
Thy grace berde / for nolb I me repent  
Yf I myspack afore nolb my self I loue  
Thus fere wylth all thyng fere m good; entent  
Quod; Troylus / a lord; I me consent  
And; pray to the / my Iapis to forueue  
And; I shal neuermore whyle I lyue

Thou sayst wel quod; pandur / nolb I hope  
That thou the goddis wrath hast appeased;  
And; syth thou hast wept many a drop  
And said such thing wylthouth thy god is pleased  
Nolb wolde; neuer god; / but thou wert casid;  
And; thyngk wel fere of whom rife al thy woo  
Here a fore / thy confort may be also

For wilk ground / that ferth the beedis wyke  
Wylth eke the hollom herbis ful ofte  
Nest the foule nettyl wylgh and; thyke  
The rose be wylth swete / smoth and; softe  
And; nest the valep / is the hyl abste  
And; nest the derk nyght / is the glady morow  
And; also Jore is nest thend; of sorow

Nolb looke that attempre be thy byddel  
And; for the tise / ay suffre to the tye  
Or ellis all our labour / is al ydel  
He hylsyth wel / that wylsely can abyde  
He dyspygent and; trelve / and; allway hyde  
He lusep fere / perseuere m thy scruple  
And; al is wel / yf thou werk m thy wyse

The tyme thou maist blis / that euer yf were born  
And; the goddis thank / that m so good a place  
Haue the biseolbed; m loue / I durst haue sworn  
That yf shulde; neuer haue had; so fayre a grace  
And; why for thou wert euer wont to chace  
At loue m scorn / and; for dyspyte lxm calle  
Delquere the world; / berde of thye foolis alle



Whan Coplus had herd / Pandare assented  
To be hys help in buyng of Criseyde  
Way of hys woo / as who sayth Vnturmentid  
But yetter was hys loue / and than he seide  
Wyth sobre chere / as though hys hert had pleyer  
Noble blyssful Venus / help on that I sterue  
Of the Pandare / I may some thank deserue

But dere frend / how shal my woo be lesse  
Eyl thys be don / and good? cheyl me thys  
How wylt thou sep / of me and my dyscelle  
Este he be wroth / thys drete I most pblis  
Or wyl not here / or trolben how it is  
All thys drete I / and che for the maner  
Of the hys Eme / he wyl no such thyng be

Quod Pandarus / thou hast ful grete care  
Este that the chyle / ful out of the moone  
Why lord? I sake of the / thy npe here  
What entremete of that / thou hast to doone  
For goddis loue / I hope the a loone  
So let me alone / and it shal be thy lyste  
What frend? quod he nolde / do ryght as the lyste

But heh / Pandare / o word? for I nolde  
That thou in me / wendest so grete folie  
That to my lady / I desire shold  
That touchyth harme / or any dyslour  
For dredeles / me were leuer die  
Than she of me / ought ellis vnderstood  
But that / that myght solbne in to good

Tho solbgh thys pandare / and anon answered  
And I thy word / by no wyght doth but so  
I wought not / though he stood and he ro  
How that thou seyst / but fare wel I wyl go  
Adieu be glad / god? spece be both ilbo  
Peue me thys labour / and thys besynesse  
And of my speede / be thy all the swetnesse

Tho Troilus gan down / on hys knees fall  
And pandare in hys armes / sent fast  
And sayd: nold fy on the grekis all  
Put parde god? shal helpe vs at the laste  
And dredeles yf that my lyf may laste  
And god? to forny / put some of hem shal smert  
And put me athynketh thys auant me astert

Nold pandarus / I can nomore seye  
But thou wise / yf wofe / thou mayst / thou art al  
My lyf my deith / hol in thyn hand? I lye  
Help nold quod? he / yis by my trolbth I shal  
God? peld? the frend? / and? thys in special  
Quod? Troilus / that thou me recomande  
To hit that may me / to the deith comaunde

Thys Pandarus / tho desirous to serue  
Hys ful frend? / tho sayd? in thys manere  
Farewel and? thynk I wyl / thy thank deserue  
Haue hit my trolbth / that thou shalt wel hit  
And went hys way thynkyng on thys matere  
And? hold he myght lyste / beseeke hit of grace  
And? fynd? a tyme hit to / and? a place

For euery wyght / that smyth an hous to founde  
He trowyth not / the werke for to begynne  
With rakil hand? / but he wyl byde a stounde  
And? send? hys sertis lyne / out from wythynne  
Altherfurst hys purpos for to bypynne  
At thys Pandare / in hys sert thought  
And? cast hys werk ful wyfely or he wrought

But Troilus tho / lay no longer down  
But by anon upon hys speed? lay  
And? in the feld? he pleyeth the lyoun  
Wo was the greke / that met with hym that day  
And? in the towne / hys manere he holdyth ay  
So goodely he was / and? gafe hym so in grace  
That eke hym loued? / that lokid? in hys face

For he become / the friendlyest knyght  
The gentylest / ande also the most free  
The thyrstye ande one the best wyght  
That in hys tyme / was or myght be  
Dede were hys japis / ande hys cruelte  
Hys hye port / ande hys maner straunge  
Ande also of tho / gan for a vertu chaunge

Nolde he be stynt of Troilus a stounde  
That farith lyke a man / that hurt to sore  
Ande is somdele of akyng of hys wounde  
By luffed wel / but he lide no del more  
Ande as an esy pacient / the sore  
Abydeth of hym that goth aboute hys cure  
Ande thus he dryveth forth hys aduventure

¶ Here endeth the first booke

¶ Ande begynneth the prologe of the  
seconde booke

**O** We of this black walves / for to sayle  
O wynde the wedir / begynneth to cleere  
For in this see / so hit hath such trauayle  
Of my connyng / that vnneth I it steere  
Thys see clepe I / the tempestuous matere  
Of dyspayre / that Troilus was ynne  
For nolde of hope the kalendis begynne

O lady myn / that callid art Cleo  
Thou be my spede fro this furth / ande my muse  
To fynde wel thys booke / tyl I haue do  
Me nedeth here / none other art to vse  
For why to euery louer I me excuse  
That of no sentiment / I thys endyte  
But out of latyn / in to my tunge I wyte



Wherfor I myl haue / neyther thank ne blame  
Of al thys werk / but prey yow mekely  
Dysolameth me / yf ony word be lame  
For as myn auctour sayth / so sey I  
Eke though I speke / of loue vnfelyngly  
No wonder is / for it of thyng nold neld is  
A blynd man can not wel iuge in helbis

I knold eke that in forme of speke / is chaunge  
Wythyn a thousand yere / of wordis tho  
That hadden pryce / ten nold nyce and straunge  
As thynketh hem / and yit they spak hem so  
And sped as wel in loue / as men nold do  
Eke for to bypne loue / in sondry ages  
In sondry bondes / in sondry ben blages

And for thy yf it hap / in ony wyse  
That ther be ony louer / in thys place  
That herknyth as the story can deuyse  
Holt Troilus come / to hys lady grace  
And thynkith so nold I / loue purchace  
Or wonderyth on hys speke / or doyng  
I not but vnto me / it is no wonderyng

For euery wyght / whiche that to come went  
Holt not oo path / ne alway oo manere  
Eke in some bond / were al the game y sent  
Yf they ferde in loue / as men don here  
As thus in open doyng / and in chere  
In bysityng in forme / or sayd our salbes  
For why men seyn / eche contrarie hath hys salbes

Eke scarcely be ther in thys place thre  
That haue in loue seyd lyke / and don al  
For to thy purpos thys may lyke the  
And the ryght nought / yit al is sayd & shal  
Eke som men graue / in the stone wal  
As it setyd but sith I haue bygonne  
Myn auctor shal I folowe yf that I conne

¶ Here endeth the prologe

¶ And here begynneth the seconde booke

**I**f may that modie is of monethis glade  
That furth sheweth / blest what a rede  
When quenched agayn / that dead made  
And ful of blame / is fletynge euerie mede  
Within which doth / hys bryght beamed speche  
Ryght in the wyche wode / it is set by  
As I shal syng / on Mayes day the thyrde

That pandarus / for al hys wyche speche  
Felt eke hys part / of hys shethe keene  
That colde he neuer / so wel of leynge piteche  
It made hys hylde / ful oft a day greene  
Shoore hym that day / ther fyrst hym a trene  
In hys for wyche / to be dede / he wente  
And made on it was day ful many a went

The swabill proigne / wyth a scrolful lay  
When morow come / made hys waymentynge  
Why he forsthe was / and of the lay  
Pandarus a led / half in a slombrynge  
Tyl he so nigh hym / made hys waymentynge  
Holt Tereus gan forth / hys sustre take  
That wyth the nyse of hys he gan alake

And gan to calle / and dresse hym to ryle  
Reynembrynge hym / hys chaunce was to done  
From Troilus / and eke hys grete empyse  
And cast a knell / in good plite was the mone  
To do viage / and take hys way ful soone  
Unto hys neas paleys / ther he shal  
Holt Janus god of entre / thow hym guyde

Whan he was come / Into hys neis place  
Where is my lady to see folk quod he  
And they hym told / and he forth in gan pace  
And fond the othre ladies / sit and sit  
Wpithin a pailed parlour / and they thre  
Herde hem a mayden / redynge the geste  
Of the siege of thekes whyle hem lest

Quod Pandarus / madame godd polb see  
Wpith your booke / and al the company  
By Uncle nob / welcom ybis quod she  
And by the for / and by the hond in hy  
She toke hym fast / and sayd thus nyght thre  
To good mote it turne / of polb I mette  
And with that word / she down on beek hym sette

Pe nece pe shul fare / wel the let  
If godd wyl / al thys pere quod Pandarus  
But I am sorp / that I haue polb let  
To larken on your booke / we praysen thus  
For goddes loue what seyth it / tel it be  
Be it of loue / or some good thyng we me leue  
Uncle quod she your maystres is not here

Wpith that they gonne laugh / and the six sayd  
Thys woman is of thekes / that we rede  
And we han herd / how that kynge larius dede  
Thurgh Edmuns hys sone and al that dede  
And here we seynt / at thys lattes rede  
Holt the bysshop as the booke can telle  
Amphioras fyl thurgh the ground to selle

Quod Pandarus al thys knolbe I my selue  
And al the sieges of thekes / and the care  
For serf ten thre / bookes made tibelue  
But let he thys / and tel me how pe fare  
Do way your bymmyl / z sikelbe your face lare  
Do way your booke / rylse by z lette us daunce  
And lette us do to may / some obseruaunce



By god? forlode quod? she / be ye mad?  
Is that a lye? lyes lye / so god? pols saue  
O by god? ye make me / right sore adrad?  
Ye be so lye? lye? / it semeth as ye tane  
It sit me lye? lye? / to be in a cause  
To by? and? woe / on holy sayntes lye?  
Late maydens go daunce / and? ponge lye?

As euer thye I / quod? thye pandour  
Put couthe I at a thynge / to do your lye? lye?  
Nolde Uncle dore quod? she / alle it be  
For goddis lye / is than the syge albe?  
I am of the Grekis / so ferde that I dre?  
Nay nay quod? she / as euer more I thye?  
It is a thynge lye? lye? / than such lye?

Ye holy god? quod? she / what thynge is that  
What lye? than such lye? / nay lye?  
For al thye world? / ne can I woe what  
It shal be some day / I trolde it is  
And? put your self be at / what it is  
My lye? to woe it / is al to lene  
As lye? me god? I note what ye ment

And? I your lye? / ne neuer shal quod? she  
Thye thynge be wode? to pols / so more I thye?  
And? lye? so Uncle myn / lye? so quod? she  
O by god? quod? she / that lye? I at as lye?  
For prolder lye? / is there none on lye?  
And? ye it lye? / in al the towne of Troye  
I lye? not / so euer haue I lye?

Tho gan she wonder / more than before  
A thousand? fold? / a down by? even caste  
For neuer sith the tyme / she was born  
To knowe a thynge / wode? she so faste  
And? lye? a sigh / she sayd? hym at the laste  
Nolde Uncle myn / I lye? you not dysplese  
Ne aye thynge / that may do you dyscase

So after thys / wpyth many wordis glade  
And frendly talis / and wpyth mery chere  
Of thys and that / they gonne pley and wade  
In many knyghtis glady and depe matere  
As frendis don / whan they ben met in feere  
Tyl sir gan aske hym / how that Hector ferde  
That was the wal of Troye / and greekis yrede

Ful wel I thank it god / quod Pandarus  
Sawe in his arme / he hath a lytel wounde  
And eke his fresch brothyr Troilus  
The wyse worthy / Hector the secunde  
In whom that euery vertu / lyfe halounde  
As al trewthy / and al gentylnesse  
Wysdom & noure / freedom and worthynesse

In goody feyth Eme quod sir / that spekith me  
I heren wel / god saue hem both ilbo  
For trewthy / I hold it grette depnte  
A knyghtes sone / in armes wel to do  
And he of goody condicions thereto  
For grette wolber / and moral vertu here  
So selden seen / in oo persone y feere

In goody feyth / that is sooth quod Pandarus  
But by my trouth / the kyng hath sones ilber  
That is to saye / Hector and Troilus  
That certaynly though that I shulde dre  
I heren as wyse / of wyse dar I sey  
As any men / that lyuen vnder the soone  
Ther myght is wude knolbe / & what they kōne

Of Hector nedpith no hyngre for to telle  
In al thys world / ther nys a better knyght  
Than he that is of worthynesse welke  
And he wel more vertu hath / than myght  
Thys knyght many a wyse / & worthy knyght  
The same wyse of Troilus I sey  
God help me soo / I knolle not such ilber

By god? quod? he / of Hector that is soeth  
Of Troilus the same thyng? tolde I  
For dredeles / men tellith that he doeth  
In armes daye by daye / and? that so worthylly  
And? kerith hym hie at hym so gentylly  
To euery wyght that ouer al prayr hath he  
Of hym that were me leuest prayfed? he

Ye sey ryght soth yllis / quod? Pandarus  
For yesterdye / who hath wyth hym ben  
Myght haue woundred? / vpon Troilus  
For neuer yet so thynk a swarm of been  
As than the Grekis / from hym gan flee  
And? thurgh the feld? in euery wyghtis ere  
Ther nas no ay / but Troilus is there

Nolb hee nolb there / he huntred? hem so faste  
Ther nas but Grekis blood? / and? Troilus  
Nolb hym he hurt / and? nolb hym down he caste  
A y wher he went it was arayed? thus  
He was theyr deth / and? sheld? and? lyf for vs  
That as that day / ther durst none wyth stonde  
Whyle he held? / hys bloody swerd? in hond?

Ther to he is the frendelyst man  
Of greet estate / that euer I salbe in my lyne  
And? wher hym lyt / lest felawshyp can  
To such as hym thynketh? able for to thryue  
And? wyth that word? / tho Pandarus as blyue  
Toke of theym leue / & said? he wold? gon henne  
May blame haue I myn vncle quod? he thenne

Whot cyleth yow to be thus very soone  
And? namely of bymmen wil ye so  
May sittyth down by god? I haue to doone  
Wyth yow to speke / of wysdom or ye go  
And? euery wyght / that was aboute hym the  
That herd? that / gan fer alwey to stonde  
Whyle theyr ilbo had? / al that hym lest on honds



Whan that hyr tale / brought was to an ende  
Of hyr estate and hyr gouernaunce  
Quod Pandarus / now is tyme I bend  
But now I seyn aryse / and lette vs daunce  
And caste your myddelbes synne / to myschance  
What lyst you thus / your self to dysfigure  
Synneth you is bettre / so gladd an aventure

A wel thyng thought / for loue of god quod she  
Shal I not lye / what ye meane of this  
No this thyng askyth / lesse quod he  
And eke me wolde / mocke greue plesse  
If I it tolde / and ye toke it amys  
Yet were it bet / my tynge for to seylle  
Than seyn a thyng / that were agayn your wille

For now by the goddesse Minerva  
And Jupiter / that makyth the thunder to ruge  
And by the blyssful Venus / that I serue  
Ye be the woman / in this world luyng  
Without paramours / to my luyng  
That I best loue / and bestest am to greue  
And that ye lysten wel / your self I seeue

This myn Uncle / quod she grant mercy  
For frendshipp haue I founden euer yet  
I am to noman / holden trewe  
So mocke as you / and haue so lycht quere  
And wyth grace of god / wyth my ful wyte  
As in my gylt / I shal you neuer offende  
And if I haue or this / I wyte amende

With not agast / ne quakyth not with  
Ne chynghyth not for fere / so youre selve  
For hardy the worst of this is do  
And though my tale be now / as to you welbe  
Yet trust all day / ye shuld fynde me trewe  
And were it thyng / me thought unsittynge  
To you wolde I / no such talis bringe

Nolw my good? Come / for goddis love I pray  
Quod? she come of / and? telle me what it is  
For both I am agast / what ye wyl say  
And? eke me longyth / to wyth pldis  
For whether it be wel / or be amys  
Say and? late me not / in thys free dwelle  
So wyl I do nolw stryke I shal telle

Nolw new myn / the knyghtes detyne  
The good? wylle worthy / fressh and? free  
Whycher allway for to do wel / is hys wone  
The noble Tropluo / so loveth he  
That but ye help / it wyl hys name be  
So here is al / what shuld? I more say  
Do what ye lyst / make hym lyue or dey

And? yf ye let hym dey / I wyl seruen  
Have here my trolbe / nyl I not lye  
Al shuld? I wyth thys knyght / my throte seruen  
Wyth that trene / blast out of hys eyen  
And? sayd? / yf that ye do be both drey  
What mene ye though the lorde amys  
Thys gyltles / than have ye fyllid? say

Alas be whycher is / my lord? so dre  
That trelman / that noble knyght  
That nought deserveth / but poltre frendly chere  
I see hym dey / ther he goeth vpright  
And? hasteth hym / wyth al hys ful myght  
For to be slayne / yf hys fortune assent  
Alas that god? such a beaute you sent

Yf it be so / ye so cruel be  
That of hys deth / ye list not to trel  
That is so trelbe / and? worthy as he see  
Nomore than of a jayr / or of a breche  
Yf ye be such / poltre kalbe may not stryke  
To make amendes / of so cruel a dede  
Ausement is good? / before the neede

Wo worth / the fayre Gemme Vertues  
Wo worth that herte / that doeth no herte  
Wo worth that beaute / that is withoute  
Wo worth that myght / that eke tret vnderfoote  
And ye that be / of beaute crop and roote  
Yf that wythal in yow be no wyth  
Than is it harm / ye lyuen by my trouthe

And also thynk wel that thys is no galwe  
For me were leuer / yow and I and be  
Were hanged / than I shuld be hys fullwe  
As hys as any man / myght en be se  
I am thyn Eame / the shame were to me  
As wel as thyn / yf that I shuld assent  
Thurgh my counsaile / that be thy honour sent

Wold vnderstonde / for I not requere  
To bynde yow to hym / by no bynde  
But only that ye make hym better chere  
Than ye haue don or thys / & make hym more fere  
So that hys lfe be saued / at the last  
Thys is al & some / and playnly our entent  
God helpe me so / I neuer other ment

So thys request / is not but skyl yow  
No doute of treason yerde is ther none  
I set the worst / that ye dredde thys  
Men wold woundre / to see hym come and gone  
Tert agens / answere I thus anone  
That euery myght / but he be foole of kynde  
Wyl deme it loue / and frendshyp in hys mynde

What who wyl deme / though he see a man  
To temple go / that he the ymage etyth  
Thynk eke hys wel / and wylful that he can  
Gouerne hym self / that he nothyng forgetyth  
That wher he comyth / the pryce & thank he getyth  
And eke ther to / he shal come here so seld  
What for were it / yf al the wolue be led



Suche loue of frendis / wagneth in all this towne  
And wyse you in that maner / curme  
And god so wysly / be my saluacione  
As I haue sayd you / best is to do so  
But good newe all day to seynt hys lye  
So let your daunger / sugred be alpe  
That of hys deeth / ye be not to lye

Enseyde wherfore that hard hym / in this wyse  
Thought I shal fele / what ye meane ydis  
Nolde I come quod she / what wyl ye drinke  
What is your wyl / I shuld do of this  
That is wel sayd quod he / ardeyn best is  
That ye hym loue agayn for hys buyng  
As loue for loue / is shylful gyldeconnyng

Thynk eke how cold / wasteth every houre  
In eke of yow / a party of haue  
And therfor on that age / yow deuoure  
So loue / for othwys that wyl no myght of the  
Late this preuent / a lye vnto yow be  
To late I wote / quod traute wyl it is past  
And age daunteth / launger at the last

The sponges foole / is wont to crye lye  
Whan that him thynketh / a wode man kith for hys  
So longe more ye lye / and al proloke  
Iyl crolle e feet / ben lye vnder your eye  
And send yow than / a myrtour in to pye  
In wyse that ye may see your face a morel  
I lye than lye for you / no more for olde

With this he seynt / and cast down the lye  
And sit began / to bese to lye anon  
And sayd alas / for lye lye net I dre  
For of this world / the feyth is al gon  
Alas what shuld / a straunger to me don  
Whan he that for my lye / frend I wende  
Wyl make me loue / and shuld me defende

Alas I wolde haue trustid; doutles  
That yf I that / thurgh my dysauenture  
Had; wouyd; hym othyr; Achylles  
Dector; or ony mannes creature  
Ye nold; haue had; / no mercy ne mesure  
On me but allwey / had; me in reprene  
Thys fals world; alas / how may it leue

What is thys al / the iow and; the feese  
Is thys your rede / is thys your blyssful case  
Is thys the veray mede / of your bylese  
Is al thys paynted; proces / come to thys alas  
Ryght for; thys tyme / O lady myn Pallas  
Thou in thys dreadful case / for me purueye  
For so astounded; am I / that I deye

Wyth that she gan sorowfully to speke  
And; may it be not let / quod; Pandarus  
O god; I shal nomore / come hie this wyse  
And; god; toforn / that am mysteasted; thus  
I see wef that ye sette spæl of vs  
Or of our deeth / Alas I woful wretche  
Myght be yit lyeue / of me is not to reche

O cruel god; / o dyspytuous mart.  
O furpes thre of helles on you I crye  
So lette me neuer / out of thys hous depart  
Yf that I ment harme or bylone  
But sith I see / my sorde; mote nedis dye  
And; I wyth hym / hie I me shryue and; seye  
That wyckedly / ye do vs both deye

But sith it lyketh yow / that I be ded;  
O Neptuneus / that god; is on the see  
Fro thys furth / shal I neuer ete brede  
Tyl I myn olde / hart bloody may see  
For certeyn I wyl dye as soone as she  
And; so he stert / and; on hys wep he raught  
Tyl he azegh hym / by the lap caught

Criseyde wyth that / ful ny start for fere  
So as she was / the ferdeste wyght  
That myght be / and herd eke wyth hyr ere  
And salb the sorowful ernest / of the knyght  
And in hye prayer / eke salbe none bright  
And for the harm / that myght eke ful more  
She gan to rebe / and dred hyr wonder fore

And thought thus Unhappie fallen thyk  
A day for loue / in such maner was  
As men ben cruel / in hem self and wyk  
And yf thys man she hym self alas  
In my presence / it wyl be no solas  
What men wyl it deme / I can not sey  
It nedeth me / ful wylfely to pley

And wyth a sorowful speke / she sayd thyr  
A word what me is tyd / a sorow chaunce  
For myn estate lyeth in Jupartye  
And eke myn Eames lyf / lyth in balaunce  
But natheles / wyth goddis gouernaunce  
I shal so do / myn honour shal I kepe  
And eke hye lyf / and synt for to bepe

Of harmes albe / the lasse is for to chese  
Yet And I leuer / make hym good chere  
In honour than myn olbne / comes lyf to leese  
Ye sey ye nothyng / ellis requere  
Nolbis quod he / myn olbne nee dre  
Nolb wel quod she / and I wyl do my payne  
I shal myn hert / agaynst my lust constrayne

But that I nyl not / holdyn hym in honde  
Ne sue a man / ne can I not ne may  
Agaynst hye wyl / but ellis wyl I fonde  
Myn honour saue / please hym from day to day  
Therto nold I not oones / saue sayd nay  
But that I drede / as in hye fantasie  
But wase the cause / wylth the malady



But here I make a protestacion  
That in thys proces / or ye further go  
That certaynly / for no saluacion  
Of yow though that ye sterue both tbo  
And al the world on a day / be my fooo  
Ne shal I neuer of hym / haue other wylth  
I graunt wel quod Pandare / by my trowth

But may I trust wel to yow / quod he  
That of thys thyng / that ye haue hyght me here  
Ye wyl holden trewly / vnto me  
Ye doute it not quod she my vncle dere  
Ne that I shal haue cause in thys matere  
Quod he to pleyne / or ofter yow to preche  
Why no parde what nedyth more speche

Tho fallen they / in other talis glade  
Tyl at the last / o goode Eame quod she tho  
For hys loue / whyle he is both made  
Tel me how fyrst / ye lysten of hys woo  
Wote none of it but ye / he sayd no  
Can he wel speke of loue / quod she I yow prey  
Tel me for I the let / shal me pouruey

Tho pandarus / a lytel gan to smyle  
And sayd by my trowth / I shal yow telle  
Thys othyr day / not go ful longe whyle  
Wythyn the gardyn paleys / by a wellle  
Gan he and I / half a day to dwelle  
Ryght for to speke / of an ordynaunce  
How we the Grekis myght dysauaunce

Soone after that we gan to lepe  
And cast wyth our dartis / to and fro  
Tyl at the last he sayd he wold slepe  
And on the gras / adoun he leyde hym tho  
And I after / gan come to and fro  
Tyl that I herd / as I walkid alone  
How he bygan / ful wofully to grone

Tho gan I stalk hym / softly besyde  
And slyly / the sooth for to sayne  
As I can clepe agayn to my mynde  
Kyght thus to loue / gan hym for to pleyne  
He sayd lord haue wolth / spon my payne  
Al shue I be wyl / in myn entent  
Nolw mea culpa / lord I me repent

O god / that thy disposicion  
Redyft the tyme / by Iust purgacion  
Of euery wyght / my soule confess on  
Accept in gre / and send me such penaunce  
As lykith the / but from despairaunce  
Late not my ghoost / departe alway from the  
Thou be my sheld / for thy kynghem

For artie lord so sore hath he me boundyd  
That stood in black with lookyng of hye  
That to myn artie botum / it is foundyd  
Thurgh which I boote / that I must nedes dyen  
Thys is the worst / I dar not belyuen  
And wel the wylar / for the gledie tye  
That men hem wyen with ashen pale and dede

Wyth that he smote hye he / down anone  
And gan to moere / I not what trewlyp  
And I wyth that / gan styll alway to gone  
And lett thews / as nathynge by se hnd  
And come agayn anone / and stode hym by  
And sayd awake / ye sleyn al to longe  
It semeth not that he doeth yow kunge

That sleppn so that noman may yow wake  
Who salu euer or thys so dul a man  
Ye fynd quod he / do ye yet he die ake  
For heue and lett me / lyuen as I can  
But though that he for wo / was wyl & wan  
He made he tho / as fresshe a contraunce  
As though he shuld haue led the daunce

Thys passid forth / tyl nold thys other day  
It fel that I come to nyng al adone  
In to hys chambre / and founde hys that he lay  
Upon hys bed but man so sore grone  
He lerd I neuer / ne what was hys mone  
He wylde I not for as I was comynge  
Al sodaynly he left hys compleynynge

Of whiche I toke somwhat suspicion  
And nere I come / and fonde he lyept sore  
And god so wylde / he my saluacion  
Neuer put of thynge / had I wolde more  
For nother wyth engyne / ne wyth fore  
Connethe myght I from the deth hym kepe  
That put feele I for hym / myn lere wepe

And god wote / neuer sith that I was for  
Was I so kesp / noman to preeke  
He neuer was to wyght / so derre yf sworn  
Or he me tolde / who myght he hys leke  
What nold to refertsen al hys speke  
Or al hys woful wordis / for to sellne  
He lerd me not but ye wyl see me stollne

What for to saue hys lpf and ellis nought  
And to none harme of polb / thus am I dryuen  
As for the loue of god / that he sith brought  
Suche chere hym do h / as he and I may loun  
Nold laue I plat to polb / myn lere shewen  
And sith ye wote / that myn entent is cleene  
Take he lere therof / for I none cuple meene

And right good thynge I pray to god haue ye  
That haue such one caught wythouten net  
And he wylde / as ye he fayre to see  
Wel in the ryng / than is the Ruby set  
Ther were neuer tibo / so wel y met  
Whan ye he hys al hool / as he is polbre  
Al myghty god graunt he to see that houre



May therof spack I not / a ha quod she  
As helpe me god / ye stonden eueri dele  
A mercy were ree / anon quod she  
What so I spack / I ment but wele  
By Mars the god / that helmed is wyth steel  
Now be not broth / my blood my nee were  
Now wel quod she / forgiven be it here

Wyth thys she toke hys leue / and home she went  
A lord so she was glad / and wel bygon  
Encyde awoos / no longer she ne stent  
But stert into her closet / she went anon  
And set her down as styl as ony ston  
And euery word / gan vp and down to wynde  
As she had sayd / as it come to her mynde

And was somedel astonyd / in hys thought  
Ryght for the new cas / but wohan that she  
Was ful aysed / than fond she ryght nought  
Of perle / whyshe she ought aserd to be  
For men may lue / of possibylite  
A womman so hys lert may to breste  
And she not lue ageyn / but yf she leste

But as she sat alone / and thought thus  
A cry aros at scarmysch / al wythout  
And men cryed in the strete / see Troilus  
Hath new put to flight / the greekis rout  
Wyth that gan her myne / for to sholde  
A go we see / cast vp the gates wyde  
For thurgh thys strete / he must to paleys ryde

For offer wep / is fro the pite none  
Of dardanus / ther oppis is the chayne  
Wyth that come she / and al hys folk anone  
An esy paces rydynge / in wolbis ilbeyne  
Ryght as hys happy day / was sooth to seyne  
For whyshe men seyn / may not dystourbed be  
That shal leryde must be of neassite

Thys Troilus sat / on hys hye steede  
All armed; saue hys heed; / ful ryghtely  
And woundyd; was hys hors / & gan to bleede  
In whiche he rode / a paces ful softly  
But such a knyghtly sight truly  
As was on hym / was not withouten fayle  
To looke on Mars / that is god; of batayle

So lyke a man of armes / and; a knyght  
He was to see / fullfild; of hys prowesse  
For both he hath a body / and; a myght  
To do a thyng; / as wel as hardynesse  
And; to seee hym / in hys geyt hym dresse  
So fresch so yonge / so worthy semyd; he  
It was an heuen / vpon hym to see.

Hys helme to helven / was in twenty places  
That by a tassell / hynge hys lucke eschyned;  
Hys shield; / to daffyd; with silverdis & maces  
In whiche men myght / many an arowbe fynde  
That thrylled; stand; / horn nerf and; rynde  
And; ay the people cryed; / here comyth our Joye  
Nexst hys brother holder Wy of Troye

For whiche he was / alle reede for shame  
Whan he the people / crye vpon hym hearden  
That to byhold; / it was a noble game  
Hob; sobryly he cast down hys cren  
Criseyde gan alle hys chere espyen  
And; leete it so soft / in hys lere synke  
That to hys self he sayd; / who gaf me drynke

For of hys olde thought / he was alle reede  
Remembryng; her ryght thus / so thys is he  
Whiche that myn Uncle swerith / he mote be dede  
But I on hym haue mercy and; pite  
And; with that thought / ashamed; was he  
Gan in hys heed; to pulle / and; that as faste  
Whyle he and; all the people forth by paste

And gan to cast / and wole vp and down  
Wythyn hyr thought / hys excellent prowesse  
And hys hye estate / and al hys renown  
Hys wyrt hys styr / and eke hys gentylnesse  
But moste hyr fauour / was for hys dytysse  
Was al for hyr / and thought it was a wylth  
To sle suche one / yf that he ment trolth

Nolde myght some enuyous jangle thus  
Thys was a sodayn loue / holt myght it be  
That she so hastily / leueth Troilus  
Ryght for the fyrst sight / ye wote  
Nolde who so seyth / more he neuer the  
For euery thyng / agynnyng both it ned  
Or al he brought wythouten ony ded

For I seyn not that she / so sodaynly  
Pat hym hyr loue / but that she dyde enclpne  
To lyke hym fyrst / a I haue told yow why  
And after that / hys manhod and hys pyne  
Made loue / in her herte for to myne  
For whyche by proce / and by good scrupse  
He gat hyr loue / and not in sodayn wyse

And also blyssful Venus / wel awayed  
Sat in her seuenth hous / of treuene tho  
Dysposed wel / and wyth aspectus payd  
To helpe self Troilus of hys woo  
And sooth to sayne / she was not al hys foo  
To Troilus in hys natpurye  
God wote that welc the sonnet / sped he

Nolde let he seynt / of Troilus a throlde  
That rydeth forth / and let he turne faste  
Onto Elysye / that hyng hys fedy ful folde  
Eke as she sat alene / and gan to caste  
Whe that she wold axeynt hyr / at the laste  
Yf it so were / hyr Eame nold wate  
For Troilus vpon hyr / more for to prece



And lord so she gan / in her thought argue  
In this matere / of whyppe I haue you told  
And what to do best were / and what to eschewe  
That plytred she ful oft / in many a fold  
Nolde was her sert harm / nolde was it cold  
And what she thought / somwhat shal I wyte  
As that myn auctor / clysteth to endyte

She thought wel / that Troysus persone  
She knolde by sight / and eke his gentylnesse  
And thus she sayde / al were it not to done  
To graunt hym loue / yit for his worthynesse  
It were honour / wyth pley & wyth gladnesse  
In honeste / wyth such a lord to dele  
For myn estate and for his fele

Eke wel wote I / a kynges sone is he  
And sith he hath to see me / such delyte  
If I wolde stonde / by his sight flee  
Peraventure he myght / haue me in dyspyte  
Wit thurgh I myght stande / in wote plyte  
Nolde were I wyse me mate to purchace  
Withouthen neede / ther I may stonde in grace

In euery thyng / I wote ther lyeth mesure  
For though a man forke dreunkenesse  
He not forkyth / that euery creature  
Be drynkles / for alwey as I gesse  
Eke sith I wote / for me is his dyspense  
I ne aught not / for that thyng hym dyspense  
Sith it so is / he meaneth in goodely wyse

And eke I knolde / of long tyme ago  
His thelles gode / and that he is not nyce  
Ne aduantage cetera / man seyn he is none  
To wyse he is to do such a wyse  
And eke I nyl not / so hym cetera  
That he may make auaunt / by iust cause  
He shal me neuer bynde / in such a clause

Nolb sette a mas / the hardest ys ylbys  
Men myght deme / that he souyth me  
What dyshonour / were vnto me thys  
May I let hym of that / why nay parde  
I knolb also and? alday hert and? see  
Men bouen wpmmen / al beside hys leue  
And? wshyn hym lyste nomore lette hym leue

I thynk holt / he able is to haue  
Of al thys noble tolbne / the thyrstpest  
To be hys loue / so he hert honour saue  
For in and? out / he is the worthpest  
Saue only Hector / whypeke that is the best  
And? yet hys lyste nolb / lyeth al in my cure  
So such is loue / and? eke myn auenture

Ne me to loue / a wonder is it nought  
For wel wote I my self / so god? me spede  
Al wold? I that noman lyste / of thys thought  
I am one the fayrest / wythouten drede  
And? godlyest / who so takith heed  
And? so men seyn / in al the tolbne of Troye  
What wonder is / though he of me haue joye

I am myn olbne womman / wele at ease  
I thank it god? / as for myn estate  
Ryght ponge and? stonde vntyde / in lusty lease  
Wythout iakyls / or such debate  
Shal no husbond? / sey to me elskmate  
For outhen they ben ful of iakyls  
Or maysterful / or bouen nouelre

What shal I do to what fyne lyeue I thus  
Shal I not loue in cas yf that me lest  
What parde I am / nolb no relligous  
And? though that I myn herte / sette in rest  
Upon thys knyght / that is the worthpest  
And? kepe allwey / myn honour and? my name  
By al ryght / it may do me no shame

But ryght as lban/ the sonne shyneth bryght  
In marche that chaungyth / oft tyme hys face  
And that a clowdy put with byndy to flyght  
Whych ouersprad the sonne / as for a space  
A clowdy thought / gan thurgh her sert pace  
That ouersprad / her bryght thoughtis alle  
So that for fere / almost she gan to falle

That thought was thys / alas sith I am fre  
Shuld I nolw loue / and put in Jeopardye  
My sikernesse / and thralen lyberte  
Alas how durst I thynk that folpe  
May I not wele / in other folk espye  
Their dredeful joy / their conscreynt & their payne  
Their loughth none / y she ne hath wey to pleyne

For loue is pit / the most stormy lyf  
Ryght of hym self / that euer was bygonne  
For euer some mystrause / or nyte serf  
Thee is in loue / some clowdy ouer the sonne  
Wher to be wretched bymmen / nothyng comne  
Whan he is wo / but sitte wepe and thynk  
Oure wretch is thys / oure olue woo to drynk

Also these wyckedy tinges / ten so prest  
To speke so harme / eke men ten so vntrelbe  
That right anon / as wasid is theyr lest  
Deceasith theyr loue / & furth to loue a nelbe  
But harm y do is do / who so it telbe  
For though thys men / for loue hem self rende  
Ful sharp begynnynge / breketh oft at ende

- Hold often tymes / hath it knolven ten  
The treason that to bymmen / hath he done  
To what fyne is such loue / I can not seen  
Or wher becomyth it lban it is gone  
Thee is no wyght I trolbe / that woote sone  
Wher it bycomyth / no wyght ther at speeneth  
That erst was nothyng / in to nougth tomyth



Holb husp yf I loue / must I be  
To please them / that Jangle of loue & drempn  
And cop hem / that they sey no harme of me  
For though ther be no cause / yit hem semyn  
Al be for harme / that folk her frendis benyn  
Or lwh may stoppe / euery wyghed tunge  
Or solune of bellis / whyle they ben ringe

And aftyr that thought gan to clere  
She sayd that he / nothyng vnderstakyth  
Nothyng askyth / be hym both or dre  
And wyth another thought her hert quakyth  
Than slepyth hope / and after drede awakyth  
Now hotte now colde / but thus betwixt they  
She ryst hyr vp / and went her for to pley

Adoun the steyre / anone ryght doun she went  
In to the gardyn / wyth hyr needis thre  
And vp & doun they made many a went  
Flexyble and she Tarke and Antigone  
To pleyen that Jore it was to see  
And othyr of hyr bymmen / a grete wute  
Hyr folowyd in the gardyn / al aboute

Thys yerde was large and rayled al the aleris  
And shadowedy wel / with blossmye folwes grene  
P fencedy nelke / and sandedy al the wyeris  
In whych she walkith / arme in arme byt bene  
Tyl at the last / Antigone the skene  
Can on a Tropan song / syngen clere  
That it an heuene was / for to here

She sayd / O loue to whom I haue and shal  
Ben humble subget / trew in myn entent  
As I best can / to yow lord pene I al  
For euermore myn hertis lust / the rent  
For neuer yet / thy grace no wyght sent  
So blissful cause / as me my lyf to lede  
In al joy and fure / out of drede

The blyssful god hath me / so wel he set  
In loue yblys / that all that berith lyf  
Ymagyne ne colde / hold to he set  
For lord without / Iesulvs or serf  
I loue one whype is most entent  
To seruen wel / In lberye and Inseyned  
That euer was / and leest with harm dysceyned

As he that is / the well of worthynesse  
Of trollyth ground / myrrour of goodlyfesse  
Of wyrt Apollo / stone of secretnesse  
Of vertu roote / of lust fynder and fedy  
Thurgh whype is al my sorow from me dede  
Yblys I loue hym best / so doth he me  
Nolde good thyrst haue he / wherso euer he be

Whom shuld I thank / but polde god of loue  
Of al thys blis / in whype I fufte nolde in  
Al thankid he the lord / for that I loue  
Thys is the right lyf / that I am in  
To eschewe al maner / byt and syn  
Thys doth me / so to vertu entende  
That day by day / I in my wyll amende

And who that seyth / that for to loue is byt  
Or thraldom / though he feele in it dysresse  
He outhyr is envious / or right nyte  
Or is vnyghty / for hys shrewdnesse  
To loue for such maner folk / as I gesse  
Defamyn loue / as nothyng of it knolde  
They speke / but fent they neuer hys wolde

What is the sonne the more of kynde ryght  
Though that a man / for feblenes of hys eyen  
May not endure on it / to looke for bryght  
Or loue the worz / though wretchys on it cren  
No wele is he worth / that may no sorow drem  
And for thy who that hath / an fedy of verte  
Fro cast of stones / helde hym in the lberte

But I wyth al myn hert / and my myght  
As I haue sayd / wyl lue Unto my last  
My deere hert and al myn olde knyght  
In wyth myn hert / graun is so fast  
And hys m myn / that it shal euer last  
At dred I fere / lue hym to begynne  
Goth wote I wel / ther is no patil puno

And of hys song / right at that word she stent  
And ther wyth al / nold nee quod Crispin  
Who made this song / wyth so good entent  
Antigone answerd anon and sayd  
Madame yllis the goodeste maye  
Of greet estate / in al the wolde of Iure  
And led her lyf / in most honour and Joye

Forsooth so it semyth / by hys song  
Quod the Crispin / and gan ther wyth to speke  
And sayd bird / is ther such a one among  
This louere / as they fayne ender  
Yllis quod fressh Antigone the wyke  
For al the folk / that haue or ben alpye  
He coude not wel the blys of lue descryue

But bene ye that euery wyte wote  
The partye blisse of lue / nap yllis  
They bene al lue / yf one trewe  
Do they to they the wote nothing of this  
Men must aske at scyntis / yf it is  
Ought fyre in true ne / for they conne telle  
And aske frendis yf it be soule in telle

Crispin Unto that purpos / nought answerd  
But sayd yllis / it wyl be nyght as fast  
But enery word / wyth that she of lard  
She gan to pryncit it / in her hert fast  
And ay gan lue / it lessyd more to agast  
Than it dyd erse / and synkyn in her hert  
That she wote somwhat / able to conuert



The dayes honour / and the felienes eye  
The nyghtie foo / al thys clepe I the sonne  
Can westeren faste / and downeward for to idry  
As he that had his dayes cours y wonne  
And whyle thynges / wexed dymme & donne  
For lack of sight / and sterres to awere  
That he and al his folk/home went in feere

So when it lyketh her / to go to rest  
And woxed there tho / that woxen ought  
She sayd that to sleepe / wel her lest  
Her wymmen soone / in to her led her brought  
When all was hushd/tho lay she seyl & thought  
Of alle thys thynges/the maner and the gysse  
To restre it nedyth not / for y ten wyse

A nyghtyngale / vpon a Cedre grene  
Wondre the chamber wal / ther as she lay  
Gul bolde song / agayn the mone shene  
Parauenture in her byddis / wyse alay  
Of loue that made / her lert fresh and gay  
That herkendth she / so long in goode entent  
That at the last / the dede sleepe her sent

And as she sleepe / anon ryght her met  
Holt that an Eagle / fetterd whyle as lone  
Wondre her brest / her long clees sette  
And out her lert went / and that anone  
And oped her lert / in to her brest gone  
Of whyle she nought agowd/ne nothing smert  
And forth he fly / wyth lert left for lert

Now let her sleepe / and the oute talis hold  
Of Troilus that is to paleys wold  
For the scarmpsh / of whyle I told  
And in her chambre sette/and hath abyden  
Tyl this or thys / of her messagers wold  
For Pandarus / and sougth him so faste  
Tyl they hym fond / & brought hym at the last

Thys Pandarus / am lepyng in attones  
And sayd thus / who hath ben wel 3 lere  
To day wyth swerdis / wyth synge & stones  
But Troylus that hath caught hym an lere  
And gan to jape / and sayd lord ye swete  
But ryse and lere vs soure / and go to wete  
And he answerd / go lere where the lere

Wyth al the haste goodely / that they myght  
Ther sped hem from the souper and to bedde  
And euery wyght / out at the dore hym dyght  
And wher hym lest / vpon hys lere hym spedde  
But Troylus / that thought hys lere blede  
For woo / tyl he herd some tpyng  
He sayd frend / shal I nolw lere or synge

Quod Pandarus / he styl and lere me sleepe  
And do on thy hode / thy nedis spedde he  
And chese yf thou wylt / synge daunce or leere  
At short wordis / thou shalt trust in me  
And my next wyl be wel by the  
And lere the lere by god and by my trolthe  
But lack of pouer / make it in thy sholthe

For thus ferforth haue I / thy lere bygonne  
From day to day / to thys day by the morowe  
Hys lere and frendshyp / haue I to the lere  
And thereto hath he lere / hys lere to lere  
Algate one foote / is lere of thy lere  
What shal I lenger / sermon of it hold  
As ye haue lere byfore / he al hym told

But right as floures / thurgh the cold of nyght  
Paled stoupen on hys stalkis lere  
Redressen ageyn / the sonne byght  
And spreden out thys coloure / kyndly by lere  
Nyght so gan he tho / hys lere by lere  
Thys Troylus and sayd / O Venus lere  
Thy myght thy grace / I lere he it lere

And to Pandare/ keld? By both hys handis  
And sayd? lord? al thyn be it that I haue  
For I am hool / al brostyn be my bondis  
A thousand? Troys / who so that me pauce  
Eke after other/ god? so me bysse and? saue  
Me myght me so gladdyn / to my lert  
It spredyth so for Joy / it wold? out stert

But lord? hold shal I do / hold shal I lyeuen  
Whan shal I next / my dert lert see  
Hold shal thys longe tyme/ allway be dryuen  
Tyl thou be ageyn / at hyr from me  
Thou mayst answere / abyde abyde but be  
That hangyth by the neck / sooth to seyne  
In greet dyscase / abydyth for the peyne

Al Esly noll / for hille and? charyte  
Quod? Pandarus for all thyng hath tyme  
So longe abyde tyl that the nyght departed? be  
For siker as thou lyste lert hyme  
And? god? toforn I lyl be there at pryne  
And? for thy werk somwhat shal I seyn  
Or on some other byght thys charge lere

For god? woot that I haue euer pit  
We redy to serue / in to thys nyght  
Haue I not seyned? / but enforced? my myght  
Do noll as I shal seyn / and? fare a right  
For I haue do thy luse / byth al my myght  
And? yf thou nylt / byte thy self thy care  
On me is not a longe / thyn cupl fare

I wote wel that thou byt? art than I  
A thousand? fold? / but and? I were as thou  
God? help me so I wold? biterly  
Ryght of myn olbne hand? / byte to lert noll  
A letter in bypse / I wold? take lert hold  
I ferd? amys / and? lert lesse of colbth  
Noll help thy self / and? let for no south



And? I my self shal ther wyth to hyr gon  
And? whan thou wost that I am there  
Worth vpon a courser and? that anon  
Ye hardly / ryght in thy best gete  
And right forth by þ place as nought ne there  
And? thou shalt spnd? be / yf I may sittynge  
At some wyndolbe / in to the scate lerynge

And? yf the lyse / thou mayst be salebe  
And? vpon me make thy conuouner  
But by thy lpf be ware / and? fast eschepbe  
To tarpen ought / god? shold? be from myschaunce  
Kyd? forth thy way / and? hold? thy gouernance  
And? we shuln speke of the somwhat I trolbe  
Whan thou art gon / to make thy eyn glorie

Touchynge thy letter / thou art wyse ynolde  
I wote wel thou myt / it clerly endre  
No make it wyth these / argumentis told  
Ne seruantly / ne craftly it wyte  
Whate it eke / wyth thy tene aspre  
And though thou wyte / a goodly word & soft  
Though it be good? / reuerse it not to oft

For though the best harper / vren lyue  
Wold? on the best soluned? / wyl harp  
That euer was / wyth al hys fygure spue  
Touche ay one serynge / or ay one warbpl harp  
Wyth hys naples / wynted? neuer so shure  
It shuld? make euery wyght to dulle  
To lre hys glee / and? of hys seroues fulle

Ne jompre not / no dyscordant in feete  
No vlen these armes of physik  
In bues armes / hold? on thy matter  
The fourme allbey / and? do that it be lyke  
For yf a pyntour / wold? pynt a pylke  
Wyth asses feete / and? heed? as an ape  
It wold? not / so net it but a jape

Thys consayl lyked? Ibel Troylus  
But as a dredeful man he sayd? thys  
Alas my dere brother pandarus  
I am affamed? / for to lrypten ylbys  
Lese of myn innocen? / I sayd? amys  
Or that six nold? / for despyte it receyue  
Thin lvere I ded? / ther myght nothyng it lvere

To that Pandare anslyverd? / yf the lest  
Do as I sey? and? lette me therlwyth gon  
For by that word? / that formed? Este and? lvest  
I hope of it / to bryng? anslyver anon  
Ryght of hys hond? / and? yf thou lwyll none  
Late he / and? so?y mote he be hys lye  
Agaynste thy lust / that helpyth the to thyue

Quod? Troylus depardieu? prse assent  
Syth that the lyste I lwyll atyse and? lwyte  
And? blyssful god? pray I / lwyth good? entent  
The vpage and? the letter / I shal endyte  
So spece / and? thow Mmerua the lwyte  
Gyue thow me lwyll / my letter to deuyse  
And? sat hym down / and? lwyte in thys lwyse

First he gan ser / hys ryght lady calle  
Hys hertis lye / hys lust / hys sorowes lette  
Hys blys and? eke these other termes alle  
That in such cas / he bouere alle seeke  
And? in ful humble lwyse as in hys speche  
He gan hym recomaund? vnto hys grace  
To al al holl / it aspyth moche space

And? after thys / ful solly he hys preyde  
To be not lwyth / though he of hys folp  
So hardy was he to lwyte or sende  
But lwe it made / or ellis must he dye  
And? ppytously gan mercy for to crye  
And? after he sayd? / and? lyed? solwe  
Hym self was lyeal lwyth? / e lesse good? colwe

And prayd her haile requysid hys Unkonnyng  
That kyng was / and eke hym self also  
Was wele ny dred / in hys wrytynge  
And after that / than gan he tel hys booe  
But that was endles / wouthouten hoo  
And sayd he wold / in trolth alwey hym hold  
And mad it ouer / and gan the letter fold

And woth hys salt tere / gan he bathe  
The Ruby in hys signet / and it he set  
Upon the weye / deluerly and rathe  
Therwoth a thousand tymes / or he let  
He kyst the lette / and after that it set  
And sayd lette / a blyssful destyne  
The shyp is / my lady shal the see

Thys Pandare toke the letter ryght by tyme  
On morow e to hys neis palays he hym stert  
And fast he sbore / that it was passed pryme  
And gan to jape / and sayd ylbys myn hert  
So fressh it is / al though it sore smert  
I may not sleepe / neuer a mayes morow  
I haue a joly booe / e a lusty sorowe

Cryseyde wshyn she / her Uncle herde  
Woth dredeful herte / and desirous to herte  
The cause of hys comynge / thus answered  
Nolb by your seyth myn Uncle quod she dert  
What maner wynd / gwydth polb nolb herte  
Telle vs your joly booe / and your penaunce  
Wolb ferforth sen ye / put in, buyes daunce

By god quod he / I hope allway beshynde  
And she to laugh / hys thought her hert breste  
Quod Pandarus / like alwey that ye fynde  
Same in my hood / Eut herkenyth yf a leste  
Ther is right nolb come to tolune a geste  
A greke aspre / and tellyth new thynges  
Werfor I come / to tel you tydynges



In to the gardyn golde / and ye shul here  
Al pryncyply of thys / a longe sermon  
Wyth that they went / arme in arme yfere  
In to the gardyn / from the chamber down  
And when he was so fer / that the solyn  
Of that he spak / noman here myght  
He sayd her thus / and out the letter plyght

To he that is / al holy youre fre  
Hym recomaundyth / solly to yowre grace  
And sent yow thys letter / here by me  
Aupse you on it / when ye haue space  
And of some goodely answere / yow purchace  
Or so help me god / pleyndly for to sayne  
He may not longe lyue / in thys payne

Ful dredefully tho / gan she stonde seple  
And toke it not / but alle here humble chere  
Gan for to chaunge / and sayd script ne bple  
For loue of god / that touchyth suche matere  
He byng me none / and also vncle dere  
To myn estate haue more rewarde / I prey  
Than to hys lust / what shuld I more say

And sollyth nold yf thys be resonable  
And letteth not / for fauour ne for sholdeth  
To sey a sooth / nold were it couenable  
Te myn estate by god / and by yowre trolbeth  
To take it / to haue of hym trolbeth  
In harmynge of my self / or reprene  
Were it ageyn / for hym that ye on leue

Thys Pandarus / gan on her for to starr  
And seyde nold / thys is the most wondyr  
That euer I salbe / late be thys myte fare  
To deeth more I smyte be / wyth thondyr  
Pf for the cite / whych that stondyth pondyr  
And I a letter to yow / byng or take  
To harm of yow / what lust ye thys to make

But thus ye fare wele ny / all and some  
He that moste desirith / yow to serue  
Of hym ye willest leste / where he become  
Or whether that he lyue / or ellis serue  
But for al that / I may deserue  
Refuse it not quod he / and sent hyr fast  
And in hyr bosum / down the lettre thrafast

And sayd hyr / cast it fast alway anon  
That folk may / see and galter on the steyn  
Quod she I can abyde / tyl they be gon  
And gan to smyle / and sayd / Come I prey  
Such aslyer as yow lyst / such your self wryte  
For trewshyp / I nyl no lettre wryte  
No than wyl I / so that ye endyte

I herlyfth she laugh / and sayd go we dyne  
And he gan at hym self / jaw faste  
And sayd next I / haue so grette a pyne  
For loue that euery othyr day I faste  
And gan hye jape / best forth to caste  
And make her so to laugh / of hye folke  
That she for laughtur / wend for to dye

And when she was comen / in to the halle  
Mow come quod she / we wyl go dyne anone  
And gan some of hyr wyminen / to aske  
And streyght into hyr chambyr / gan she gone  
Out of hyr besynesse / thys was one  
Amonge other thynges / out of drede  
Jyl pryncely / thys lettre gan she rede

Aupsed word by word in euery lyne  
And fond no lack / she thought it wold be good  
And by it put and went hyr in to dyne  
But Pandarus / that in studye stode  
Or he was ware / she toke hym by the hood  
And sayd ye were caught / or that ye wryste  
I vouchsaf quod he / do what ye lyste

Tho wysshen they / and set hym down to ete  
And after anon / ful slepy Pandarus  
Can draube hym to the wyndow / next the stete  
And sayd nece / who hath arrayed thus  
That pondre hous / that stont / aforyste be  
Whiche hous quod she / and come for to khold  
And knelbe it thele / whos it was hym told

And tyllen forth / in speche of thynges smale  
And satyn in the wyndow / sothe they  
Whan Pandarus salbe tyme / vnto hys tale  
And salbe wel / hys folk were a wey  
Nolde nece myn tel on / quod he I sey  
Holt spekth polb thys letter / that ye wrote  
Can he ther on / for by my trolbth I note

Therwith al rose helbed / tho way she  
And gan to hymme / ye so I trolbe  
And writ to hym thele for goddis sake quod he  
My self to mede / wyl the letter solbe  
And feld hys handis vp / and fel on knolbe  
Nolde gooder nece be it neuer so lyte  
Gyue me the labour / it to solbe and plyte

Ye for I can so writte quod he / tho  
And eke I note / what I shul to hym sey  
May nece quod Pandare / sey not so  
Put at the lest / thank hym I polb prey  
Of hys good wyl / o do hym not to dey  
Nolde for the lue of me / my nece deye  
Refuse not at thys tyme / my prayre

God graunt quod she / al thyng be thele  
God helpe me so thys is the fyrst letter  
That euer I wrote / ye or ony dele  
And in to a chert / for to auyse hys letter  
She went anon / and gan hys lere unfetter  
Out of dysceygnous pryson lette a lyte  
She sette hys down / and gan a letter writte



Of which to tel / in short is myn entent  
Effect as fer / as I can vnderstonde  
She thankid hym of al / that he wele ment  
Colwardis her / but holden hym in bonde  
She wolde not / ne make hyr self bonde  
In loue but as hys suster / hym to please  
She wolde ay fayne / do hys hert ease

She shyt it / and to Candare gan gon  
There as he sat / and lookid in to the strete  
And down she set hyr / by hym on a ston  
Of Jasper vpon a qubesshon / of gold I tete  
And sayd as wysly / help me god the grette  
I neuer dyd a thyng / wyth more payne  
Than wyte this / to which ye me constrayne

And toke it hym / he thanked here and seyde  
God wote of thyng / ful oft both bygonne  
Comyth end goode / and nece myn Crysce  
That ye to hym / of hardy nold he bonne  
Ought he be glady / by god and by yond sonne  
For why men seyn / impressions light  
Ful lightly ben al / redy to the flyght

But ye haue pleyde / the tyrant nye to longe  
And hardy was it / poltre hert for to graue  
Nold stynt that ye / no lenger on it longe  
Al wolde the fourme / of daungyr it saue  
But hastyth yow / to do hym joy to haue  
For trustyth wele / to longe ye do hardnesse  
Causith dyspayre ful oft / for dyscesse

And right as they declarid this matere  
To Troilus ryght / at the stretis end  
Come rydynge / wyth hys people in fere  
Al softly / and theyr ward gan bend  
There as they sat / as theys hys wey to bend  
To paleys ward / and Candare hym aspyed  
And sayd nece / to who comyth here nold ryde

O flee not in / he seeth vs as I suppose  
Best he may thynke / that we hym eschelle  
Nay nay quod she / and way as rede as rose  
Wyth that he gan / hyr humbly sale  
With dredful chere / and oft his self was neld  
And by hys dede / donayrly he cast  
And telened on Pandare / and forth he wote

God wote yf he sat / on hys hors a ryght  
Or goodely was beseyn / that yllk day  
God wote whether he was like a maly knyght  
What shuld I drete / or telle of hys aray  
Enseyde whych that / all thys thyng say  
To tel in short / hyr lyked alle in fere  
Hys persone hys aray / hys looke hys chere

Hys goodely maner / and hys gentylste  
So wel that neuer / sith he was born  
He had she suke colbth / of hys dyscreste  
And though he had he hard / there to foren  
To good hope / she hath nold caught a thorn  
She shal not pul it out / thys next whyle  
God send her mo suke / thornes on to pylke

Pandare whych that stood hyr fast by  
Felt the yren hote / and began to smyte  
And sayd nece / I pray you lertly  
Tel me that I shal aske you alre  
A woman that is so good to wyte  
Wythout hys colbth / of colbth  
Were it wylle / say by my colbth

God help me / I se me sooth  
Yf ye feele your colbth / not he  
Lo yond he ryt / quod she so he doth  
Wele quod Pandare / as I haue told you thys  
Eate he your nyghts / and folys  
And speke wyth hym / in casyng of hys lert  
Eate nyght not do / you soth to smert

But theron was / to seue audy to done  
Considerd; at thyng / it may not so be  
And; why for speke / and; eke it were to soone  
To graunt hym wit / so greet a lyfete  
For playnly he entent / as sayd; he  
Was for to lue hym / Enlyste yf he myght  
And; gyltredon hym with nothyng / but with gyfte

But pandar thought / it shuld; not be so  
Yf that I may thys nys oppynon  
Shal not be hold; / fully peris illo  
What shuld; I make of thys / a long; sermon  
He must assent / on that conclusion  
As for the tyme / and; when that it was due  
And; al was wele / he was and; toke hys lue

And; on hys way homeward; / ful fast hym sped  
And; ryght for joy / he felt hys hert daunce  
And; Troilus he fond; / alow; a bed;  
That lay as don / thys lute in a traunce  
Welbys hope / and; derly despaynte  
But Pandar ryght / al hys in comynge  
He sang as who sayth / somwhat I thyng

And; sayd; who is in hys bed; so soone  
Yf eured; thus / it am I stand; quod; he  
Who Troilus nay / help me so the moone  
Quod; Pandarus / ~~that shal be not end; for~~  
A charme that was ryght / ~~that shal be not end; for~~  
The lyfete can be the / ~~that shal be not end; for~~  
So that thow do forthly

Yf thurgh the myght of god  
And; Pandarus / gan hym  
And; sayd; pardieu / god; he  
Haue he a lyght / & looke ouer al the  
But oft gan hys hert / glady and; glad  
Of Troilus why he he gan it to  
So as the wordis / paue hym hope and; drede



But fynally / he toke alle for the lest  
That she hym wrote / for somwhat he bylded  
On whiche he thought / he myght his lert rest  
All couered; for the word; / vnder shield;  
Thus to the more worthier / part he held;  
That what for hope / and; Pandarus bylded  
His grete booe forpede / at the lest

But as we may alday / our seluen see  
The more boode and; wol; the more fyre  
Ryght soo encreas of hope / what so it be  
Therbyth ful oft / encreasith his desyre  
Or as an Oke / cometh of a lytel spyre  
So thurgh thys letter; which that she hym sent  
Encreas gan desyre / byth whiche he brent

Wherfor; I sey allwey / that day and; nyght  
Thys Troilus / gan to desyre more  
Than he dyd erst; thurgh hope; & did; his myght  
To preuen on; as by Pandarus bore  
And; wrote vnto his / of his sorowles fore  
Fro day to day / he let it not restrepe  
That by pandar somwhat he wrote or sende

And; dyd; all; his other obseruaunces  
That to a letter / longyth; in thys caas  
And; after that his dyce / turned; on chaunces  
So he was outher glad; / or sayd; alas  
And; held; after his gyftes / as his pas  
No after such answers as he had;  
So were his dayes / for; other glad;

But to pandar allwey / was his recours  
And; prouously gan / vnto hym pleyne  
And; hym besought / of rede or some socours  
And; Pandarus salve his woodely payne  
Way wele ny ded; / for wolth; sooth to seyne  
And; feily byth al his lert he cast  
Some of his booe to flece / and; that as fast.

And sayd lord / and frend / and brother de  
God wote that thy deafe / doeth me woo  
But wylt thou seynt / al thyse woful che  
And by my trowth / or it be dayes tbo  
And god to for / yit shal I shawe it so  
That thou shalt come / in to a certeyn place  
Eke as thou mayst thy self / prey hyr of grace

And certaynly I note / yf thou it wost  
But tho that ben expert / in loue I sey  
It is one of the thynges / that furtherrith most  
A man to haue a leysur / for to prey  
And siker place hye woo for to helbre  
For in good hert / ther must wolth impress  
To hyr that seeth / the gyftles in dysresse

Peraventure thynkest thou / though it be soo  
That kynd wold done / for to begynne  
To haue a maner wolth / vpon my woo  
Seyth daunger nay thou shalt me neuer wynn  
In that maner for no maner gynne  
Though that she kende yit / she stant on foot  
What in effect is thys / vnto my boot

Than ther ageynst / whan that the sturdy oke  
On whych men backe / oft for the nones  
Requed hath / the happy fallynge stroke  
The grete slyght / doth it falle at ones  
As don thysc wikes / to the mylstones  
For slyfter cours / comyth thyng of wight  
Whan it descendyth / than don thynges lght

But Feede that wolth down / wth euery blase  
Ful lghly wth the wynd / it wyl arse  
But so nyl not an oke / whan it is cast  
It nedyth me not / the longe to deuse  
Men shuld wryse / of grete emprise  
Achuyth wele / and stondyth oute of doute  
Al haue men ben / the lenger ther about

But Troylus nolþ tel me yf the leſt  
A thyng the whyche / I ſhal aſke the  
Whyche is the brother / that thou ſueteſt beſt  
As in thy betray ſertis pryncpte  
Wyþz my dere brother / Deiphobus  
Nolþ quod? Pandarus / or howis thyngs thyſelue  
He ſhal the eaſe / Unlopyſt of hym ſelue

Nolþ let me alone / and? werke as I may  
Quod? he / and? to deiphobus wente he tho  
Whyche had? hys lord? / and? grete frend ſen ay  
Saue Troylus noman he ſued? ſo  
To tel in ſhort / wythout wordis mo  
Quod? Pandarus / I pray yow that ye be  
Frend? to a cauſe / whyche that touchyth me

Pis parde quod? Deiphobus / wel thou woſt  
In alle that euer I may / and? god? to fore  
Al nece it but for oo man / that I loue moſt  
My brother Troylus / but ſey me wherfore  
It is for ſith the day / that I was bore  
I na3 nor neuermore / to be I thynk  
Agernt a thyng? / that myght the forthynk

Pandarus gan hym thank/and? thus he ſeyde  
Lo ſire I haue a lady in thys towne  
That is my nece / and? callyd? is Cryſeyde  
Whyche ſome men wolde do oppreſſion  
And? wrongfully haue her poſſeſſion  
Wherfor yowre broþrshyp / I yow beſeeche  
To be our frend? wythout more ſpeeche

Deiphobus anſwerd? / is it thys  
That thou to me ſpakeſt of / ſo ſtraungely  
Cryſeyde my frend? / he ſayd? ſhe is  
Eſay nedyth quod? Deiphobus / hardily  
Nomore of thys for truſteth wel that I  
Wyl be hys champion / wyth ſwete and? ſilber?  
I wought not / though all hys foes it ſerdy



But tel me / for thou dost thys matre  
I myght hys best auayle / nold late sie  
Quod Pandarus / yf ye my lord so dre  
Wold as nold do / thys honour vnto me  
To prayen hys thys / to morow that she  
Come vnto yow / hys playntes to deuyse  
Hys aduersaries / wold therof agryse

Lord yf that more / I durst yow prey as nold  
And charge yow to haue so gret trauayle  
To haue some of yowre brethern / be with yow  
Than myght hys cause / the better auayle  
Than wote I wel / she myght neuer fayle  
For to be help / what at your instaunce  
What wyth hys othyr frendes / sustenaunce

Deiphobus whych that was / come of kynde  
To al honour / and counte to consent  
Answerd it shal be don / and I can fynde  
Pit gretter help to thys / in myn entent  
That wylt thou sey / yf for Hecyue I sent  
To speke of thys / I trow it be best  
For she may see Paris / as hys best

For Hector whych that is my lord my brother  
It nedyth not to pray hym frend to be  
For I haue herd hym / bothe one tyme and other  
Speke of Criseyde such honour that he  
May sey no let / such hap to hym hath she  
So nedyth not hys help / nold for to craue  
He shal be such / ryght as he wyl hym haue

Speke thou thy self also to Troilus  
On my behalve / and pray hym wyth vs dyne  
Hys al thys shal be do / quod Pandarus  
And toke hys leue / and neuer gan to fyne  
But to hys neccis hous / as streyght as a lyne  
He come and fond hys / from the methe aryse  
And set hym down / e spak right in thys wyse

He sayd / O Veray god / so haue I conne  
To neede myn / see ye not how I swete  
I note whether the more / ye me thank conne  
We ye not ware / how fals Polixene  
Is now aboute / eftsoones to plete  
To bringe on pols / aduocatis nelbe  
I no quod / se / and / chaungyd / all her selbe

What is he more aboute / me to dretche  
And do me wronge / what shal I do alas  
Pit of hym self / nothyng wold / I reche  
Ner it for Antenor and Eneas  
That ben hys frendes / in such maner as  
But for the loue of god / myn vnde dore  
No fore of it / let hym haue al pfect

Wythout that I haue ynolgh for to  
May quod Pandare / it shal nothyng be so  
For I haue he right now / wyth Deiphobus  
At Hector / and myn other lordis moo  
And shortly made cete of theym / hys foo  
That by my thurst / he shal it neuer lerne  
For aught he can / when so that he begyne

And as they cast / what was best to done  
Deiphobus / of hys olone curtesie  
Came hys to prey / in hys olone proppr persone  
To hold hym / on the morow companye  
At dyner whiche he wold / hym not denye  
But goodly gan / to hys prayer ope  
He thankyth hys / and went vpon hys lere

- When thys was done thys pandare vp anone  
To tel in short / forth he gan to wende  
To Troilus as styl as ony stone  
Of al thys thyng he told hym word and ende  
And how he Deiphobus gan to blende  
And sayd now is tyme / yf that thou conne  
Were the wele to morow / and al is wonne

Nolþ speke nolþ prey / nolþ pꝑꝛously compleyne  
True not for nyȝt shame / or drede or sheldeth  
Somtyme a man mote / tel hye olþne payne  
Byleue it and? she wyll haue / on the wolþth  
Thou shalt be sauþd? / by thy feyth in trolþth  
But wele wote I thou art in a drede  
And? what it is / so I can it rede

Thou thyntest nolþ / how shal I do al thyng  
For by my chere / must folke espye  
That for loue is / that I fare amys  
Wit hnd? I leuer ylbys / for sorow dye  
Nolþ thynt not so / thou doest grete folye  
For I ryght nolþ / haue found? a maner  
Of slepyght / for to couere al thy chere

Thou shalt goo ouer nyght / and? that as blyue  
Wnto Deiphobus hous / the to pley  
Thy malady the fet / alwey to dryue  
For why thou sempst speke / the sooth to sey  
Soone after that / down in thy bed? the ley  
And? sey thou mayst / no lenger by endure  
And? be right there / and? hyde thy auenture

Sey that the fuer / is wnt the to take  
The same tyme / and? last tyl a morowe  
And? let se nolþ / how wel thou kanst it make  
For parde sike is he that is in sorowe  
Go nolþ fare wele / and? Venus here to sorowe  
I hope and? thou / thy purpos hold? ferme  
In grace she shal / the fully conferme

Quod? Troilus ylbys / thou needles  
Counselest me / sickerly to feyne  
For I am sike / in earnest doubtles  
So wel ny that / I sterue for the payne  
Quod? Pandarus / thou shalt the bettyr pleyne  
And? hast the lasse nede / to countrefete  
For hym men deme hote / that men see shete



To holdy the at thy Trust chos / and? I  
Shal wele the dere / vnto thy solbe dryue  
Therbyth he toke hys leue / al softly  
And Troylus to paleys went blyue  
So glady he nas / neuer in all hys lyue  
And? to Pandarus wete / gan al assent  
And? to Deiphobus hous / at nyght he went

What nedyth yow / to tellen of the chere  
That Deiphobus gan hys brothyr make  
Or hys accesse / or hys sikely manere  
Holv men hym gan / byth clothys lade  
Whan he was leyde / & holv men did hym glade  
But alle for nought / he held? forth hys guyse  
As ye haue herd? / Pandare hym deuyse

But certeyne is / or Troylus hym leyde  
Deiphobus preyed? hym / ouer nyght  
To be a frend? and? helppinge to Criseyde  
God? wote that he / it graunted? anon right  
To be hys ful frend? / byth al hys myght  
But such a nede it was / to praye hym thenne  
As for to bydde / a woode man to renne

The morow come / and? nyghten gan the tyme  
Of male tyde / that the fayre quene seleyne  
Schope hys to be / an hour after the pryme  
With deiphobus / to whom she wold? not feyne  
But as hys suster / homely soth to seyne  
She come to dynner / in hys playn entent  
But god & Pandare / byst none what this ment

Come eke Criseyde al innocent of thys  
Antygone hys suster and? Targe also  
But fle we nolv prolixite lest is  
For loue of god? and? lette vs fast goo  
Nyght to theffet / without talis moo  
Why al thys folk / assembled? in that place  
And? lette vs of theyr sayblynges pax

Gret honour vnder hem Deiphobus ardeyne  
And fed hem wel / with al þe myght he myghte  
But euermore alas / was hys ardeyne  
My good brother / Troilus the sike  
Forth yet / and therewith al he gan to sike  
And after that / he preyed hym to glade  
Hem as he myght / and good cheer he made

Compleyned eke Heleyn / of hys sikenesse  
So feythfully / that yet was to her  
And every wyght than / was for that cause  
A lech anon / and seide in this manere  
Men curen folke / this chaunce I wolde lowe  
But ther sat one / al lyste her not to tere  
What thought / yit best colde I be hys lech

A fere compleynt / than gan they hym to preyse  
As folk don yet / when some kin bygonne  
To preyse a man / and by vnto hym to tresp  
A thousand fold / yit better than the sonne  
He is that can / that felde lordis conne  
And Pandarus of that / they wolde afferme  
He not forgate / hys prayyng to confirme

Herde al this / Criseyde wel ynowgh  
And every word / gan to notyfy  
For withouthen wyth sode clere / for her solyfy  
For who is that / nold hym glorify  
To more such a knyght / to lyue or dye  
But al passe I / lest ye to longe dwelle  
For al is for a tyme that I you telle

The tyme come / from dner for to tresp  
And as theym ought / they risen euerychon  
And gan a while / of this and that tresp  
But Pandarus / brake al that speche anon  
And sayd to Deiphobus / wol be gon  
If woldest thou be / as I wolde preyde  
To speke here of the needis / of Criseyde

Helene wycke that / by the hande hyr held  
Toke fyrst the tale / and sayd golde blyue  
And goodly on Erseyde she held  
And sayd Iouis late hym neuer thynke  
That doeth yow harm / & brynge hym self of lyue  
And geue me sorow / but he said it selue  
Yf thou I may / and alle folkes be trewe

Tel thou thy neede cas / quod Desprebus  
To Pandarus / for thou canst best it telle  
My lordis and my ladyes it stant thus  
What shuld I lenger / do yow dwelle  
He tonge hym out a prowe lyke a kelle  
When hyr foo / that hyght wolpette  
So baynous that men / myght on it speke

Answerd of this cote of theym / worse than other  
And wolpette / thus gan they warren  
An hangedy be such one / were he my brother  
And so it shal / for it may not varyen  
What shuld I lenger / in this proesse tarpen  
Playnly al at ones / they hyr behyght  
To be hyr frend / in all that ener they myght

Spak than helene / and said Pandarus  
Wote ought my lord my brother this matere  
I meane Hector / or wote it Troilus  
He sayd ye / but wyl ye nolle me here  
Me thynketh this / such Troilus is here  
It were good / yf that ye wolde assent  
So wold hym he self / al this or she went

For he wyl haue the more / hyr grief at hert  
By cause so / that she a lady is  
And by yowre leue / I wyl but in secret  
And do yow wyl / and that anon yllys  
Yf that he sleepe / or wyl ought here of this  
And in he sleepe / and sayd hym in his eere  
God haue thy soule brought I haue thy here



To smylen gan / of thys Troylus  
And Pandarus / wythout restonyng  
Out went anon / to Heleyn and Deiphobus  
And seyde hym so / ther is no taryng  
He more I wyl wel / that ye hyng  
Crispe anon / my lady that is hit  
He is may endure / he wyl yow hit

But wel ye wote / the chamber is but lyte  
And selve folk may syghtly / make it warme  
Nolw schith ye / for I wyl haue no wyte  
To bringe in pyce / that myght do hym harme  
Or hym dyscase / for my bettyr arme  
Wher it is hit / she aspyde tyl est soone is  
Nolw welle ye that knolwe / what to done is

I say for me hit is / as I can knolwe  
That no wyght nolw wende in hit ye shal  
But it were for I can in a throlwe  
Releue hyr cause / Unpke that she can sey  
And after thys / she may hym oonce prey  
To be hyr good lord / in short and take hyr leue  
Thys may not moche / of hye case hym treue

And for that she is swaunge / he wyl for her  
Hys case wylde he dare not for yow  
The other thynges / wylde touchyth not to her  
He wol yow telle / I wote it wel yow  
That secret is / and for the tollnes yow  
And she that nothyng knelw / of thys entent  
Wythout more / to Troylus in went

Heleyn in al hyr goodly soft wyse  
Gan hym salw / and hemmanly pley  
And sayd yow / ye motte algate aryse  
Nolw say brother / he al he I yow prey  
And gan hyr arme / Upon hys shulder ley  
And hym wyth al hyr fitt / she gan dysport  
No she best colde / of frowde hym to comfort

Soone after quod she / the polb byseke  
my dere brother Deiphobus / and I  
For loue of god / and so doth Pandare eke  
To be good lord / and frend right kertyly  
Woth Enseyde whiche that certynly  
Recapynth wronge / as wote wel her Pandare  
That can hyr cas / wel bet than I declare

Thys Pandarus / gan holt hyr tynge affyle  
And al hyr cas rehersid / and that anon  
Whan it was seyd / soone after in a whyle  
Quod Troilus / as seone as I may gon  
I wyl right fynn / wylth al my myght anon  
Haue god my trolbth / hyr cause to sustene  
Goode thyft haue ye / quod Helepe the quene

Quod Pandarus / and yit polbre wyl be  
That she may take hyr leue / or that she go  
Holt this god forde it tho quod she  
Yf that she vouchesauf / for to do so  
And wylth that word / quod Troilus ye shal  
Deiphobe / and ye my suster dere  
To polb haue I to speke / of a matere

To be aduysed / by polbre aduise the letter  
And had as hap was / at hys beddis side  
The copy of a letter / and a letter  
That Hector had hym sent / to askyn rede  
Yf such a man / were worthy to be dede  
Note I not who / but in a grysely wyse  
He prayed hem bothe anon / on hys awyse

Deiphobus / gan thys letter unfold  
In earnest gace / so dyde Helepe the albene  
And comynge outward / fast gan it behold  
Dounward a stape / and in to an urther grene  
Thys plike thyng / they reden hem betlene  
And largely / the montenaunce of an hunte  
Thy gonne on it / for to rede and polbre

Nolb let him wde / and twayne be anon  
To chandace / that gan ful fast pry  
That as wel in and out / gan he gon  
Unto the chamfere a host / and that on hy  
And sayd god saue al thys company  
Come nolb my nece / my lady albene Helene  
A bydyth polb / and eke my lordis wyfne

Kyse take wyth polb / your nece Antigone  
Or whom ye lyst / or nofore hardly  
The lesse prece the bet / come forth wyth me  
And like that ye thank humbly  
Them al thre / and when ye may goodly  
Polbre tyme see / takyth of hem polbre leue  
Lest we to long / hys wyl hym bytwe

All innocent / of pandarus entent  
Quod the Cypres / go we Unde dte  
And arme in arme / mylward both hym sit went  
Aupfng wel hyr wordis / and hyr chere  
And pandarus / in eue fullest manere  
Seyd al folk / for goddis lue I prey  
Styntyth ryght lere / and softly ye prey

Aupse ye what folke / ben lere wythynne  
And in what place one is / god hym amende  
And mylward thus / ful softly begynne  
Neece I conuirt / and help defende  
On hye half / whiche that his soule hath sende  
And in the vertu / of the corollines wyfne  
She not this man / that both for polb this prayne

Ye on the deyl / thynk whiche one he is  
And in what place he lyeth / come of anone  
Thynk al such taryd tye / lest is  
That wyth ye both sey / when ye ben one  
And sickerly ther pit / dounneth none  
Upon polb lye / come of nolb yf ye wille  
Whyle folk is blent / so al the tyme is wonne



In tpyrnyng in purfuyte / and; delays  
 Folk wyl dyuine / at laggynge of a fere  
 That though ye wold; / haue after merke dayes  
 Than dare ye not for wyl; for fe and; fe  
 Speke fuch a word; / thus lookid; fe and; fe  
 Thus tyme y lost / I dare not wylth yoll dele  
 Come of therfor / and; bynge hym to hys fele

But noll to yoll / ye louers that fey fe  
 Was not tropluo / in a cankerdort  
 That lay e myght / the wylthpyng of fey fe  
 And; thought o lord; / noll rennyth my fort  
 Fully to die / or haue no comfort  
 And; was the fyre tyme fe shuld; hys prey  
 Of lue / o myghty god; what shal I fey

¶ Here endeth the secunde booke

¶ And; fere begynneth the prologe of  
 the thyrde booke

**O** blifful light of which the frames cleve  
 Adourne th; al the hre fuenes fayer  
 O founys lyl / O Jouys daughter dore  
 Plefaunt o lue / o goodely debonayre  
 In gentyl ferte / wdy to repayre  
 O beay cause of fele / and; of gladnesse  
 Y feryd; fe thy myght / and; thy goodnesse

In fuenes and; fele / erthe and; fee  
 So fyre thy myght / yf that I wel dyscerne  
 As man byd; fele / fyssh ferte and; grene tree  
 The feld; in tymes / wylth vapour eterne  
 God; wylth and; to lue / fe wyl not worne  
 And; in thys world; / no lynes creature  
 Wythout lue is worth / or may endure

In Iouis fyrst / to thyllk effectis glade  
Thurgh whych that thynges / lyuen al ande be  
Commendyd / ande amouuray hem made  
O mortal thyng / ande as thou lyst ay see  
Paue hem in loue / ease or aduersite  
Ande in a thousand fourmes / deun hem sent  
To loue in erthe / ande whom ye lyst is blent

The fyre Mars / to apesyn of hys jre  
Ande as ye lyst me make lertis dygne  
Algatis hem / that ye wyl sette a fyre  
That dreden shame / ande byas pit wigne  
Ye to hem curtes / stressh be ande kynge  
Ande hem promotith / after a wpght entyndith  
The joye that he hath / pour myght hym sendith

Ye holdyn regne ande houes / in Dynye  
The sothfaste cause / ande frendshyp be also  
Ye knowl all thyllk / couerdy qualyte  
Of thynges whiche that folkes wondren on so  
That they can not conselbe / how it may geo  
Ske buyth hym / or why buyth he not lre  
Or why this ffish / e not that comyth to the lere

The folke a calbe / han sette in Uniuer  
Ande thys knowl I / by them that louers be  
That who so scrupth wuth polb / hath the lere  
Nob lady byght / for thy kengynge  
At reuerence of hem / that scriven the  
Whos clerk I am / tette me deupse  
Some joye of that / is felt in thy scrupse

Ye in my naked / lertis sentment  
In elde / ande do me selbe of thy wytnesse  
Calow / thy dayes ten nobl present  
For nobl is nede / seest thou not my dysesse  
Hob I must tette anon / right the gladnesse  
Of Troylus to Venus kerpeng  
To which gladnesse who nede hath god hym kerpeng

¶ Here endeth the prologe

¶ And here begynneth the thyrd booke

**L**Ap al thys mene whyle Troplus  
Recordynge hys lesson / in thys manere  
Mafey thought he / thus wil I sey & thus  
Thus wyll I pleyne / vnto my lady dere  
That word is good / & that shal be my matere  
Thys wyll I not for geuen / in no wyse  
Gods lyue he werke / as he gan deuyse

And wher so hys sert / gan tho to wyspe  
Derynge hys come / and fore for to speke  
And Pandarus / that lady hys by the same  
Come nere and gan / in at the curtayn pyle  
And sayde god do hit / on al fyll  
See who is here / yow compyn to byste  
Lo here is she / that is yowre deeth to byste

Therwith it semed / that he wept almost  
Alas god / quod Troplus so sorowfully  
Wher me he woo / o myghty god thou wost  
Who is al there / I see not trewly  
Syr quod Cresseide / it is Pandarus and I  
Ye swete sert / Alas I may not ryse  
To knele and do yow honour / in some wyse

And dressid hym bylward / and she ryght tho  
Wogan hys handis soft / vpon hym leye  
O for the loue of god / do ye not so  
To me quod she / what is thys to seye  
Syr come am I to yow / for causes elye  
First yow to thank / of yowre good forshyp che  
Contynuaunce therof / I yow byseke



Troplius that herd thus/hys lady praye  
Of lordshyp hym was nother/quyck ne dede  
He myght one word/ for shame to hyr seye  
And though men shuld/haue smpte of his dede  
But lord so he was / sodaynly wde  
And hys lesson / that he wend had conne  
To pray hyr / was thurgh hys hert y conne

Eriseyde al thys espyed/ wel pnotygh  
For she was wyse/ & kowde hym neuer the lasse  
Al though he were not malapt/ & made it tolygh  
Or was to hold / to synge a foole a masse  
But when his shame/ began somwhat to passe  
Hys wordis as I may / my rymes hold  
I wyl yow tellen / as trewe bokes old

In chaungyd voyce / right for hys lady drede  
Whiche voyce eke quoke / & thereto hys manere  
Goodely abasshyd/ and nold hys hylbes wde  
Nold pale vnto Eriseyde hys lady dre  
Wyth hoolie doun cast/ and humble hooly chere  
To altherfyre word / that hym astert  
Was thyres mercy mercy swete hert

And synt a while/ & when he myght out bryng  
The next word was / godd wote for I haue  
As ferforth as I haue had compynge  
Owe yowres all / so godd my soule saue  
And shal tyl that / I woful wyghe be graue  
And though I ne dare/ ne can to yow compleyne  
Y wys I suffre not / the lasse pyne

Thus moche as nold / o hommanly wyf  
I may out bryng/ and yf it yow dysplease  
That shal I wreste / vpon myn olde tye  
Myght soon I trolbe/ and do yowre hert an ease  
If wyth my deth / yowre hert may apase  
For sith ye haue me herd/ somwhat seye  
Nold wiche I neuer / hold soone that I dre

Eschelyth hys manly sorow / to byhold  
It myght hath made an hert / of stone to welbe  
And Pandare wept / as he to water bold  
And seyde wo begon / ten hertis treibe  
And wold euer hys neede / nelbe and nelbe  
For loue of god / make of this thyng an ende  
Or sice be both at ones / or be hene benede

By what quod he / by god and by my trolth  
I wote not what ye wold that I sey  
I what quod he / that ye haue of hym trolth  
For goddis loue / and do hym not to deye  
Hold than quod he thus I wold hym prey  
To telle me the fyne of hys entent  
Yit wyse I neuer / bel what he ment

What that I meane / o swete hert dere  
Quod Troilus / o goodly fressh fre  
Wyth the streames / of youre eyen clere  
Ye wold frendly / somtyme on me see  
And that ye suffre / that I neuer be he  
Wythout brauncle of bye / in ony wyse  
Yold for to serue / lyke as ye wyse deuse

As to my lady ryght / and chiefe resort  
And al my wytt / and al my dylgenc  
And I to haue ryght as yold lyse comfort  
Wondyr your yerd egal / to myn offence  
As deth / ye ys I do ony offence  
And that ye lyse me / somoch honoure  
Me to coumaunde / ought in ony houre

And I to be yoldre / Very humble treibe  
Secret / and in my paynes payent  
And euermore desire / fresshly nelbe  
To serue and be / y lyke dylgenc  
And wyth good hert / al holy yoldre talent  
Receyue in gree / holt fore that me smert  
So thus meane I / myn olde swete hert

Quod? Pandarus to her / an hardy request  
And resonably / a lady for to berne  
Now neede myn / by natal Iouis feste  
Were I a god? / ye shuld? serue as perne  
That heren wel thys man / nothynge perne  
But polre honour / and? see hym almost serue  
And? to so both / to suffre hym yow to serue

With that she gan hyr eyen / on hym cast  
Ful esly / and? ful adonayly  
Aupspynge hyr / and? hard? her not to fast  
With neuer a word? / but sayd? hym sobryly  
Myn honour sauf / I wyl wel trewly  
And? in such fourme / as ye wene deuyse  
Receyuen hym fully / to my scrupis

Deschynge hym / for goddis lue that he  
Wold? in honour trolth / and? gentylnesse  
As I welc meane / she meane he wel to me  
And? myn honour / with al besynesse  
As kepe yf I may / & do hym gladnesse  
From knysforth / yllys I wyl not fynde  
Now both al hole / no lenger that ye veyne

But natheles / thys barne I yow quod? she  
A kynges sene / though ye be yllys  
He shul nomore / haue soueraynte  
Of me in lue / right but as in that cas is  
He I wyl forlete / yf ye don amys  
To wrath yow / and? whyle ye me serue  
Chrysth yow right after yow deserue

And? shortly dere lert and? al my knyght  
With glad? and? dialbe yow / to lustynesse  
And? I shal trewly / with al my myght  
Polre bytter to me / al in to swetnesse  
Yf I be fre / that may do you gladnesse  
For euery woo / ye shal recouere a blysse  
And? hym in armys take / and? gan hym kysse



Jyl Pandare on knees / and by hye eyes  
To heuene he threld / and held bye handis hye  
Immortal god quod he / that mayste not dene  
Cupido I meane / of thys mayste ghorpse  
And Venus thou mayste / make melodye  
By thouten hand / me semyth that in tollne  
For thys myracle / I see eke lesse solbne

But so nomore as nolbe / of thys matere  
For why thys folk / wyl come by anone  
That haue the letter red / so I hem se  
But I adourne the / & rise anon  
And the Troilus / that when thou mayste gon  
That at myn hous / be at my warnynge  
For I ful wel / shal shewe your comynge

And caseth there your lertis / right ynolgh  
And let see whyche of you / shal see the lesse  
To speke of loue / a lytel therlyth he solgh  
For there haue ye / a leser for to telle  
Quod Troilus / how longe shal it dwelle  
E: thys be do quod he / when thou mayste tpe  
Thys thyng shal be / right as I deuple

With that Helepe / and eke Deiphobus  
Than comen bulhard / at the stape ende  
And lord so to gone / tho gan Troilus  
Hys brother and hys suster / for to blende  
Quod Pandarus tyme is that we wende  
Take nece myn / yowre leue at al thre  
And let hem speke / and come forth with me

He toke hys leue / at hem ful honestly  
As he wele wolde / and hys reuerence  
Unto the ful / they dyden hardyly  
And wonder wel spack / in hys absence  
Of hys in praynyng / of hys excellence  
Hys gouernaun hys wyf / and hys manere  
Commendynge it / that Joy it was to see

Nolb lette hyr wende / to hyr olbne place  
And toorne we / to Troplius ageyn  
That gan ful lpyghly / of the letter pace  
That Deiphobus / hnd in the gardyn seyn  
And of Helepe and hym he wold seyn  
Deiphobus he and sayd that hym lest  
To slepe and after take to haue rest

Helepe hym kyst and toke / hyr leue blyue  
Deiphobus eke / and home went euery lpyght  
And pandarus / as faste as he may dysue  
To Troplius come / tho as blyue right  
And on a paplet / al that glady nryght  
By Troplius he say / wyth blyssful chere  
To talke and wel was hem / they were in fere

Whan euery lpyght was voydd / but they sldo  
And alle the doores / were fast y shet  
To tel in short / wythouten wordis mo  
Thys Pandarus / wythout ony let  
Awke and vpon hys beddis syde / hym set  
And gan to speke / in a sobre wyse  
To Troplius / as I shal yow nold deuse

Myght alther best lord / and brother dere  
God wold and thou / that it sat me so sore  
Whan I the salbe / so languysshynge to peere  
For loue of whych / the woo way euermore  
That I wyth alle my myght / and my hore  
Haue euer sith / do my besynesse  
To brynge the to joy / out of dysresse

And haue it brought / to such pte as þe wost  
So that thurgh me / thou seondyst nold in wey  
To fere wele / I sey it for no lost  
And wost thou why / for shame it is to sey  
For the haue I begonne / a game to pley  
Whych that I neuer do shal / eft for other  
Al though he were / a thousand fold my brother

That is to seye / for the am I becomen  
Wellwys game and earnest / such a meane  
As maken bymmen / vnto men comen  
Thou wost thy self / what that I wold mean  
For the haue I / my neede of byers cleene  
So fully made thy gentyllesse to tye  
That al shal be / ryght as thy self lyst

But god that al wote / take I to wytnesse  
That I neuer thys / for couetyse brought  
But only to ake ge / thy dyscesse  
For which wel nygh / I dydest as me thought  
But goode brother / do noli as the onest  
For goddis loue / and kepe here out of blame  
So as thou art wyse / kepe hyr out of shame

For wel thow wost the name is pit of hyr  
Amonge the people / as who sey sallyd is  
For neuer was pit byght / I dare wel swere  
That euer wyse / she dyd amys  
But who is me / that I that cause alle thys  
May thynke / that she is my neede dere  
And I hyr came / and traytour both I fere

And were it wyse / that I thurgh myn engyne  
Had in my net / put thys fantasie  
To do thy luse / and holy to be thyne  
Why alle the people / wold vpon it cry  
And sey that I / the worst trechery  
Dyd in thys cas / that euer was bygonne  
And she fordone / & thou right nought y bonne

Wherefor er I wyl further go a pias  
The I pray est / though thou shuldest dey  
That pryncer / go wyth vs in thys cas  
That is to sey / thou neuer do felbrey  
And be not wroth / though I the oft prey  
To hold sece / such an hygh matere  
For skylful is / thou wost wel my prayere



Thynk what woo / there hath betyde or thys  
For makynge of auauntis / as men wde  
And what myschaunce / yit in thys world is  
Fro day to day / ryght for that wyked drede  
For whyche thys wyse clerkis / that ben dede  
Haue wyte or thys / as yit men tceke be yonge  
The fyrst Vertu is / to kepe the tonge

And ner it that / I wold as noll abredge  
Dyffusion of specte / I colde almost  
A thousand old storges the aledge  
Of wymmen thurgh fals / and footis lose  
Prouerbis canst thy self / ynolde and wose  
Ageyn that wyte / for to be a labe  
Though men soth se / as often as they gable

For tynge alas / so oft her byforn  
Hath made ful many a lady / bryght of helwe  
Sey welalbye the day / that she was born  
And many a mayden / sorolde for to nelwe  
And for the more parte / al is vntrelwe  
That men of yelp / e it were brought to preue  
Wy reason none auauntour / is to leue

A vauntour and a lyer / al is one  
As thus I suppose / a womman buyth me  
And sayth certeyn / that other wyl she none  
And I am sworn / to hold it sece  
And after I go / and tel it elbo or thre  
Y wyse I am a vauntour / at the lest  
And a lyer / in brekyng of my best

Suche maner folk / what shal I clepe hem what  
And looke that I be right nought to blame  
That hem auaunt of wymmen / e sey she is that  
That neuer yit / in ernest nor in game  
Knelwe hyr nomore / than the deupls dame  
No wonder is / so god me sende he  
Though wymmen drede / wyth be men to drede

I sey not thys / for no mystraust of polle  
Ne for no wyse man / but for foolis nyce  
And for the harm / that in the world is nolle  
As wele for foly vsed / as for malysce  
For wele I wote / that wyse folk that byce  
No woman dredyth / yf she be wele auyd  
For wyse folk ken / by foolis harmes chysyd

But nolle to purpos / thyf brother dre  
Haue al thys thyng / that I haue sayd in mynd  
And kepe the cke / and be nolle of good cyre  
For at thy day / thou shalt me trewe fynde  
I shal thy processe / sette in such a kynde  
And god tofore / that it shal the suffyse  
For it shal be ryght / as thou wyl it deuyse

For wel I wote / thou meaneest wel parde  
Therfore I dare thys fully vndertake  
Thou wost eke / what thy lady grauntid the  
And day is sette / the charters vp to make  
Haue nolle good nyght / I may no longer wake  
And byde for me / sith thou art nolde in blisse  
That god the sende with / or soone lisse

Who myght tel / half the joye or feeste  
Whiche that the soule / of Troilus tho felt  
Heryng theffet / of Pandarus best  
Hys old woo / that made hys hert swelt  
Can tho for joye / to wasten and to melt  
And al the thoughtis / of hys sightes fore  
Attounes fled / he felt of them nomore

But ryght as thys holtis / and these sayes  
That haue ben in wynter / ded and dyen  
Reuesten hem in grene / when that may is  
When euery lusty / lyfeth for to pleyen  
Ryght in that self wyse / seth for to seyen  
Way sodaynly hys hert / ful of joye  
That gladder was ther neuer man in Troye

And gan hys looke / on Pandarus by case  
Ful soberly / and furdely vnto see  
And sayd furdely in A pryl the last  
Wel thou wost / yf it remembre the  
Wel nygh the deth / for woo thou fond me  
And helth thow dyscase / all thy besynesse  
To knowe of me / the cause of my dyscesse

Thou wost helth longe / I forlorn to seye  
To the that art the man / that I best crye  
And perille none was it / to the helbrepe  
That wylt I wel / but telle me yf the lyst  
Synth I so both was / that thy self it wylt  
Wold durst I mo telle / of thys matre  
That albaske nold / and noman may be sure

But natheles by that god / I the swete  
That as hym lyst / may al thys world gouerne  
And yf I lye / Achilles wylth a swete  
My first clene / al were my lye eterne  
As I am mortal / yf I late or yene  
Wold it helbrepe / it shalbe or conne  
For al the good / that god made vnder the sonne

But rather wold I dey / and detempne  
As thynketh me nold / stollked in prysen  
In wretchednesse in synth / and vermyne  
Captif to cruel kynge Agamenon  
And thys in al the temple / of the towne  
Upon the goddis al / wylt I the swete  
To morow day / yf it liketh the to late

And that thou hast / somocke y do for me  
That I ne may / it neuermore deserue  
Thys knowe I wel / al myght I nold for the  
A thousand tymes / in a morow serue  
I can nomore / but that I wylt the serue  
Nyght as thy slaue / wher so thow wende  
For euermore vnto my lyes ende



But fere wyth al myn hert / I the beseeke  
That neuer in me / thou deme such folk  
As I shal sey / me thought by thy specke  
That thys that thou hast / me for company  
Do / I shuld? deme it a halldry  
I am not wood? / al yf I selld? be  
It is not halldry / that wote I yel pards

But se that goth / for gold? or for rynges  
On such message / calle hem what the leste  
But thys that thou doest / for gentylnesse  
Compassion felawshyp and? trust  
Depart it so / for wyde wylde is wyse  
Holt that ther is / dyuersite requyred?  
Welby thynges / lyke as I haue ferid?

And? that thou knowe / I thynk not ne beene  
That thys scruple / a shame be or a jape  
I haue my faw? lusty? / Polyvene  
Cassandre Helyne / or ony of the fraye  
We shal neuer so fayne / ne so wel y? shaye  
Tel me whyp? thou wylt / of euerychon  
To haue for thy? / and? lette me than alone

But sith thou hast do me thys scruple  
My lyp to saue / and? for no hope of mede  
So for the loue of god? / thys grete empyse  
Perfourme it ou? / for nolt is most neede  
For hys or helpe / wythout ony drede  
I wyl alwey / thy suster al kepe  
Haue nolt good? nyght / and? late us both slepe

Thus felld? hem eche of other / wel apayed?  
That al the world? ne myght it amende  
And? on the morow / when they were arayed?  
Eche to hys owne neede / gan entende  
But Troplus thought / as the fyre he brende  
For starv desyre / of hope and? of plesaunce  
He not forgate / hys wyse gouernaunce

But in hym self wyth manhod? gan wterpne  
Eche trichels dede/ and? eche bypdel? chere  
That al tho that lyuen/ soth to seyne  
He shuld? haue wyse / by word? ne manere  
What that he ment / as touchyng? thys matere  
From euery wyght / as fer as the chylde  
He was so wyse / and? dyspynple? he colde

And? al thys whyle / whyle? I yoll? duple  
Thys was hys lyf wyth hys ful myght  
By day he was / in Martis hygh scruple  
That is to say/ in armes as a knyght  
And? for the most part / the longe nyght  
He lay an? thought / holl that he myght serue  
Hys lady best / hys thank for to deserue

For why she fond? hym / so dyscret in al  
So saxe / and? of such? okeyfaunce  
That wel she felt / he was to hys a wal  
Of styke a sheld? / from euery dyspleaunce  
That to be / in hys good? gouernaunce  
So wyse he was / she was nomore aserd?  
I meane as fer / as ought to be requerd?

And? Pandarus / to albykene allbey the fyre  
Was euer lyke / prest and? dyspygent  
To ease hys frend? / was set alle hys desyre  
He shof ay on / he to and? fro was sent  
He letris her/ when Troylus was absent  
That neuer wyght wyse/as in hys frendis nete  
He bare hym hit / to do hys frend? to spede

But nolbe prauenture/some men wayte wold?  
That euery word? or booke / sond? or chere  
Of Troylus / that I reherse shold?  
In al thys whyle / vnto hys lady dere  
I trow it were / a longe thyng? to here  
Or of ony wyght / that stant in such? dyspynt  
Hys wordis all / or euery booke to poynt

Forsoth I haue not herd / it done or thys  
In story none / ne noman here I bene  
And though I wold / I cold not pbyss  
For ther was some eppystyl / sent felbene  
That wold as seyth my auctour / wele contene  
An hundred verse / of which hym lyse not wyte  
How shuld I than / a lyne of it endyte

But to the grete effecte / that I sey thus  
That stondynge in concord / and quyet  
Thyse yllke tibo / Enseyde and Troilus  
As I haue sayd / in thys tyme sibe  
Sawe only that / oft tyme they myght not mete  
Ne leysir had / her speche to fulfille  
It sefel ryght / as I shal yow telle

That pandarus / which y allway dide his myght  
Ryght for the tyme that I speke of here  
As for to brynge to hys hous some myght  
Hys fayr nece / and Troilus y feere  
Eke as at leysur / al thys hys matere  
Touchynge theyr loue / were at the ful by found  
Had as hym thought / a tyme ther to y found

For he wyth grete despyration  
Had euery thyng / that ther to myght auayle  
For cast / and put in execution  
And nothyr left for cost / ne for trauayle  
That none of hem shuld in nothyng feyle  
And for to be not espyed there  
He thought wele / an impossible were

And dredles / it clere was in the wynd  
Of euery ppe / and euery let game  
Thus al is wel / and al thys world is blynd  
In thys matere both wyld and tame  
Thys tymber is redy for to put in frame  
As lackyth not / but that we wyten wold  
A certeyn houre / in which we shal comyn shold



And Troilus that al hys purpauer  
Knew at the ful / and wayted on it ay  
Had hitte vpon the made / hys ordynaunce  
And fond hys cause / and eke all the array  
That yf that he were myssed / myght or day  
The whyle he was about this scrupse  
That he was go / to do hys sacrifice

And must at such a temple / allne wake  
And worshipp Apollo / ther wolde he be  
And fust to see / the holy laurer quake  
Or that Apollo / spack out of the fire  
To tel hym whan / the Grekis shuld fle  
And for this let hym noman / god forfede  
But pray Apollo / that he wolde hym spede

Now is there lptyl more / for to done  
But Pandare vp / and shortly to sygne  
Ryght vpon the charyng / of the mone  
Whan sightles is the world / a nyght or thre  
And that the wel lyn / swoore hym for to tene  
He seyngh a morall / vnder hys nece went  
He hake wel lard / the fyne of hys entent

Whan he was there / he gan anon to lere  
As he was wont / and at hym self to jape  
And fynally he swore / and gan hyr sepe  
With this and that / she shuld hym not escape  
He make hym longer / aftyr hyr to gape  
But certaynly / she must by hyr leue  
Come souer wyth hym / at hys house at eue

At whiche she laugh / and gan hyr self exausen  
And sayd it reyneth / to how shuld I gon  
For he qd he my fred / ne seond not thus a mustyn  
This more he don / he shul be there anon  
So at the last / hit was they fyll at on  
And ellis soft he swore hyr in hyr eere  
He wolde neuer come / there as she were

And? she ageyn / gan hym for to tolne  
And? asked? hym / yf Troplus were there  
He swore hyr nay / for he was out of tolne  
And? sayd? nece / I wote that he were there  
Ye durst neuer haue / the more fere  
For rather than men / shuld? hym cspire  
Me were leuer / a thousand? fold? to die

Nat lyst myn Auctour / fully to declaryn  
What that she thought / whan he sayd? so  
That Troplus be? / out of tolne y faryn  
As yf he sayd? / soth therof or no  
But that she grauntyd? / wyth hym for to go  
Wythout napenge / sith he her besought  
And? as he? nece / obeyd? as hyr ought

But natheles than / gan she hym beseeke  
Al though wyth hym to go / was no fere  
For to be ware / of gostly peoples speche  
That dreman thynges / whiche that neuer were  
And? wele auple hym / whom he brought there  
And? sayd? Eane / sith I must yow truste  
Looke al be wel / for I do as yow lyst

He swore hyr tho / by stokkes and? by stones  
And? by the goddis / that in heuene dwelle  
Or ellis were hym leuer / fell and? bones  
Wyth Pluto kyng / as deere he m telle  
As Tantalus / what shuld? I lenger dwelle  
Whan al was wel / he roos and? toke hyr leue  
And? she to souper come / whan it was eue

With a certeyn / of hyr olde men  
And? wyth hyr fayre nece Antigone  
And? other of hyr wymmen / nyne or ten  
But who was glady / who as trolle ye  
But Troplus that stood? / and? myght it see  
Thurgh a lytel wyndow / in a felde  
That he sat was / sith mydnyght in a malwe

Conlyste of euery thynght / But of charyte  
But noli to purpos / Whan that she was come  
Wyth alle joye / and al frendis fre  
Hyr Came anone / in armes hath hyr nome  
And after to the solyur / al and some  
Whan tyme was to solyur they be sette  
God? wote ther was no deynre / for to sette

And after solyur / gan they to ryse  
At ease wel / wyth lertis fressh and glade  
And wel was hym / that colde lese deuyse  
To loken hyr / or to saluethen her make  
He songe six pleyde / he told a tale of lade  
But at the last / as euery thyng hath ende  
She toke hyr leue / a nedie wold? home wende

But o fortune / executrix of hyperdis  
O influence / of the se xuences hye  
Sooth is that vnder god? / ye ben our hyperdis  
Though to be / ben the causes wyre  
I hye meane I noli / for she gan homeward? hye  
But executred? was al / lesyd? hyr leue  
The goddis wyl / for whych? she must bleue

The bent moone / wyth her hornes pale  
Saturne and? Juno in Canaro joyned? were  
That such a rapne / from xuene gan aual  
That euery man and womman that was there  
Hady of the smoky rapne / a very fere  
And? Pandurough tho / and? seyd? thenne  
Noli it were tyme / a lady go thanne

But noli good? nece / yf I myght euer please  
Yoli ony thyng? / than pray I yoli quod? be  
To do myn lert / as noli so grete an ease  
As for to dyllece lere / this nyght wyth me  
For nece this is yoli: olbne ho: is parde  
Noli be my: I sey / it is noli no game  
To wende noli home / it were to me a shame



Eriseyd whypst that colde / as moche goode  
As half a world / toke seede of hys prayer  
And salbe it rayned / and al was on a flood  
She thought as good / eke may I dwelle here  
And graunt it gladly / wyth a frendly chere  
And haue a thanke / than graunte & than abyde  
For home to gone / it wyl not wel betyde

I wyl quod / she myn vncle syf and dere  
Syth that yow lyst / it shyl be to be so  
I am ryght glad / wyth yow to dwelle here  
I sayd / but a game / that I wold go  
Y wyse graunt mercy / nece quod / se tho  
Were it a game / or sooth for to telle  
I am now glad / syth that ye lyst dwelle

Thus al is wel / but tho began a ryght  
The newe ioye / and al the feste agayn  
But Pandarus / yf goodely had / he myght  
He wold haue hped / hys / to be / ful fayn  
And sayd / word / thys is a huge rayn  
Thys were a wedd / for to slepen ynn  
And that I woe / soue to bygyne

And nece boote ye / wher I shal you ley  
For that we shal not / lyge for a sonder  
And for ye shal neyther / dar I seye  
Here noyse of wyne / ne of thonder  
By god / right in my lytel closet yonder  
And I wil in that lytel house alone  
Be wardyn / of your wymmen euerychone

And in thys myddyl chambere that ye see  
Shuln al your wymmen / slepen fayre & soft  
And al wythyn / shal yowre self be  
And yf ye lygge wel to nyght / come more oft  
And carth not for the wedd / though it be aloft  
The wyne was brought / & whan so that you lest  
Than is it tyme / for to go to rest

That was nomore / but therafter soone  
The boyde drank / and trauers dralbe anon  
Can euery byght / that had nought to done  
More in the place / out of the chambre gone  
And alway in thys meane whyle it wone  
And lele therbyth / so wondyrly colde  
That wel ny / noman other here colde

The Pandarus / ryght as hym ought  
With wymmen such / as were hyr nygh aboute  
Ful glady vnto hyr beddis side hyr brought  
And toke theyr leue / and gan ful colde houte  
And sayde at thys closet doore / wythoute  
Ryght ouerthwert / pour wymmen lpggen alle  
That whom ye lyst of hem / ye may soone calle

So whan she was in the closet leyde  
And al hyr wymmen forth by ordynaunce  
A bed were they / as I haue yow seyd  
Thys was nomore / to skippe ne to traunce  
But bodyn go to bed / wyth myschaunce  
If ony man was stiryng / ony where  
And let theym sleepe / that a bed were

But Pandarus / that wele colde eke a dele  
The old daunce / and euery poynt therein  
Whan that he saw / that al thyng was wele  
He thought he wolde / vpon hys werk begynne  
And gan the sepylbe doore / alsoft vnpyne  
And styl as stone / wythout lenger lette  
By Troylus adoun / he by hym sette

And shortly to the poynt now for to gon  
Of al thys thyng / he tolde hym word & ende  
And sayde make the redy / ryght anon  
For thou shalt in to heuene blys wende  
Now seynt Venus / thou me grace sende  
Quod Troylus / for neuer yet no neede  
Had I or now / ne fulfuendel the drede

Quod? Pandarus / ne dred the neuer a del  
For it shal be ryght / as thou wylt desyre  
So thynke I thys nyght / I shal make it wele  
Or cast all the grolbel / in the fyre  
That blyssful Venus / thys nyght me enspyre  
Quod? Troylus as wye / as I the serue  
And? euer let and? let / shal tyl I serue

And? yf I had? o Venus ful of myrth  
Asperus had? / of Mars or of Saturne  
Or thurgh combust / or let were in my byrth  
Thy fadyr pray / al thyllk harme dystoyn  
Of grace / and? that I glady ageryn may toyn  
For loue of hym / thow louedyst in the shalbe  
I meane Aeon / that wylth the bore was shalbe

O Ioue eke / for the loue of the fayre Europe  
The whych in foure of a boole / alway the fet  
Nolw help and? Mars wylth thy bloody Cope  
For loue of Cipar / thou me not ne let  
O Plebus thynk / wshan Diane hyr self siet  
Wondyr the lark / and? ran alway for dredde  
Vit for hyr loue / nolw help at thys needde

Mercurie for the loue / of hyr eke  
For which Pallas / was wylth Aglaunus broth  
Nolw help / Diane and? eke I the beske  
That thys vpage / be not to the both  
O fatal suster / whych or ony cloth  
Me shyn was / my desyne me sponne  
So help to thys werk that is ert bygonne

Quod? Pandarus / thou wretchyd? mouses ert  
Art thou agast / so that sh wyl the byt  
Why do on thys furreyd? cloke / wren thy sirt  
And? folowe me for I wyl haue the wylt  
But hnd and? late me go / a fore a lyte  
And? wylth that word? / he gan vndo the trape  
And? Troylus he brought in by the lappe



Ther seerue bynde / so holdre gande to wolbe  
That no byght others nyste / myght lere  
And they that lay / at the doore withoute  
Gul secretly they slept / al in fete  
And Pandarus by a ful sobre chere  
Goth to the doore anon / without let  
That as they lay / and softly it sat

And as he come agereward / ful pryncely  
Hys nece a booke / and asked who is there  
My deere nece quod he / it am I  
He wondereth not / ne haue of it no fere  
And nere he come / and sayd hye in hye ere  
No word for the loue of god I wol be seere  
Lete no byght aryse / and lere of our speere

What wyldest thou ben ye come benedicte  
Quod he and told / thus Unwyl of am alle  
Here at thy lytel trap doore / quod he  
Quod the Cresse / late me some byght calle  
O god forlode that it shold be falle  
Quod Pandarus / that he such folie brought  
They myght deme / that they neuer er thought

It is not good a slepyng hound to walke  
He geue a byght / a cause to dymne  
Polle bymmen slepe / all I vnderstake  
So that for them / the hys men myght myne  
And slepe wol / that tyl the sonne shyne  
And whan my tale brought is to an ende  
Unwylte right as I come / so wyl I wende

Nolle nece myn / ye shul wel vnderstande  
Quod he so as ye bymmen / do men alle  
That for to hold a man / longe in fende  
And hym hye lyf / and deere lere calle  
And make hym an houe / aboute a calle  
I meane as loue another / in the meane while  
Se dweth hye self a shame / and hym a guyle

Holb wherby that I telle yow / al thys  
Ye wote your self as wel as any wyght  
Holb that yowre loue / al fully grauntyd is  
To Troylus the worthiest knyght  
One of thys world / and thereto trowth ye plight  
That but it were on hym a songe / ye nold  
Hym neuer falsen / whyle ye lyue shold

Holb scant it thus / sith I fro yow went  
Thys Troylus platly / for to seyn  
Is thurgh a gutter by a preuy went  
In to my chambere come / in al thys reyne  
Conlyste of ony maner wyght weryn  
Sauf of my self / as wyfly haue I joye  
And by the feyth / I olde Priam of Troye

Ande it is come / in such peyne ande dysresse  
I trowe it be / al fully wode by thys  
He sodaynly mott falle / in to woodenesse  
But god helpe / ande why the cause is thys  
He seyth hym told is / of a frende of hys  
Holb that ye shuld be / one horast  
For sorow of whiche / this nyght wil be his last

Calsepe / whyle that al thys wonder herd  
Gan therewith / aboute hys hert cold  
Ande with a sygh / sith sodaynly answerd  
Alas I wende / who so take told  
My dett hert / wold me not hold  
So lightly fals / alas conceytes wronge  
What harm they do / for nold I lyue to longe

Horast alas / ande falsen Troylus  
I knold hym no. / god me helpe so quod sith  
Alas what wycked spryte / told hym thus  
Nold wryte Eame / to morow ande I hym see  
I shal of that as fully excusen me  
As euer dyd womman yf that hym lyke  
Ande with that word / sith gan for to speke

O god? quod? she / so worldly felynesse  
Wher clerkis calle / fals felynesse  
Y medlyd? is / wpyth many a bytternesse  
Ful angursshoue / that is god? wote quod? she  
Condiaon / of veyne prosperite  
For eyther joyes / come not ay in fere  
Or ellis no wyght / hath hem alwey fere

O brutyl beke / of worldly joye unstable  
Wpyth what wyght / so that thou be on pleye  
Eyther be wote that / thou art joye mutabell  
Or wote it not / it mote be one of ellys  
Nolb yf be wote it not / how may be seyn  
That be hath veyn joye / and? felynesse  
That is of ignoraunce / ay in derlynesse

Nolb yf be wote / that joye is transitorye  
No euery joye / of worldly thyng? mote fle  
Nolb euerycke / that hath in memoire  
The drede of lesynge / makyth hym that be  
May in no partit / sikernes be  
And? yf to kepe hys joye / be sette amys  
Thin semyth that joye / is worth but lye

Wherfor? I wyl dyspyne / in thys manere  
That treibly for ought / I can espye  
There is no veyn beke / in thys world? fere  
But o thou wycked? / serpent Jakobys  
Thou myfelleued? / enuyous folys  
Why hast thou made Troplis / me vntreyst  
That neuer yet agylted? hym / that I wylst

Quod? pandaris / thus fallen is thys cas  
Why vncle myn quod? she / so told? hym thys  
Why doeth myn dere fere / thus alas  
Ye wote ye nece myn / quod? be what is  
I hope al shal be wele / that is amys  
For ye may alvendre al thys / yf ye lese  
And? doth right so / I hold? it for the best



So shal I do to morelbe / yllwys quod? she  
And? god? toforn / so that it shal suffice  
To morelbe alas / that were fayre quod? he  
Nay nay it may not stande in thys wyse  
For neede myn / thus wyrtten clerkis wyse  
That veris is / wyth dretchyngs in y dialbe  
Nay such abodis / ken not worth an halbe

Neede al thyrge hath tyme / I dare a bolbe  
For wthan a chamber a fyre is / or an halbe  
Wel more myster is / it sodaynly n scolbe  
Than to dyspute / and? aske amonge hem alle  
Holt thys candle / in the seralbe dyde faile  
A benedict / for al that longe fare  
The harm is do / and? fare wel feld fare

And? neede myn / ne take it not a greef  
Yf that ye suffice hym / al nyght in thys lye  
God? helpe me soo / ye had? hym neuer lye  
That dare I sey / nolt ther is but lye tye  
But wel I wote / ye wyl not do so  
Ye be to wyse / to do so grete folie  
To put hys lyf / al nyght in Jeopardie

Had? ye hym neuer lye / by god? I weene  
I had? neuer thyng so lye / by god? quod? she  
Nolt by my trolth quod? he / that shal be scene  
For sith ye make thys ensample / of me  
Yf I al nyght / wold? hym in sorow be  
For al the tresour / in the towne of Troye  
I byd? god? / neuer more haue I joye

Nolt lokyth than / yf that ye be hys lye  
To put al nyght hys lyf in Jeopardie  
For thyng of nought / nolt by that word? aboue  
Not only thys delay / comyth of folie  
But of malice / yf I shal not lye  
What platly / and? ye see hym in dyscesse  
Neyther ye wylselly don / ne gentyl nesse

Quod the Crispe / wyl ye do o thyng  
And ye ther wylth / shul synt hys dyscase  
Haue hert and lare hym / thys felw ryng  
For ther is nothyng / may hym better please  
Saue I my self / ne more hys hert ease  
And sey my dert hert / that hys sorow  
Is causeles / and that he shal see to morow

A ryng quod he / ye hasilwoode is shaken  
Ye neede myn that ryng / must haue a stone  
That myght ded men / alyue maken  
And such a ryng trolbe I / that ye haue none  
Discrecion out of your heed is gone  
That fele I now quod he / and that is wylth  
O tyme y lost wel mayse thou cure shylth

Wote ye not wele / that noble and hys corage  
He sorowlyth not / ne syntyth not for lyte  
But yf a foole / were in a Iakus rage  
I nold sette at his sorow a myte  
But fesse hym / wylth a felde wordis wylth  
Another day when I myght hym fynde  
But thys thyng stant al / in another kynde

He is so gentyl / and so tendre of hert  
That wylth hys deth / he wyl hys sorow breke  
For trustyth wel / shal fore that hym smert  
He wyl to polb / no Iakus word speke  
And for thy neede / or that hys hert breke  
So speke polbre self / to hym of thys matere  
For wylth oo word / ye may hys hert stete

Now haue I told / what peryl he is ynne  
And hys compng vnlyst of euery wyght  
And warte harme may ther be / none ne synne  
I wyl my self be wylth polb al thys nyght  
Ye know wel eke / he is your owne knyght  
And that by right / ye must vpon hym tyste  
And I al prest to fete / hym when ye lyste

This accident / so pyuous was to here  
Ande eke so lyke a soth / at pryme face  
Ande Troylus hyr knyght / to hyr so dere  
Hys pryncyng comynge / ande the siker place  
That though she dyd hym / as than a grace  
Considered al thynges / as they stode  
No wonder is sith / she dyd al for goode

Crispe answered / as wysly god at rest  
My soule bringe / as me is for hym wo  
Ande Eame yllys fayne wold I do the best  
If that I find grace / to do so  
But wretched that ye dwelle / of for hym go  
I am tyl god / me lettyn mynd sende  
At Dularnon / at my wyttys ende

Quod Pandarus / ye neede wyl ye here  
Dularnon is callid flemynge of wretchedis  
It semyth hard for wretchedis wyl not here  
For veray folowth / ande other wylful tethis  
This seyd he by hem / he not wortht also fethis  
But ye he wyl / & haue this matere in hande  
Hys nother hard / ne schylful to wyl stonde

Than Eame quod she / doeth herof as ye lyst  
But or he come / I wyl fyrst aryse  
Ande for the loue of god / sith al my tyste  
Is on yollt also / ande ye both wylse  
So wylkyth noll / in so dyscrete a wylse  
That I honour may haue / ande he plesaunce  
For I am here noll / in your gouernaunce

This is wel sayd quod he / my neede dere  
Good thyrt came on that / wylse gentyl lert  
But liggynth styll / ande takith hym ryght lert  
It nedynth not / no further for hym lert  
Ande eke of yollt / ease other sorowes smert  
For soone hope I / we schyl all be mery  
For loue of god / ande Venus I the lery



Thys Troplus ful soone / on knees hym sette  
Ful seprly ryght by hyr beddis side  
And in hyr bise wyse / hyr lady greet  
But lord so she was / sodaynly re  
He though men shuld / smyte of hyr side  
She myght not o word / a ryght cut byng  
So sodaynly for hyr soone comyng

But Pandarus / that so welc alldo fele  
In euery thyng to pleye / onone bygan  
And sayd nece / see howe the lord can knele  
Nob for your trolth / see thys gentylman  
And wyth that word / he for a qlyfshon ran  
And sayd nob knelyth / whyle that yow lyst  
That god polbe herte / byng soone at rest

Can I not seyn / for she had hym not ryle  
It forow it put / out of remembraunce  
O: ellis that she toke it / in the wyse  
Of dyelbe / as for hyr olessaunce  
But welc I re / she dyd hym the pleasaunce  
That she hym lyst / al though he fighd sore  
And had hym sit a down / wythouten more

Quod Pandarus nob wyth he welc bygyne  
Nob doth hym sit / goode nece art  
Wor polbe beddis side / al wythymne  
That ede of yow the bet way offet lre  
And wyth that word / he drelbe hym to the fpre  
And toke a lycht / e feyned hyr contaunce  
As for to looke / vpon an old romaunce

Enseyd that was / Troplus lady ryght  
And clere stood / on a ground of sikernesse  
Al though she hyr seruauit / and hyr knyght  
He shuld of ryght none vntrolth in hyr gesse  
Put natheles / considered hyr dysresse  
And that leue is / in cause of such folie  
Thue to hym speck she / of hyr jalousie

To sert myn / as wold; the excellenc  
Of loue / ageynst the whyete roman may  
He ought eke goodely / make resistance  
And; eke by cause / I felt wel and; saye  
Polv: e grete trolbth / and; scrupce euery daye  
And; þ polvre sert al myn was sooth to seyne  
Thys droue me / to telve vpon your pyne

And; your goodnesse haue I found alibey yit  
Of whyete my dere sert / and; my knyght  
I thank it polb / as fer as I haue wyt  
Al can I not / as moche as it were ryght  
And; I trustforth my conynge / and; my myght  
Haue and; ap shal / hold fore that me smert  
We to polb telve / and; hole wyth al myn sert

And; dredles that shal be found; at prent  
Wit sert myn / what al thys is to sayne  
Shal wel be told; / so that ye polb not greue  
Thowgh I to polb right / on polvre self cōpleyne  
For ther wyth mene I / fynally the pyne  
That hole your sert / and; myn in heuynesse  
Fully to stene / and; euery wronge redresse

My good; sert not I / for why ne hold  
That Iakobys alas / that whyet; wyuere  
So causeles is cōpyn / in to polb  
The harm of whyete / I wold; sayne delyuere  
Alas that ye al hol; or of hym a shyuere  
Shuld; haue hys refuce / in so digne a place  
That Ioue out soone / out of your sert hym take

But o thou Ioue / auctour of nature  
Is thys an honoure / vnto thy dexte  
That folk vngylty / suffre here iniure  
And; þ that gylty is / vngylt goth þe  
O were it leeful / for to pleyne / on the  
That vndercrued; / suffrist Iakobys  
Of that I wold; / vpon the pleyne and; are

Like al my woo is thys / that men nold bren  
To seyn ryght thus / that Iakobsye is loue  
And wold a bussell of benyng all excusen  
For that one greyn of loue / is in shoue  
But that wote the hye god / that sit aboue  
yf it be spker loue / hitte or grame  
And after that / it ought to be hys name

But certeyn is / some maner Iakobsye  
Is excusable / more than some pbyes  
As whan cause / and some such fantasye  
Wyth ytte so wel / repressid is  
That it vnneth doeth / or sayth amys  
But goodely dymketh vp / all hys dyscreesse  
And that excuse I / for the gentylnesse

And some so ful / of fure and dyspyte  
That it surmountyth / hys repressioun  
But fere myn / ye be not in thys plyte  
That thank I god / for whych your passioun  
I wyl not calle it but an Illusioun  
Of halundaunce of loue / and kysp cure  
That doeth your hert / thys dyssease endure

Of whych I am ryght sorow / but not broth  
But for my desyre / and your hertis rest  
Whether so yow lyst / by ordal or by oth  
By sort or be what wyse / so that yow lest  
For loue of god / late proue it for the best  
And yf that I be gylty do me deye  
Alas what myght I more / done or seyn

Wyth that a felbe / bryght tereis nelbe  
Cut of hys eyen fyl / and thus she seide  
Glorie god thou wost / in thought ne dede vntrewe  
To Troilus was neuer yit Enseyde  
Wyth that hys hound / down in the bed she leyde  
And wyth the fyte it wyged / and sigfed sore  
And held hys pces / not a word spak she more



But noll helpe god / to alvenche al thys sorow  
So hope I that he shal / for he best may  
For I haue seen / a ful mystry morow  
Folow: ful oft / a myrry somer day  
And after wynter foloweth grene may  
Men seen alday / and redde eke in stowes  
That after sharp snowes / ben wateres

Thys Troilus / when he heere wordis herd  
Haue he no care / hym lyf not to slepe  
For it thought hym / no strokes of a yerd  
To here or see / Enseyde his lady wepe  
But wele he felt / aboute his hert crepe  
For euery tere / whych that Enseyde asert  
The crampe of deth / streyneth hym by the hert

And in his mynde / he gan the tyme aurse  
That he came there / or that he was here  
For noll is byche / turnyd in to worse  
And al the labour / he hath do byfore  
He thought it lost / he wend he nas but lore  
O Pandarus alas thought he / thy wyfe  
Scruffyth of nought / so welalwey the whyfe

And ther bythal / he hynge a down the heed  
And fyl on knees / and sorowfully he sight  
What myght he say / he felt he nas but deed  
For broth was fle / þe shuld his sorowes lyght  
But natheles when he spake myght  
Than said he thus / god wote that of this game  
When al is byst / than am I not to blame

Therbyth the sorow / of his hert sette  
That from his eyen / fyl ther nat a tere  
And euery spryng / his bygour in knette  
So they astonyed / and oppressed were  
The feelyng of his sorow / and of his chere  
Or of ought elis / fled was oute of coloure  
Adoun he fyl all sodaynly / in a swoon

Thys was no lytel / forsoth for to see  
For al was hysht / but pandare by at the last  
O nece was / or he be lost quod he  
We not agast / but al by at the last  
For thys or that / he hym to the bed cast  
And sayd thys / is thys a mannes hert  
And of he rent / al to hys lute stert

And sayd nece / but he helpe be nold  
Whye pour olde / Troilus is hyn  
Alas so wold I / and I wylt hylde  
Gul fayne quod he / alas that I was toyn  
He nece wylt he pul out the thorn  
That stikyth in hys hert / quod pandare  
Sege al foryeue / and synt all thys care

He that to me quod he / leuer were  
Than al the good / the senn aboute goth  
And therbythat he swore hym in hys cete  
Whye my dett he / I am not broth  
Haue he my trolth and many another oth  
Nold speke to me / for it am I Criseyde  
But al for nought / put myght he not asyde

Thy Troilus / gan forsothfully to speke  
Lest he were broth hym thought his hert depe  
And sayde alas / vpon my forlode speke  
Haue mercy on me / swete hert myn Criseyde  
And yf that in the wordis / that I sepe  
We eny wrong / I wylt nomore trespas  
Doth as yow lyst / I put me in yowre grace

Criseyde answered / of gylt myscrede  
That is for to se / I foryeue al thys  
And euermore on thys nyght recorde  
And kith wel ware / he do nomore amys  
May dett he myn / quod he whye  
And nold quod he / that I haue do yow smert  
Foryeue it me / myn olde swete hert

Tho Troilus byth ble / of that surprysed  
Put all in goddis hand / as is that ment  
Nothyng but lye / and sodaynly awysed  
He byr in armes / fast to hym sent  
And Pandarus / byth ful good intent  
Layd hym to sleepe / and sayd of ye be wyse  
Slepyne not noly / lest mo folk ar se

What myght or may / the selfe lark se  
Whan that the spertlike / hath it in eyes for  
I can nomore / but of thys ple the  
To whom thys tale / sugre be or swoote  
Though that I tarye a yere / somtyme I mote  
After myn audour / al of theyr gladnesse  
As lye as I haue / told theyr leynnesse

Erise byth that / felt byr thus y take  
As wyten clerkis / in theyr woordes old  
Ryght as an aspen leef / se gan to quake  
Whan se byr felt / in hys armes fold  
And Troilus al wol / of hys cares wold  
Gan thankyh tho / the bright goddis seene  
That sundry paynes / byngem folk to seene

Thys Troilus in armes gan byr streyne  
And sayd o lye / as euer mote I gone  
Noly be ye caught / ther nys but lye the  
Noly yeldyth yow / for other boote is none  
To that Erise / answerd thus anone  
He had I er noly / my lye seet be  
We yolden yow / I were not noly seet

O sooth is sayd / that helpd for to be  
As of a feuer / or another grete sikenesse  
Men must drynk alday / as man may see  
Ful biter drynk / and for to haue gladnesse  
Man duryn of payne / and grete dyscesse  
I meane it se / as of thys aduenture  
That thurgh a payne / hath found noly hys cure



And noli swetnesse / semyth more swete  
That bytternesse assayed / was byforn  
For out of woo / in blysse noli they flete  
None such they felt / sith that they were born  
Noli is thys ket / than both tliw be born  
For loue of god / take euery womman frede  
To worke thus / whan it comyth to neede

Eriseyde al quyte / from euery drede and tene  
As she that iust cause had hym to treste  
Made hym such feste / that joye it was to seene  
Whan she hys trolbth / and clene entent byste  
And as about a tree / wyth many a tlypse  
Wyntent and wyrtthe / the soote woodchynde  
Can eke of hym / in armes other wynde

And as the nelve / alassedy nyghtyngale  
That styntyth fyrst / or she begynne to synge  
Whan she seyth / ony hyperdis tale  
Or in the hedgie / ony wyght styrynge  
And after sikernes / hys voye doth out ryng  
Nyght so Eriseyde / whan that hys drede stent  
Opende hys hert / and tolde al hys entent

And ryght as he / that salbe hys deth y shapen  
And dre must / in aught that he gan gesse  
And sodaynly rescous / doth hym escapen  
And from hys deth / is brought in sykernesse  
For al thys world / ryght in such gladnesse  
Is Troylus / and hath hys lady swete  
Wyth wois hap / god let be neuer meete

Hys armes smale / hys streyght lark and softe  
Hys sides longe / fleschly smoth and whyte  
He gan to seroke / and had goode thyrt ful ofte  
Hys snolbysh throte / hys brestis wounde & lyte  
Thus in thys treuene / he gan hym delpte  
And therbythal / a thowhsand tyme hys kyste  
That for what to do / for joye vnneth he byste

Then sayd he thus / o loue o charyte  
Thy moder eke / Eithera the swete  
After thy self / next serued he she  
Venus meane I / the wele wyllly planete  
And next Vmeneus / I the grete  
For neuer man was / to yow goddis hold  
As I that ye haue / brought from carres cold

Benigne loue / thou holy bonde of thynges  
Who so wyll grace / and lyst not the honoure  
Lo hys desire wyll fle / wythout wynges  
For thou noldyst of bounte / hem socoure  
That seruen lest / and allwey most labour  
But yf thy grace / passed our desertis  
All were lost / that I dare sey certis

And for thow me / that coldd lest deserue  
Of hem that nombred he vnto thy grace  
Hast holpen there / I lykly was to sterue  
And me hystolbed / in so hygh a place  
That ilke foundis / may no blis pace  
I can nomore / but calbe and reuerent  
Be to thy bounte / and thy excellente

And ther wythal / Crispe anon he kysed  
Of whiche certyn / he felt no dyscase  
And thus sayd he / noly wold god I wyse  
Myn hert swete / hold I myght yow please  
What man quod he / was euer thus at ease  
As I on whom / the fayrest and the best  
That euer I say / deyneth hye hert to rest

Here may men see / that mercy passyth right  
The experience of thys / is felt in me  
That am vnlworthy / to yow my lady bryght  
But hert myn / of yowre benygnyte  
So thynketh though I vnlworthy be  
Yet mote neede / amende in some wyse  
Ryght thurgh the vertu / of yowre hye scrupse

And for the love of god my lady dere  
Sith god hath brought me / for you ever to serve  
As thus he wyl / that ye be my sterr  
To do me lyue / yf that ye lyse or sterue  
So tchepth me hold that I may deserue  
Yowre thank / so that I thurgh myn ignoraunce  
He do nothyng / that do yow dyspleaunce

For certie fressh wommanly wyl  
The day is sith / that trolth and dyligence  
Ye shul in me fynde as my wyl  
I wyl certeyn / beke yowre defence  
And yf I do / present or in absence  
For love of god / late flee me wylth the tere  
Yf that it lyke / unto yowre wommanly

I wyls quod / he / myn olde larkes lust  
My ground / of ease / and al myn hart & tr  
Guernere / for on that is al my trust  
But late be hille alway / from thys matre  
For thys suffysith / wylth that is sayd / lark  
And at oo word / wylthout repentaunce  
Wel come my knyght / my woe / my suffylance

Of aye / alpe or joyce / one the best  
Were in possyble / in my wyl to sepe  
But jugyth ye / that han ben at the best  
Of such gladnesse yf / am lyf pley  
I can nomore / but thus thys pley tlyen  
I shal nyght tell yow / dreed and sikernesse  
They felt in love / the grette worthynesse

O blyssful nyght / of whom so longe I sought  
Yow blyth into hem both / thow were  
Wey ne lnd I such one / wylth my solble y sought  
Ye for the best joye / that was there  
Alwey thou solble daunger / and thow were  
And late hem / in thys lark blye dwelle  
That is so hye that noman can telle



These yllk elbo / that ben in armes last  
So loth to hem / a sundre to god it were  
That eke of hem from other / wend; byrast  
O: ellis to thus / was they: most fere  
Lest al thys thyng / but nyte dreames were  
For: whype ful oft / eke of thym seide o swete  
Clype, I polb thus / o: ellis do I meete

And; lord; so he gan / goodly on hyr see  
That neuer hyr looke / blent from hyr face  
And; sayd; o dere fere / how may it be  
That it be sooth / that ye be in thys place  
Ye fere myne / god; thank I of hyr grace  
Quod; tho. Crispin; and ther birchal hym kiste  
That where hyr spyrte was / for; Jore he kiste

Thys Twylus ful oft / hyr eyen elbo  
Gan for to kysse / and; sayd; o even clere  
At were ye / that brought me thys booe  
Ye humble nettis / of my lady dere  
Though ther be mercy / wryten in yowre clere  
God; wote that trete / ful hard; is sooth to fynde  
How colde ye / without wode me fynde

Therbyth he gan hyr fere in armes take  
And; wel a thousand; tyme / gan he speke  
Not such forlornful spakes / as men make  
For; lord; or ellis / when that folk be like  
Wut easi spakes / such as ten to speke  
That shalbyd; his affection bythm  
Of such spakes / colde he not blym

Soone after thys / they spake of sundry thynges  
As fere to purros / of theyr aduenture  
And; vlepene / entrechaungeden tynges  
Of whype I can telle no scripture  
Wut wel; I wote / a broche of gold; and; asure  
In whype a Ruby set / was lyke an fere  
Cafere hyr yaf / and; seak it on hyr fere

Lord? trolb ye / that a coueuous wretch  
That blame th? loue / and? hath of it dyspyt  
That of the pene / that he can moore and? ketch  
Was euer yet pene to hym such? dyspyt  
As is in loue / in some maner plyt  
May doutles / for as so god? me saue  
So partyt? joye / may no n?gard? haue

Thy wyl sey pis / but lord? so they ly  
The lesy wretches / ful of woo and? drede  
They clepe loue a woodenes a or furye  
But it fall? h?m / as I shal now rede  
They shul forgo / both the whyte and? the rede  
And? put in woo / ther god? grue h?m myschaunce  
And? euer? louer / in hys trolbth? auance

As wolde? god? / thys wretches that dyspyt  
Seruyt? of loue / hadde enis also long  
As kyng? Midas / ful of couetyse  
And? thereto dionken had? / as hot? and? strong  
As Crassus dyde / for hys affectis wrong  
To telt? h?m that couetyse is vyc  
And? loue is vertu / though men hold? it nyc

These ylle thys / of whyt? that I yoll seye  
Whan that they? hertes / fully assurid? were  
Tho gan they to speke / and? to pleye  
And? eke to lisen / to l?b and? l?ban & l?ban  
They knel? fyrst / and? euer? woo and? fere  
That passid? was / but al that trouynesse  
I thankyd? god? / was turned? in to gladnesse

And? euermore / l?ban they fyl to speke  
Of ony woo / of such? a tyme agone  
Wyth kyssyng? / al that tale shuld? breke  
And? fullyn in a newe joye anone  
And? dyd? all they? myght / sith they were one  
For to recouer this / and? be at ease  
And? p?ssed? woo / wyth joye countrepease

Reason wyl not / that I nold speke of fere  
For it accordyth not / to my matere  
God? wote they toke of that / ful lytel kepe  
But lest thys nyght / that was to hym so dre  
He shuld? m? bayne / scape m? no manere  
It was byset / m? joye and? besynesse  
Of al that solowneth / m? to gentylnesse

But how al though / I can not tel al  
As can myn auctour / of hys excellenc  
Yet haue I sayde / and? god? tofore I shal  
In euery thyng / the grette of hys sentence  
And? yf that I at loues reuerence  
Haue ony thyng / echyd? for the best  
Do therewithal / ryght as yow self best

For my wordis / here and? in euery part  
I speke hem all / Under correction  
Of yow that helpe haue / m? louys art  
And? I put hem hole / m? your dyscretion  
To encrease / and? make dymynucion  
Of my langage / and? I yow bysette  
But nold to purpoe / of my rather speche

Whan that the cok / the comune astrologer  
Can on hys brest to lere / and? after colbe  
And? Euaser / the dayes mesjanger  
Can for to ryse / and? out hys streame throlbe  
And? Eselbard? was to hym / y? colbe it knolbe  
Fortuna maior / that anon Enseyde  
Wyth hert fore / to Troylus thus she sayde

Myn hertis lyf / my trust and? my plesaunce  
That I was born / alas that me is woo  
Thys day we mote / make dyffereuaunce  
For tyme is to ryse / and? hene go  
Or ellis I am lost / for euermo  
O nyght alas why nyl thou / ouer vs houe  
As longe as whan / Almene lay by Jow?



O blake nyght / as men in booke rede  
That shapen art by god / thy world to hede  
At certeyn tymes / wyth thy black bede  
That vnder that / men myght in rest abyde  
Wele ought bestis pleyne / and folk the chydre  
That ther as day / wyth labour wold be brest  
That thou be fleest / and late be haue no rest

Thou dost alas / to shortly thy offyce  
Thou rakel nyght / ther god maker of kynde  
For thou so dounward / hastest of malice  
Thy cours / and to oure Empery kynde  
That neuermore / vnder our ground the wynde  
For thurgh the rakel hyenge out of Troye  
Haue I forgo / thus hastily my joye

Thys Troilus that wyth the wordis felt  
As thought hym tho / for pytous dyscrete  
The bloody tere / from his hart melt  
As he that neuer / yet such heuynesse  
Assayed had / out of so grete gladnesse  
Can he wythal / crye hys lady dere  
In armes streyne / and sayd in thys manere

O cruel day / accuser / of the joye  
That thou and nyght / haue stole & fast wyen  
Accusid be the comynge / in to Troye  
For euery houre / wyth one of thy bryght eyen  
Enuyous day / what lyst the to espyen  
What hast thou lost / what sekest thou in this place  
Ther god thy lyght / so alwiche for hys grace

Alas what haue these bouers / the agyle  
Dyspytous day / thine be the pyt of hille  
In many a bouer / hast thou slayn and wyll  
Thy polynge in / wyl nolyt let hym dwelle  
What profitest thou thy lyght / here for to selle  
So sel it hym / that smale scales graue  
We wyll the not / be nedyth no day to haue

Ande eke the sonne Titan / bold; he chyd  
Ande sayd; foole / wel may men the dyspyse  
Thow hast al nyght / the dalynynge by thy syde  
Ande soffreyste hyr so soone / from the rye  
For to departen louers / in thys wyse  
What wold; thy bed; / thow ande eke thy morow  
I pray to god; / so yee yow both sorow

Therwith ful sore he sigged; / ande thus seide  
My lady ryght / ande of my welle ande wo  
The very wote / o goodly myn Criseyde  
Ande shal I rye / alas ande shal I so  
Nolw fele I that / myn hert more a tibe  
For helw shuld; I / my lyf an houre saile  
Syn that with yow / is al my lyf I haue

What shal I do / for certis I note how  
He wold; alas / I may the tyme y see  
That in thys place I may be eft with yow  
Ande of my lyf / god; wote / how that shal be  
So that desyre / ryght now so strayneth me  
That I am dede anon / but I retorne  
How shuld; I longe alas / fro yow sojourne

But natheles / myn olde lady bryght  
If it were so / that I wiste truly  
That I your seruant / ande yowre knyght  
Were in your hert / sit as firmly  
As ye in myne / the whyche thyng trewly  
Me leuer were / than these worldis tribyne  
Yet shuld; I let endure / al my payne

To that Criseyde / answered; thus anon  
Ande with a sygh / she sayd; hert dore  
The game yllys / so forth now is gon  
That erst shal Phobus / fal from his spere  
Ande euery Egle be the halles feere  
Ande euery roke / out of his place stert  
Or Troilus go out / of Criseydes hert

Wyth that she gan / her face for to lye  
Wyth the sheete / and was for shame al redde  
And Pandarus / gan vnder for to pryde  
And seyde neede / yf that I shal be dedde  
Haue here my swerde / and smyte of myn hedde  
Wyth that his arme / al sodaynly he thurst  
Vnder her neck / and at the last her kyte

I passe al that / whiche needyth not to seye  
What god forpaf his deeth / and she also  
Forpaf / and wyth her vncle gan to pleye  
For other cause was ther none than so  
But of this thyng / ryght to theffete to go  
Whan tyme was / hom to her hous she went  
And Pandarus / hath holy his entent

Nob to me be ageyne / to Troilus  
That resles / ful longe aledde lay  
And pryncely sent after Pandarus  
To hym to come / in all the haste he may  
He come anone not ones seyde he nay  
And Troilus / ful sobryly hym greette  
And down on his beddis side hym sette

This Troilus / wyth all the affection  
Of frendly lue / thatkert may deuyse  
To Pandarus / on knees fyl a down  
And or that he wolde / of that place aryse  
He gan hym thank / in the best wyse  
A thousand tymes / and gan the day to blesse  
That he was born / to bryng hym from dystresse

And seyde o frende / of frendis altherbest  
That er was the sooth for to telle  
Thou hast in truene / brought my soule at rest  
Fro Cochita / the fyrre flood of helle  
And though I myght / a thousand tymes selle  
Open a day / my lyf in thy scruple  
It myght not amounte / ne in that suffyse



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The sonne whype that al the world may see  
Was neuer yet my lyp / dare I sepe  
So mylly fayre / so goodely as is she  
Whos I am and shal / tyl that I deye  
And that I thus am here / I dare wel sepe  
That thankyd be the hye worthynesse  
Of loue and eke / thy kynde besynesse

Thus hast thou me / not a lytel yene  
For whype oblyged be / to the for ay  
My lyp for why / for thurgh thy helpe I lyue  
Or ellis dede had I be / gon many a day  
And wyth that word / down in hys bed he lay  
And Pandarus / ful sobyrly hym herd  
Tyl al was seide / and than he thus answerd

My dere frend / yf I haue do for the  
In ony caas / godd wote it is me lyp  
And am as glad / as man of it may  
Godd helpe me so / but take it not agryf  
For leue of godd / beware of thys meschyp  
That ther as nolv/brought art to thy blisse  
That thou thy self/ne cause it not to mysse

For of fortunes sharp aduersyte  
The worst kynde of infortune is thys  
A man to haue be in prosperyte  
And it remembre / when it passid is  
Thou art wyse ynolv / for why do not amys  
Be not to rakel / though thou sitte barne  
For yf thou do / certeyne it wyl the harme

Thou art at ease / hold the nolv thern  
For al so sure / as redy ys euer fyre  
As grette a craft is / to kepe wel as wynn  
Wyndle thy speche / and thy desire  
For worldly joye / holt not but by a wyre  
That preynt wel / it brest al wey so oft  
For thy neede is / to worche wyse it is soft

Quod? Troilus I hope / and? god? toforn  
My dre that I shal so me lere  
That in my gylt / ther shal nothyngg be lere  
Ne I nyl do / as for to gyven be  
It nedyth not thys matre / oft to sere  
For wylst thou wel myn art / thou pandar  
By god? of thys / thou woldyst lere

Tho gan he tel hym / of hys glady nyght  
And? wherof hys art / dyed? and? hold  
And? sayd? stand? / as I am trew knyght  
And? by the feryth / I olde to god? and? polle  
I lnd? it neuer / half so hote as nold  
And? ap the more / that desir me byrth  
To lue hys lere / the more me desir

I not my self wylst / what it is  
Out nold I fele / a newe qualyte  
Ye al an other than I dyde or thys  
Pandar answerd? / and? sayd? thus that he  
That ones may / in trewe lisse be  
He feelth other wylst / that dre I se  
Than thys tyme / he lere of it fust se

Thys is o word? / for al thys Troilus  
Was neuer ful / to speke of thys matre  
And? for to wylst / unto Pandarus  
The faute of hys nyght lady dre  
And? pandarus / to thynk and? make hym dre  
Thys tale was allbey / span newe to begynne  
Tyl that the nyght / departyd? from a lymne

Soone after thys / for that fortune it wold  
P comen was / the llyssful tyme lere  
That Troilus was warned? / that he shuld  
That he was erse / Enseyde hys lady meete  
For wylst he felt / in jore hys lere fere  
And? ferythfussy / gan alle the goddis lere  
And? late se nold / yf that he can be merse

And? holden was the fourme / and? al the wyse  
Of hyr comynge / and? eke of hye also  
As it was erst whypek nedyth not to duryse  
But playnly / to theffet for to go  
In joye and? seurte / Pandarus hem elbo  
A ked? brought / whan hem both leste  
And? thus they be / in quyet and? in rest

That nedyth to polb / si h they ben met  
To aske of me yf they blyth were  
For yf it erst was wele / tho was it let  
A thowband? folow / thys nedyth not to enquer  
Agon was euery care / and? euery feir  
And? both i wyse they find? / and? so they wend?  
As moeste joye / as hit may comprchend?

Thys is no lytel thyng / of for to sen  
Thys passyth euery / myght / for to duryse  
For eke of hem / can others lust oken  
Felleste whypek that these clerkis wyse  
Commendyn so / ne may not lare suffyse  
Thys top man not / wryten be wyth penk  
It passyth al that / ony lare may thynk

But quel day / so welalday the founde  
Can for to aproch / as they be signes finell.  
For whypek hem thought / feelen dethis wound?  
So woo was hem / that chaungen gan they? hal  
And? they began / to dyspyse al noll  
Callynge it traytour enuyous and? wro  
And? bittirly the day lyght they cure

- Quod? Troilus alas / noll am i ware  
That Pierre / and? the slyst syedis thre  
Whypek that dralben forth / the sonnes char  
Han gon some hwarth / in dyspyte of me  
That makyth it so soone / day to be  
And? for the sonne / laseyth hym thus to ryle  
Ne shal i neuer do este hym lacyfyle



But needis day / departe must hem soone  
And whan theyr speche doon was / & theyr chere  
They abygne anon / as they be wont to done  
And setten tyme / of metynge eft in fere  
And many a nyght they brouht in this manere  
And thus fortune / a tyme lade hem in Joye  
Eriseyde and eke / the kynges sone of Troye

In suffysaunce / in hys / and in syngynge  
Thys Troilus gan al hys lyf to lede  
He spendyth iustyth / and makyth festynge  
He yeuyth swetly oft / and chaungyth weede  
And holt aboute hym / ay wythoute drede  
A world of folk / as cam hym wel of kynde  
The freest and the best / that he colde fynde

That such a boye of hym / was and a steuene  
Thurgh out the world / of honour and largesse  
That it vp rong / to the pite of heuene  
And as in loue / he was in such gladnesse  
That in hys hert / he demyth as I gesse  
That ther nys loue / in thys world at ease  
So wel as he / and thus gan loue hym please

The goodly knyght & hounte / whyle that he kynde  
In ony other lady / had y set  
Can not the mountaunce / of a knot vnbynde  
About hys hert / of al Eriseydes net  
He was so narow / masked and y knet  
That it to vnde / on ony maner spede  
That wyl not be / for aught that may bepyde

And by the hond / ful oft he wold take  
Thys pandarus / and in to the gardyn lede  
And such a feste / and such a proes make  
Hym of Eriseyde / and of hyr wommanhede  
And of hyr beaute / eke wythouten drede  
It was an heuene / hys wordis for to here  
And than he wold synge / in thys manere

Love that of erth & see / hath in gouernaunce  
Love that hys selfe / hath in trueenes hys  
Love that wyth / an holsum alpatunce  
Holt peoples Joynd; as he leste hem are  
Love that endueth / salve of companye  
And; colples doeth / in Vertu for to dwelle  
Wynd; thys accord; / that I haue told; & telle

That / that the world; / wyth kyth that is falle  
Dyuersith so hys seundie / concordynge  
That Elementis / that ben so dyscordable  
Holt in a bonde perpetuelly durynge  
That Phobus must / hys rosy day forth bringe  
And; the moone haue lordship ouer the nyghtis  
Al thys doth Love al / serued; be hys myghtis

That that the see / greedy is to folowyn  
Conserpnyeth / to a certeyn ende so  
As floodes that so fresshly / then ne growlyn  
To drencx the erthe / and; al for euer mo  
And; yf that loue ought let / hys byrd go  
And; that nobl synneth / a sundre shold; kepe  
And; lost were al / that loue nobl holt to kepe

So wold; god; that outours of kynd;  
That wyth hys bond; of loue / of hys Vertu lyst  
So serchen hertis al / and; fast bynd;  
That from his bond / no wight out sh wry wyse  
And; hertis cold; hem wold; / that he thys  
To make hem loue / and; that hem lyst ay welbe  
On hertis fore / and; kepe hem that ben trelbe

In al needis / for the tolnes were  
He was and; ay fyrst / in hys armes dyght  
And; certeynly / but yf that lookes erre  
Saue Hector most dred; / of any wyght  
And; thys entres / of hardynes and; myght  
Come hym of loue / hys lady for to wyne  
That attend; hys spirit so wythynne

And? most of Vertu / and? hwe was hys spectre  
And? in dyspyte / And? all wretchpnesse  
And? doutles no neede / was hym lesse  
To honour hym / that hnddyn worthynesse  
And? easen hym / that were in dyscesse  
And? glady was / yf ony wryght wele ferd?  
That huer was / when he it byse and? ferd?

Forsooth to seyn / he leste. feld? every wryght  
But yf he were / in hwee hys scrupel  
I meane folkes / that ought he by ryght  
And? ouer al thys / so wele wold he crypse  
Of sentment / and? in so vncolth wylle  
Al hys away / that every huer thought  
That al was wele / what so he sayd? or wryought

And? al though he come / of bloody Fopall  
Hym lyst not of pryde / at no wryght to cha  
Wenpne he was / w cete in general  
For. Whysse he gate hym help / in every place  
True wold? hwe / y feryd? he hys guat  
That pryde and? he / enuy and? auarice  
He gan to flee / and? many another byr

Thou lady bryght / doughty to Dione  
Thy blundy and? wrynged? soone / dan Cupid  
Pollue susteyn che / that by Chaene  
In hysl Xernafo / lysten for to abyde  
That ye thus fere / haue deryd? me to gup  
I can nemore but fith that ye wyl wende  
Y feryd? he ye for ay / wrythouten end?

In tyme of tyelbe / on fullkyng wold? he a  
Or ellie hunt Wore . Wete . or Epoun  
The smale festis / let he go beside  
And? when that he come / rydynge to the tolon  
Ful oft hys lady / from the wyndell down  
As fressh as falben / comyth out of melbe  
Ful redy was hym / goodely to salebe



Nolb haue I yow sayde / fully in my songe  
Effect and Joye / of Troplus seruyse  
Al be that ther was / some dyscase amonge  
As myn auctour / wyth to deuyse  
My thyrde booke / nolb ende I in thys wyse  
And Troplus in lust / and in myghte  
So wyth Catelyne / his olde lady fytte

Here Endeth the thyrde Booke

And foloweth the fourth Booke



Here endeth the thyrd booke of Troplus

And here begynneth the prolog of the fourth  
booke

6    Wit al to lytel wel albey the whyle  
    Lastyng such ioye blyssed & fortune  
    That semeth trewest when she doth begyle  
And can to fooles so hyr song entune  
That she doeth hent & blent as traitour comune  
And when a wyght is from hir whele I throl  
Than laughyth she & maketh hym a molbe

From Troplus gan she hyr bryght face  
Albey to lurre & took of hym none fece  
But cast hym clene al oute of hyr grace  
And on hyr whele she set vp Dromede  
For whiche ryght now myn hert gynneth lide  
And now my penne alas with whiche I write  
Unaketh for drede of that I must endyte

For hold Erseyde Troplus forsoke  
Or at the lest hold that she was unkynde  
Note he hens forth mater of my booke  
As wryten folk thurgh whiche it is in mynde  
Alas that euer she shold cause fynde  
To speke hyr harm / & yf they on hyr lye  
Wyth hem self shal haue the bylone

O ye Herynes nyghts daughters thre  
That endles compleyne euer in peyne  
Megera Allecto and eke Trespone  
Thou cruel mars eke fader to Quyrne  
This yll fourth booke helpe me to fyne  
Soo that the boos & boue and lye p fere  
Of Troplus be fully shelved here

Here endeth the prologe  
And begynneth the fourth booke



Pygmyng in hoost as I haue told or this  
e The garkes strong about Troy town  
Beset þe which prynces gan shyne þis  
Upon the brest of hercules spoun  
That Hector with ful many a bold arrow  
Cast on a day with garkes for to fyghe  
As he was wont to geue hem þe myght

Now I hold long or short it was byshene  
This purpos & that day they fyghe ment  
But on a day wel bryght & sheene  
With speer in hond & bygge bolles sent  
Hector & many a worthy knyght oute went  
And in the feld anone withouten let  
Der foomen in the feld hem fast met

The long day with speere sharp & grounde  
With arrowe/darte/swordes/maces telle  
They fyghe & byng hors & man to grounde  
And with theyr axes oute the banyes quene  
But in the last shout forth for to telle  
The folk of Troy hem self so mylledon  
That with þe were holdard at nyght they fled

At which day was taken Antenor  
Mauger Polydamas or Menestes  
Sandys/Sarpedon/Palestynore  
Polyx or eke the Trojan Pryor  
And other lasse folk as Polybus  
Soe that for harm that day the folk of Troy  
Dudden to lose a grete part of theyr ioye

But netheles a trarles was ther take  
At garkes request and tho they gan treat  
Of prysoners a chynge for to make  
This thyng anone was couth in euery secte  
And for the surpluse pouen somme grete  
Bothe in the syge & Towne & euery wyte  
And with the fyrst it cam to Calcas tre

When Calcas knolbe the treatye shold hold?  
In conceytorp among grekes sene  
He gan m thryng forth with lordes old  
And set hym there as he was wonte to done  
And with theyr chaungyng he had hym a done  
For loue of god to do that reuerence  
So stynt noyse & geue hym audience

I han sayd he thus too lordes myn I was  
Troian as it is knolbe oute of drede  
And yf ye remembre I am Calcas  
That althet fyrst gaf comfort to your nece  
And told wele how he shold speke  
For dredeles thurgh yow shall be m a stonde  
This Troye he brent & dailben down to grounde

And m what fourme / & m what maner wyse  
This toun to shende / & al your lust to achue  
Ye haue or thys me herd wel deuyse  
Thys knolben ye my lordes as I haue  
And for the grekes were me so leue  
I come my self m my proper arroue  
To tellye m this what ye were best to done

Haupynz Troye my trefour ne my rent  
Ryght no respect to respect of your ease  
Thus al my good I lefte & to yow went  
Wenynz m this my lordes yow to please  
But al this losse doth me no dysplese  
I touchsauf as myself haue I roye  
For yow to lese al that I haue m Troye

Sauf of a doughter that I left alas  
Sleepynz at home when oute of Troye I start  
O sterne & cruel fader that I was  
How myght I haue m that so hard an hart  
Alas I ne had brought hys m my shert  
For sorow of which I wol not leue to morow  
But yf ye lordes telbe vpon my sorow

For by that cause I salbe no tyme or nold  
Hyr to despuere hold I haue my pres  
But nold or neuer yf it lyke yow  
I may hyr haue ryght sone douteles  
O helpe & grace among al this pres  
Keepe on me old Caytyf here in dysces  
Synth I for yow haue al this heuynes

Ye haue nold caught & fettered in pryson  
Troians ynow/& yf your wyll be  
My chyld with one may haue redempcyon  
Nold for the loue of god & of your counte  
One of so fele alas so geue hym me  
What neede were this prayer for to lerne  
Synth ye shal haue both toun & folk as yerne

On peryl of my lyf I shal not lye  
Apollo hath me told it feythfully  
I haue it found eke by astronomye  
By sort by angury eke trewely  
And dare wel say the tyme is fast by  
That fyre & flame on al the toun shal sprede  
And thus shal Troy tornen in to ashen dede

For ceres pallas & neptunus bothe  
That maken the wallys of the toun  
Ben with folk of Troy nold so louthe  
The wyll est byng it to confusyon  
Ryght for dyspyte of kyng Laomedon  
By cause he nold paye hem for huyre  
The toun shal yet be set on a fyre

Tellyng his tale allbey the old grey  
Humble in speche/& in his lokyng eke  
The salt teares from his eyen tye  
Ful fast wone doune by eyther cheke  
So long he gan of socour hem byscke  
That for to kepe hym of his synners sore  
They pafe hym Antenor withouten more



But who was glad ynow but Calcas tho  
And of al thyng ful sone is seyd  
On hem that shold for the treaty gone  
To bring hem kyng Thoas & Cresyd  
And hem for Anthenor ful of preyde  
And when Pryamus his sauf gard sent  
The Ambassatours ful streyght to Troy went

The cause told of theyr comyng/ the old  
Pryamus kyng ful sone in general  
Do here vpon his parlement to hold  
Of which the effect wretten yow I shal  
The Ambassatours ben ansuerd for synal  
The chaunge of prysoners & al this dede  
Them lyketh wels & so they forth proce

This Troilus was present in the place  
When asked was for Anthenor & Cresyd  
For which ful soone chaunged he his face  
As he that with tho wordys ful myght dede  
But netheles he ne word to it seyd  
With mannes hert he gan his sorowle dre  
Lest men shold his affectioun aspre

And ful of angursshe & of lesp drede  
Alde what other wordes wolde sey  
And yf they wol graunt as god forkede  
The chaunge of hir than thouzt he thinges they  
First for to saue hir honour & what they  
He myght lest the chaunge of hir wythstonde  
Ful fast he cast/hold al this thyng myzt stonde

Loue hym made al prest to make hir hyde  
Or rather dre than she shold go  
But wson hym sayde on that other syde  
Without assent of hir ne do not so  
Lest thold hir wrath/ & she than be thy foo  
And say that thurgh thy medlyng is y bloude  
Your bother loue there it was erst Enknothe

For which he gan despyren to the best  
That though the lordes wold that she went  
He wold lette hem graunt what hem list  
And telle his lady first what they ment  
And when that she had sayd hym hyr entent  
Afterward wold he werke/also beque  
Though al the world agayne it wolde streue

Hector which that ryght wel the grettes herd  
For Anthenore hold they wolde haue Crespe  
Gan it wythstonde & so breuely answered  
Says she nys no prysoner he seide  
I not on yow who this charge seide  
But on my partye may estsone hem telle  
We be not here no bymmen for to selle

The noyse of the peple by stert than al at ones  
As harme as blase of stralwe set a fyre  
For infortune it wold for the nones  
They shold theyr consusyon desyre  
Hector quod they what gost may yow enspyre  
This woman thus to sheld/and do be lese  
Daune Anthenore a iurong they nold be these

That is so wyse & so bold a baroun  
And we haue nede of folk as men may see  
He is eke one of the grettest of this towne  
Saue Hector/lette tho fantasyes be  
Of kyng Pryamus quod they thus seye we  
That al oure hope is to forgo Crespe  
And to delyuere Anthenore they preyde

O iuuenal lord ful soth is thy sentence  
That lytel wyten folk what is to yerne  
That they ne fynde in hyr desyre offence  
For chold of errour lette hem to dyscerne  
What best is/so they ensample as yerne  
This folk desyre nold delyuemunce  
Of Anthenore that brought hem to myschaunce

For he was after taryow to the toun  
Of Troy alas they quyte hym out to rathe  
O nyx world to thy dyscrepoun  
Cresyde which that neuer dyd hem skathe  
Shal nold no longer in her blyffe bathe  
But Antenor shall come home to towne  
And she shal oute / thus al they sayde & solue

For which deluerd was by parlement  
For Antenor to geuen oute Cresyde  
And it pronouncd by the president  
And though that Hector nay ful ofte preyde  
That fynally what wyght that it wythseyde  
It was for nought it must be & shold  
For substaunce of the parlement it wold

Departed oute of parlement echone  
This Troilus withoute wordes moo  
In to his chambre sped hym fast alone  
But yf it were a man of his or two  
The which he had oute fast to goo  
By cause he wold slepe as he seyde  
And hastily down his bed hym leyde

And as in wynter leues sen y rast  
Eke after other tyl the tre be bare  
So that there nyx but braunches & bark y last  
Ryght so Troilus byrast of eke welfare  
I found within with bondys of care  
Dysposed wood oute of his wyt to breyde  
So sore hym sat the chaungyng of Cresyde

He ryst hym vp / and euery dore he shet  
And wyndolwe eke / & tho this sorowful man  
Upon his beddes syde doune hym set  
Ful lyk a dede ymage pale & wan  
And in his brest the hepyd wo began  
Oute brest & he brought in this wyse  
In his wodnesse as I shal yow deuyse



2  
Ryght as the wyld bolc begynneth spring  
Glow here now there dartyd to the hart  
And of his deth with in complenyng  
Ryght so gan he aboute his chamber stert  
Emptyng his brest ag with his fystes smerte  
His herte to walke his body to the ground  
Ful of a he swappd hym self to confound

1  
His eyen lbo for pyte of his hert  
Out sturmedyn as slupst welles stoy  
The hys solows of his sowldful smart  
His speche hym rest / Dureth myght he sty  
O deth alas why nyl thow do me dry  
A cursyd be that day which that nature  
Shope me to be a lynes creature

But after When the surp & al this rage  
Which that his hert luyt & fast thurst  
By length of tyme somwhat gan aswage  
Open his bed he seyd hym doane to rest  
But tho bygan his fere more oute brest  
That wonder is the body may suffre  
To half this lbo which that I possyde

Than seyd he Thus fortune alas the wyld  
What haue I doo / What haue I thus agayn  
Hold myght thou for woldst me lye  
Is there no grace / & that I thus be fyll  
What thus Crefede for that thou wylt  
Alas hold mayst thou in thy hert fynde  
To be to me thus cruel & Enkynde

Haue I the not honoured al my lyue  
As thou wylt boost aboute the goddes al  
Why wylt thou thus from roie me depreue  
O Troylus what may men now the calle  
But wretche of wretches oute of honour falle  
In to mysery which I wylt bewayne  
Crefede alas tyl that the herte me fayle

Alas fortune yf that my lyf in ioye  
Dyspleyd had vnto thy folowynge enemye  
Why ne haddest thou my fader kynge of Troye  
Gyfted the lyf or do my bartheuyn dye  
Or slayn my self that thus compleyne a crye  
I combe world that man of no thyng feare  
But allwey dy and neuer fully serue

If that Cresseide alone were last  
Nought nought whypderward thou woldest steere  
And hys alas thou hast me ternaft  
But euermore soo this is thy manere  
To true a lyght so that is to hym deere  
To proue in that thy gyfteful dyolence  
Thus am I lost there helpe no defence

O vayne god / O hie / O god alas  
That knowest best myn hert & al my thought  
What shal my sorrowful lyf doo in this caas  
If I forgo that I so deere haue bought  
Synth yf Cresseide & me fully haue brought  
In to your grace & both our hertes sealed  
How may yf suffice in lesse it be repaid

What shal I do whyle I may dure  
As lyue in turment / & in cruel payne  
Thus Infortune or thys dysauenture  
Alone as I was borne I lyf compleyne  
Ne neuer wil I seee shyne or crye  
But euer lyf I as Egypte in darkness  
Feed my sorrowful lyf & lyue in distress

O vayne gost that cryest to a few  
Why nylt thou flee oute of the wofullest  
Body that euer myght on ground go  
O soule lurking in this woful nest  
Flee fer oute of myn hert or it burst  
And folowe allwey Cresseide thy lady deere  
The ryght place is now no longer here

This pandarus ful dede & pale of helpe  
Ful ppytously answered & sayde this  
As wyssly were it false as it is trewe  
That I haue herd & wrote how it is  
O mercy god who wold haue trowled thys  
Who wold howe wend that in so lytel a thyng  
Fortune our ioye wold haue ouerthrowe

For in this world there nys no creature  
As to my dome that euer salbe myne  
Stronger than this thowgh was or auenture  
But who may al eschewe or al deuyne  
Suche is this/ for thy I thus dyspyne  
That trust no wyght to fynd in fortune  
A ppytous/ hyr yfars ben comune

But telle me this why art thou now so mad?  
To sorrow thus why lyste thou now in this wise  
Synth thy desyre al holy thou hast had  
So that by ryght it ought ynow suffyse  
But I that neuer felt in my seynse  
Or frendely chere or lokyng of an eye  
Late me thus wepe and wayle tyl I dye

And ouer al this as thou wost wel thy self  
This towne is ful of ladyes al aboute  
And doo my dome fayrer than suche thyself  
As euer she was that I fynde in some route  
Be one or twe withoute ony doute  
For thy be glad myn olde brother  
If she be lost we shal fynde another

What god forbode alwey that such plesaunce  
In one thyng were & in none other wyght  
If one can synge/ another can wel daunce  
If this be goodly/ she that is glad & lyght  
And thys is fayre & that can goodly arpyght  
Eche for his vertu holden is ful dere  
Both heroune & Faucon for the Ryuere



And eke as thryft Zaurye that was ful wise  
The nelve oute chaspyth of the olo  
And vpon nelve was hys nelve aduys  
I hynk eke thy lyp to saue thou art hold  
Suche fyre by proesse shal be kepy cold  
For syth it nys but casuel plesaunce  
Somme was shal put ouer of remembraunce

For why sure is/as day cometh after nyght  
Pe nelve loue labour or other woo  
Or elles seying of another wyght  
Done al affectyons sone ouer go  
And for thy part/thou shalt haue one of tho  
To abrydge with thy bytter wyne's smert  
Absence of hyr shal dryue it oute of hert

These wordes sayd he for the nones alle  
To helpe his frend lest he for sorow depde  
For douteles to doo his wo to falle  
He wought not what Enthyrt he seyde  
But Troilus that ny for sorow depde  
Took lytel heed of al that cur he ment  
One ere it herd/ & at that other it oute went

But at the last he ansuerd & sayde frend  
This litle craft/or fyled thus to be  
Were wel sytting yf that I were a frend  
To tray a wyght that trewe is vn to me  
I pray god lette this counseyl neuer y the  
But do me rather noly steuen lere  
Or I thus doo as thou woldest me lere

She that I serue yllys so what thou sey  
To whome myn hert enshaynt is by ryght  
Shal haue me holly lere tyl that I deye  
For Pandare syth I hyr trouthe tehyght  
I wyl not be vntrewe for no wyght  
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue & stene  
And neuer other creatur seue

Ande there thou sayst thou shalt as faye fynde  
As she late be make no comparyson  
To creature y fourmed lyke hys by kynde  
O lyf pandare in conclusyon  
I wyl not be of thyng owynpoun  
Touchyng al thys / for why / I the byspecte  
Holt, thy pte thou sleest me with thy specte

Thou byddest me I shold loue another  
Al fastidly nelde a late Ctespde goo  
It lyeth not in my wilber lye broder  
And yf I myght yet wol I not do soo  
Wut thou canst pte Raker by a fte  
Nelle in dole out nolle this nolle that pandare  
Nolle folde fulle hys / for thy lye that can

Thou haste eke by me thou pandare  
He be that when a wyght is lye lye gone  
He cometh to hym a pte / a faye rache thus  
I synke not on smert a thou shalt fete none  
Thenne must I fte transmue vnto a stone  
And reue me my passyone alle  
O: thou so lychtly do my lye to fette

My deth may wel oute of my fete deth  
Thy lye so long may thye fete myne  
Wut fte my soule shal Ctespde deth  
Oute neuermore but deune with Dethpene  
When I am dede I wol goo lye in pte  
And there I wyl eternally compleyne  
My lye / a than lye lye be lye lye

Thou hast fte made an argument fo: fte  
Holt that it shold a lesse pte be  
Ctespde to fo: go / for she lye myne  
And lye in case a in fete pte  
Why gabblest thou that saydest thus to me  
That hym is lye that is from lye I thold  
Than be that neuer had of lye y knold

But telle me now / syth ye thynk so lycht  
To chaungen so in loue to a fre  
Why ne haddeste thou do lesply thy myght  
To chaunge hyr that doth the al thy wo  
Why nyl thou lette hyr from thy hert goo  
Why nyl thou loue another lady swete  
That myght set thy hert in quyte

If thou hast had in loue anyt myschaunce  
And canst it not oute of thy hert dryue  
I that lured in lust & in vlesauce  
With hyr as moche as creature on lyue  
Holt hold I that forgete / & that so blyue  
Too lylke hast thou be hyd so long in melbe  
That canst so wale loue / not a guelbe

Nay nay god wote nouzt wote is al thy we  
For which / for what that euer may byfalle  
Withoute wordys moo I wyl be dede  
O deth that ender art of sorowes alle  
Come now syth I so ofte after the calle  
For happe is that deth soothly to seyne  
That oft I cleped cometh & endeth weyne

Wel wote I whyle my lyf was in quyte  
Or thou me swlbe / I wold haue reuen hyr  
Wut now thy comping is to me so swete  
That in this world I no thyng so desyre  
O deth syth with this world I am a fyre  
Thou othe do me anon in thy drench  
Or with thy cold stroke my hert quench

Syth that thou sleest so many in sondry wyse  
Agynst thet wyl vnprayed day & nyght  
Doo now at my requeste this seynple  
Delpyer now the world so doest thou ryght  
Of me that am the sorowfullest wyght  
That euer was for tyme that I leue  
Syth in this world of ryght nouzt may I seue



Thus Troilus in terps gan dystylle  
As lycoure oute of a lemysh ful fast  
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge styll  
And to the ground his eyen doune he cast  
But netheles thus thought he at the last  
What yerde rather than my felawbe dey  
Yet shal I somwhat more vnto hym sey

And sayde frend? syth thou hast such dystresse  
And? syth the lyse myn argumentes to blame  
Why nylt thy self help to redresse  
And with thy manhode letten al thyse game  
To myssse hyr ne canst thou not for shame  
And? oltther lette hyr oute of Toldne fare  
Or hold hyr styll/ & leue thy nyce fare

Art thow in Troye & hast none hardyment  
To take a woman which that loueth the  
And wold hyr self be of thyne assent  
Nolw is not thys a nyce ransye  
Kylle hy anone & lette thy weppng be  
And? syth thou art a man/ for in this houre  
I wyl be dede or she shal be styll oure

To this ansuerd hym Troilus ful soft  
And? sayde yerde lyeue broder dere  
Al thyse haue I my self thought ful ofte  
And? more thyng than thou deuysest here  
But why it is last thou shalt wel here  
And? wthen thou hast me yeue audyence  
Therafter mayst thow telle thy sentence

First þ wost sith this toun hath al this werre  
For maysshyng of a woman by nyght  
It shold? not be suffred? me to erre  
And? it stant nolw / ne do not so grete vnyght  
I shold also haue blame of euery wyght  
My faders graunt yf I so wythstood?  
Syth she is chynge? for the tounes good

I haue eke thought / syth it were hyr assent  
To aske hyr of my fader / at his guerd  
Than thynk I thi. s it were hyr accusment  
Syth wele I wote I may hyr not purchace  
For syth my fader in so hye a place  
As parlement hath hyr eschawinge ensealed  
He nyl for me his litters be repled

Yet drede I moost her hert to perturbe  
With violence yf I doo such a game  
For yf I wold it openly dyscurbe  
It must be dysclaunder vnto hyr name  
And me were leuer dye than hyr defame  
As nold god but yf I shold haue  
Myr honoure as lyf as my lyf to saue

Thus am I lost for ought that I can see  
For certeyn is / syth I am hyr knyght  
I must hyr honoure leuer saue than me  
In euery case as louer ought of ryght  
Thus am I with desyre & rason tlyght  
Desyre hyr to dyscurbe / ay me redyth  
And rason nyl not / so my hert dredyth

This wepyng quod he wouth neuer cease  
He sayd alas how shal I wretche fare  
For wele fele I allbey my loue encrease  
And hope is lasse and lasse / allway Pandare  
Encrease eke the causes of my care  
So wel allbey why nel myn hert breste  
For as in loue is ther but lytel rest

Pandare ansuerd / frend thow mayst for me  
Do as the lyf / but had I it so hote  
And thynne estate / she shold go with me  
Though al this toun cryed on this thing by note  
I nolde not set at al the noyse a grote  
For when me haue wel cryed tha wil they roune  
Eke wonder lasteth / but nyne dayes in towne

Dyuyne not in reason/ay so depe  
Ne curpouſſy/but help thy ſelf anone  
Yet is that other/than thy ſelf lye  
And namely ſyth y<sup>e</sup> lye be al one  
Kye vp for by my lye/she ſhal not gone  
And rather be in blame a lytel ſounde  
Than ſteue lye/as gnat withoute wounde

It is no ſhame vnto yow ne by  
Byt to withold that yow ſupth moſt  
Parauenture ſhe myght hold yow for ny  
To lette her go to the garkes poſt  
I thynk elle for as welk thy ſeluen moſt  
Welpth an hardy man to his empyſe  
And flepyth ſw<sup>e</sup> lye for thepr cowardyſe

And though thy lady wold a lytel her graue  
I thow ſhalt thy ſelf thy yre lye make  
Wut as for me araye I can not lye  
I hat ſhe lye noll as y<sup>e</sup> for eyn take  
Why wold than for ſer thy lye quake  
I thynk thow y<sup>e</sup> parpe lye which y<sup>e</sup> is thy broder  
A lye hath lye lye not thow another

And I wyl ſay one thyng I darre the ſwe  
That y<sup>e</sup> lye lye which that is thy lye  
Noll lye the as lye/as thou doſt lye  
God help me ſo/she nyl not take a lye  
Though thou do lye/anone in thy meſchyt  
And y<sup>e</sup> ſhe lye all lye from the paſſe  
Than is ſhe lye/ſo lye her lye the laſſe

For thy take lye/a thynk rye as a lye  
Thurgh lye is lye/al day euer ſalbe  
Fyth noll ſeml lye thy courage/a thy myght  
Haue mercy on thy ſelf for ony albe  
Lye not lye lye lye lye lye lye lye  
We manly lye the lye/at lye a lye  
And y<sup>e</sup> thow dye a martyr goo to lye



I wyl my self be with the. al this dede  
 Though I e al my kynne vpon a stounde  
 Shold in the sette as dogges lyggen dede  
 Thurgh gyt with many a wyde e bddy wyde  
 In euery case I wyl a frende be founde  
 And yf the lyte here sterue as a wretche  
 Aden the deupl speke hym that wretche

This Troylus gan with tho wordys quyen  
 And sepe frend / gramercy I assent  
 But certaynly thow mayst not so me pryncen  
 He payne none / may not me so turment  
 That for no case / it is not myn entent  
 At short wordes / though I dre shold  
 To anysshe hyr / but yf hyr self wold

Ryght so mene I quod Pandarus al this day  
 Wut telle me than / wile thow hit wele assayed  
 That sorowbest thus / and he answered nay  
 Wut art thow quod Pandarus so dismaide  
 That nyste not / yf she wyl be wele apayde  
 To anysshe hyr syth thou hast not be there  
 But yf that Ioue told it in thyng ere

For thy ryle by / as though he were anon  
 And wasshe thy face / e to the kyng thou wete  
 Or he may wonder / whyder thow art gone  
 Thow must with wylfedom hym e other blende  
 Or vpon case he may after the sende  
 Or thow be ware e shortly better dere  
 We glad / e let me wylke in this matere

For I shal shape it soo that spkerly  
 Thow shalt this nyght somtyme in som manere  
 Come speke with thy lady vryuely  
 And by hyr wordes e eke by hyr chere  
 Thow shalt wel sone perceyue e here  
 Al hyr entent / e of this case the best  
 And fare nely wele for in this poynt I rest

The myghty fame which that fals thynges  
Egally reporteth lyke thynges tolde  
Was thurgh out Troy fled with rust thynges  
From man to men & made the tale al newe  
How Calcas daughter with her bright & be  
At parliament without wordes more  
P graunted was in chaunge of Antenor

The which tale anone as Euripides  
Had herd as she that of her fader wought  
As in this was right nought/ne when he & she  
Ful besyde to Jupiter brought  
Pene hym myschaunce that this trauaile wrought  
But shortly lest this tale soth were  
She durst of no thyght asken for fear

As she that her hart & al her mynde  
On Troilus y set was so wonder fast  
That al this world ne myght her love enpnde  
Ne Troilus out of her hart cast  
She wylle be his wyple hit lyf may last  
And thus she brannyth to the in love & drede  
So that she myste what was to rede

But as men see in Tolbne al aboute  
That wymmen be fonder to vsyte  
So to Euripides of wymmen come a tolde  
For pytous ioye & wende her desyre  
And with theire tales dere ynow ampte  
These wymmen which that in the cyte dwelle  
They sette hem doune & seide as I shal telle

Quod fyrst that one I am glad to helpe  
By cause of yow y shal yowre fader see  
Another sayd ylys so am not I  
For al to lytel hath she with be  
Quod the thyrde/I hope ylys that she  
Shal lyege be woe on every syde  
That when she goth/almyghty god her guyde

The wordes & the homannysse thynges  
She herd ryght as she thens were  
For god wote hyr hert on other thyng is  
Al though the body sat among hem there  
Hyr audyence is allwey elles wher  
For Troylus ful fast hyr solble sought  
Withoute[n] word allwey on hym she thought

These wymmen that thine wenden hyr to please  
Aboute nought gan al these tales spende  
Suche tynge ne can hyr do non ease  
As she that al this mene whyle brende  
Of other passoun than they wende  
So that she felt al moost hyr hert dye  
For woo & wery of that companye

For which no longer myght she wsteyne  
The terys so they gan by to welle  
That pouen spares of the bytter pyne  
In which hyr spryde was & muske duelle  
Remembryng hyr from trewe m to kille  
So fullen was syth she forgoth the syght  
Of Troylus / & sowlesfully she syght

And thylke foolys that saten hit aboute  
Wend that she so wept & syghed sore  
By cause that she shold oute of that route  
Depart & pleye neuer with hym more  
And they that had knowen her of yore  
Salve hyr so wepe / & thought it kyndenesse  
And ech of hem wept for hyr dyscesse

And besyde they gan hyr comfort  
Of thyng god wote on which she lyltel thouzt  
And with hyr tales wenden hyr dysport  
And to be glad they often hyr besought  
But such an ease they hir therewith brought  
Ryght as a man is esed for to fele  
For ache of herte to claue hym on the fele



But after al thys nyght  
They taken hyr leue / & home they wenten alle  
Exceyde ful of sorowful pite  
In to the chambre by oute of the halle  
And on hyr began for deed gan to falle  
In purpos thens neuer for to ryle  
And thus she wrought as I shal telle druple

Her resolve her that sonnysshe was of hir  
She went / and eke hyr fyngers longe & smale  
She wrong ful oft / & bad god on hyr talle  
And with hyr deeth to doo toke on hyr tale  
Hyre talbe whypome so bryght / tho was pale  
Ware whynesse of hyr wo / and hyr conscript  
And thus she spak sobbenge in hyr compleynt

Alas quod she oute of this Regoun  
I woful wretch & Infortuned wyght  
And to me in cursyd consellacoun  
More goo / and thus departe fro my knyght  
Wo worth alas that ylle dayes syght  
On which I salbe fyrst with eyen thynne  
That causyth me & hym al this payne

Therwith the terys fram her eyen flowe  
Dounne fyl as sholure in apyl doth flowe  
Hyre whyte herte she kete / and for the wo  
After the deeth she cryed a thousand sythe  
Syth he that went hyr wo was to lythe  
She more forgoo / for such dysaventure  
She held hyr self a forlost creature

She sayde hold shal he do & I also  
Hold shal I lyue yf I fynd hym thynne  
O deere hert eke that I loue so  
Who shal that sorowe see that yf ben ynn  
O Calcas fader thyn be al thys synne  
O moder myn that cleyed art Argue  
Woo worth that day thowd hure me elyue

To what fyne shold? I spue/and sorowbe thus  
Holt shold a fysshe withoutt water dure  
What is Ersepe worth from Troplius  
Holt shold a plant or spues creature  
Spue withoutt his kyndely nature  
For whiche ful oft a sylberd lere I seye  
That wokes more gaine sone deye

I shal doo thus wth none other sylberd ne dart  
Dare I none handle for the auelte  
That yll day I more from yoll depart  
If sorow of that wyl not my tyme be  
Than shal no more ne dyspnye come in me  
Till my sorowbe outt of my breste vnshetle  
And thus my self wol I do to dethe

And Troplius my clothes euerychone  
Shal black be in tokening lert swete  
That I am as outt of this world agone  
I wont was yoll to sette in quyet  
And of myn ordre ay tyl deth me mete  
The obseuance euer in your absence  
Shal sorowbe be compleynt & abstynence

Myn lert & eke the woful ghost theryn  
Wyqueth I wth your spryte to compleyne  
Eternally for they shal neuer tlypyn  
For though in erth I tlypned be the tlypne  
Yet in the fold of yte outt of pene  
That hyght Elyzoe/shal be lert in fere  
As Orpheus is wth Euryce his fere

Thus lert myn/for Anthenore alas  
I soone shal be chaungyd as I wene  
But how shal ye do noll in thys cas  
Holt shal your sorowful lert it sustene  
But lert myn forgett this sorowbe & tene  
And me also/for sothly for to seyn  
So ye fare wele/I recke not to deyn

Holw' euer myght y wdde be or songe  
The pleynt that she made in hyr dystresse  
I not but as for me my lytel tonge  
If I descriue wold hyr skynnesse  
It shold make hyr sorowe seme lesse  
Than that was a chylde's deface  
Hyre hye compleynt/ & therfor I lette it pace

Pandare whiche that sent was for Troilus  
Wnto Creseyde as ye haue herd deuyse  
That for the best it was accorded thus  
And he ful glad to do hym that seynge  
Wnto Creseyde in a ful seere wyse  
There as she lay in turment & in rage  
Come hyr to telle al holy his message

And fonde that she hyr self gan to trete  
Ful pytously/ for with hyr salt tees  
Hyre best/ hyr face ybathed was ful wete  
The myghty tressys of hyr sonny's herys  
Conbroyded hyng al aboute hyr eres  
Whiche pafe hym very sygne of matyere  
Of deeth whiche that hyr hert gan desyre

When she hym salbe she gan for sorowe anone  
Hyre woful face bytwepe hyr armes hyde  
For whiche this pandarus is so wo bygone  
That in the holbe he myght vnnethe abyde  
As he that pyte felt on euery syde  
For yf Troilus had erst compleyned sore  
Than gan she pleyne a thousand tymes more

And in hyr asper playnt thus she sayde  
Pandare fyrst of ioyes mo than tibo  
Was cause causyng Into me Creseyde  
That nold transmuted ben in cruel wo  
Whether shal I say welcome to yow or no  
That altherfyrst me brought in to seynge  
Of oue alas that endeth in such wyse



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Endyth than loue in wo/ye or men lyeth  
And al worldly blyffe/as thynketh me  
Tend of blyffe/ay sorowbe it occupyeth  
And who so trolbeth that it not so be  
Let hym vpon my woful wretche see  
That my self hate/and my byrth curs  
Felyng allwey fro lyk I god to wurs

Who soo me seeth/seeth sorowbes al at ones  
Oryue woo/peyne/turment and dysresse  
Out of my woful body harme ther ynowh is  
As anguyssh/langour/cruel bytternesse  
Annoy smert/drede fury and eke sykenesse  
I trolbe yllys from heuene tres wyne  
For pyte of myn asper cruel peyne

And thow my suster/ful of dyscomfort  
Quod pandarus what thynkest thow to do  
Why ne first thow to thy self soue resport  
Why wylt thou thus/alas thy self for doo  
Leue al this/and take noli hede to  
That I shal say and herkene in good entent  
This whiche by me thy Troylus the sent

Turnyd the Cressyde a woo making  
So grete that deeth it was to see  
Alas she sayde/what wordes may ye sayng  
What wyl my deere hert say to me  
Whiche that I drede neuermore to see  
Wyl he haue pleynt or terys or I wende  
I haue ynowh yf he thereafter sende

She was ryght suete to see in hyr visage  
As is that wyght that men on fere kynde  
Hir face lyke of paradice the ymage  
Was al ychaunged in to another kynde  
The pleyr the laughte men there wout to fynde  
On hyr/e eke hyr ioyes euerychone  
Wen fled/and thus lyeth Cressyde alone

Aboute hyr eyen t'boe/ a proper ryng  
Extant in sothfast token of hyr payne  
That to byhold it was a dedely thyng  
For whiche pandare myght not reserue  
The terps from his eyen for to wepe  
But netheles as he list myght he sepe  
From Troylus these wordes vnto Crespe

Too nere I trowe ye haue herd al hold  
The kyng with other lordes for the best  
Hath made a chaunge for Antenor & polle  
That cause is of this sorowle & vntrest  
But hold this cas doth/ Troylus molest  
That may none erthely mannes tonge sepe  
As he that shortly shapeth hym to depe

For whiche we haue so sorowled both he & I  
That in to lytel/ both it hath vs stalbe  
But thurgh my counseyl thys day fynally  
He somwhat is fro wepyng nolle withdraue  
And semyth me that he despyeth falbe  
With polle to be al nyght for to deupe  
Remedy of this yf there be ony wyse

This is short & pleyne theeffect of my message  
As ferforth as my wyte can comprehend  
For that ye be of turment in such a rage  
Ye maye to no long prolog as nolle entende  
And? heuon ye muste ansuer hym sende  
And for the loue of god my nere dere  
So keue this booe or Troylus come here

Great is my booe quod? she/ and syghed sore  
As she that felyth dethees sharp distresse  
But yet to me his sorowle is moche more  
That loue hym bet than he him self I gesse  
Alas for me hath he such heuynesse  
Can he for me so pitouly compleyne  
Wyth hys sorowle doublyth al my payne

Greuous for me god wote/is for to llyvne  
Quod she/but god wote harder is to me  
To see that sorowbe whiche that he is inne  
For wel I wote it wol my hane be  
And dre I wyl in certeyne quod she  
But byd hym com/or deth that thus me threteth  
Dryue out þ ghoſt/whiche in myn hert teth

Theſe wordes ſayde ſhe on hyr armes tbo  
fulgais/and gan to wepe pytoulſy  
Quod pandarus alas why doo ye ſoo  
Syn thele ye wote/the tyme is fuſt by  
That he ſhal come aryſe vp haſtely  
That he bylboxen thus polb noll ſynce  
But ye wol haue hym wode out of his mynde

For wyſt he ye ſerd in thys manere  
He wold hym ſelf ſlee/þ I wende  
To haue this fare/he ſhold not come herte  
For al the good that Priamus may dyspende  
For to what ſyne he wold anone pretende  
That knolbe I wele/þ therfor yet I ſey  
Soo let this ſorowbe/or platly he wyl dey

And ſhappth polb his ſorowbe to abredge  
And not to encreaſe hys new ſibete  
We rather to hym of flat than edge  
And with ſom wyſedom ye his ſorowbe ſete  
What helpeſth it to wepe ful a ſterte  
Or though ye bothe in ſalt terye dreynt  
Bet is a tyme of cure than of compleynt

I mene as when I hyder hym byng  
Syn ye ſen wyſe 3 of one aſſent  
Soo ſhappth holt to dyſtourke youre goynge  
Or come ageyn ſone/after ye be went  
Wymmen ſen wyſe n. ſhort auyſement  
And late ſee noll youre wyrt holt ſhal auayle  
And that I may help ſhal not fayle



Go quod Ersepe & Uncle twilbek  
I shal do al my myght me to restyre ne  
From weppng in his syght / & besple  
Hym for to glade I shal do my payne  
And in my hert seke euery kyne  
Yf to his sorre there may be founde salue  
It shal not lack certeyn in my behalve

Goth Pandarus / & Troylus he sought  
Tyl in a Temple he fond hym al alone  
As he that of his lyf nomore wought  
But to the pytous goddes enerychone  
Ful tenderly he prayd / & made his mone  
To doo hym soone / oute of this world pace  
For wele he thought ther was none other grace

And shortly al the sothe to sey  
He was so falle in despayr that day  
That starkly he shope for to dey  
For ryght thus was his argument allway  
He sayd I am but born so wele alway  
For al that cometh / cometh by necessity  
Thus to be born it is my destinye

For certeynly this note I wel he seyde  
That forsyght of dyuine putteuaunce  
Hath seen me allwey to forgoo Ersepe  
Synth god seeth euery thyng oute of doubtance  
And hem dysposyth after his ordynaunce  
In her meryte sothly for to be  
As they shal come by predestyne

But netheles alas whome shal I leue  
For there ben clerkes many one  
That deservue thurgh argumentes proue  
And som seyn that nedely ther is none  
But that fre choyse is poue to euerychone  
O wele alwey so sty are clerkes old  
That I note whos oppynyon I may hold

For som seyn that god seeth al byforn  
And god may not be desayued wårde  
Than mote it falle/ though men had it sworn  
That putte aunce hath seen afor to be  
Wherefore I saye that from eterne yf he  
Hath wist byfore or thought else al our dedes  
We haue no fre choyse as these clerkes wedye

For nother thought ne other dede also  
myght neuer be/ but such as putte aunce  
Which may not be desayued neuer mo  
Hath felt byfore withoute ignorance  
For yf ther myght be a varyaunce  
To worchen oute from goddes putte aunge  
There were no presence of thyng comynge

But it were in her an oppynyon  
Conseydysed/ & not certeyn seeyng  
And certes that were an abusyon  
That god shold haue no partycle cleare wpytng  
More than be men that haue douteous wenyng  
But such an errour vpon god to gesse  
Were fals & folke & cursyd/ wylkednesse

And this is eke an oppynyon of some  
That haue theyr top ful hye/ & smoth y shone  
They say ryght thus that thyng is not to come  
For that presence hath seyn it byfore  
That it shal come/ but they that therfore  
That it shal come/ therfor the putte aunce  
Wote it byfore withoute ignorance

And in this manere this neaßte  
Requeth in his part contrary ageyn  
For nedefully behoueth it not be  
That thyll thynges falle in certeyn  
That ben putte aunge/ but nedely as they seyn  
Behoueth it that thynges which that falle  
That they in certeyn ben putte aunge alle

I mene as though I laboured me in this  
To enquire wiche thyng/ of wiche thing cause be  
As whether that the presence of god is  
The certayne cause of the necessity  
Of thynges that to come be pade  
Or yf necessity of thyng comyng  
Be cause certeyn of the puttyng

But now enforce I me not in shewing  
How the order of causes stant/ but wel wot I  
That it bysheweth that the byfalling  
Of thynges wyl be byfore certeynly  
When necessary/ al seme it not ther by  
That presence put fallng necessary  
Of thyng to come/ felle they folde or fyre

For yf ther spt a man ponde on a see  
Than by necessity thoweth it  
That certeyn thyng oppynon sooth be  
That wyl be a connectyng that be spt  
And furthermore ayenward yet  
Too ryght so it is of the parte contrarie  
As thus bearken/ for I wyl not tane

I sey yf the oppynon of the  
Be soth for that be spt/ than say I thus  
That be mote spt by necessity  
And thus necessity in eyther is  
For in hym neede of sytting is  
And in the neede of soth/ & thus fo:sothe  
There mote necessity be in yow soth

But hold mayse seze the man spt not therfore  
That thyng oppynon of his sytting soth is  
But rather for the man spt ther byfore  
Therfor is thyng oppynon soth ylde  
And I sey though the cause of soth of the  
Comyth of his sytting yet necessity  
Is entychaungyd both in hym & the



Thus in the same wyse oute of doubtance  
I may wel make/as it semeth me  
My reasonnge of goddes purueaunce  
As of tho thynges/that to comen be  
By whiche reason men may wel see  
That thylk thynges that in erthe falle  
That by necessity they comen alle

For though that thyngis shal come yllys  
Therefore they ben purueyed certeynly  
Not that it cometh for it purueyed is  
Yet nethels behoueth it needfully  
That thyng to come/ be purueyed welbely  
Or elles thynges that purueyed be  
That they letyde by necessity

And this suffyseth ryght ynough certeyn  
For to desceyve oure free choyse euery dele  
But nold is this abusyon to seyn  
That fallynge of the thynges temporele  
Is cause of goddes presence eternele  
Nold welbely that is a fals sentence  
That thyng to come shal cause his presence

What myght I bene/ & I had such a thought  
But that god purueyeth thyng that is to come  
For that it is to come/ & elles nought  
So myght I bene that thynges al & some  
That whylome ben byfalle & ouercome  
By cause of thylk souerayne purueaunce  
That forbode al withoute ignoraunce

And ouer al this yet sey I more thereto  
That ryght as when I wrote there is a thyng  
Yllys that thyng mote needfully be so  
Eke ryght so when I wrote a thyng comyng  
Soo mote it come/ & thus by byfallynge  
Of thynges that ben wyse byfore the tyme  
They maye not ben eschelyd on no tyme

Then sayd he thus almyghty Ioue in Throne  
That wost of al this thyng the sothfastnes  
Kelle on my sorow/ and doo me depe sone  
Or bryng Crespe & me from dyssewse  
And whyle he was in al this heynesse  
Dysputyng with hym self in this matre  
Come Pandare & sayde as ye shal here

O myghty god quod Pandarus in throne  
By who salve euer a wyse man fare so  
Why I wylus what thynkest thou to done  
Hast thou such lust to be thyne owne foo  
What parde/ yet nys not Crespe goo  
Why tyste the so thy self for to dede  
That in thyne hede thyn eyn semen dede

Hast thou not lyued many yere byforn  
Withoute hyr/ & ferd sul wele at ease  
Nyt thou for hyr/ and for none other bryn  
Hath kynd wrought the only for to please  
Here let see/ & thynk on thy dyscase  
That on the dysc ryght as there fallen charyas  
Kyght so in houe there come & goo plesaunce

And yet this is my wonder most of al  
Why þ thus sorowdest/ syth þ thou wost not yet  
Toldehyng hyr goyng how it shal falle  
Ne yf she can hyr seluen dyscourage it  
Thou hast not yet assayed al hyr wyte  
A man may al by tyme his necke dede  
Whyn it shal of/ & sorowben at nede

For thy take hede of that I shal the sey  
I haue with hyr y spoke/ and long y be  
Soo as acordyd was betwixt vs tvey  
And euermore me thynketh thus that she  
Hath somwhat in her hartes pryuate  
Wherbyth she can yf I shal ryght rede  
Dyscourage al this/ of which thou art in dede

For whiche my counseyl is when it is nyght  
Thou to hyr goo/ and make of this an ende  
And blyssful Juno thurgh his grete myght  
Shal as I hope hyr grace to the sende  
Myn hert seyth certayne/ she shal not wende  
And for thy put thyne hert a whyle in rest  
And hold this purpose/ for it is the best

This Troylus answered & syghed sore  
Thow seyst ryght welle/ & I wyl do ryght<sup>so</sup>  
And what hym lyst/ he sayd/ vnto hym more  
And when that it was tyme for to goo  
Ful pryncely hym self withouten moo  
Vnto hyr come/ as he was wonte to done  
And hold they wrouzt I shal you telle soone

Soth is when they gan first mete  
So ageyne the payne/ theyr hertes for to telyfe  
That neyther of hem other myght grete  
But hem in armes toke & after kyte  
The lasse woful of bothe hem nyte  
What for to done/ ne myzt one word out sayng  
As I sayde erst/ for wo/ & for sobbyng

The woful tere that they lete falle  
As bytter were out of tere's kynde  
For payne as is lignum aloes or galle  
Soo bytter tere's wepte not as I fynde  
The woful Myrra thurgh lark & rynde  
That in this world ther nys so hard an herte  
That ne wold haue relid on thair paynes smert

But when theyr woful livery ghostes abyene  
Returned hen there/ as they ought to dwelle  
And that somwhat to weyken gan theyr payne  
By lengthe of pleynt/ & eken gan the welle  
Of theyr hertes/ & the hert briswelle  
With broken boys al hoers for wo crespde  
So Troylus these ylike wordes seyde



O Ioue I dre/and mercy I beseech  
Help I troplus/and ther with al hys face  
Upon his brest she layde/ & lost speche  
Hys woful spryde from his proper place  
Ryght with the word/ alhey m wynt to pace  
And thus she lyeth with salbe pale & grene  
That whylome frasshe and fayrste was to sene

This Troplus that on hys gan beholde  
Cleppng hys name/as she lay for dede  
Withoute ansuer/ & felt hys lymes colde  
Hys eyen throlwen vplward m hys face  
This sorowful man can none other see  
Out of hys cold mouth he kysse  
Wher he was woo/gode & hym self it wisse

He kysse hym vp/ & long sturght hys leide  
For signe of lyf for ought he can or may  
Couth he none fynde/ for nothyng on eysende  
For which his song ful ofte was wele alwaye  
But when he salbe that specheles she lay  
With sorowful wyse/ & herte of blysse al fere  
He sayde holb she was fro this world y fere

Soo after that he had hys long amplyned  
His handes he wronge/ & sayde that it was to fere  
And with his arme hys brest he wryned  
He gan the arme wyppen of ful dre  
And pytously gan for the soule wrye  
And sayde O lord/ that set art n thy Throne  
Relbe on me/ for I shal folowe hys soone

She colde was withoute sentment  
For ought he wote herte ne felte he none  
And this was to hym pryncypaunt argument  
That she was forth oute of this world y gone  
And when he salbe there was none other bone  
He gan hys lymes dresse m such manere  
As men done them that shollen be leyde on bere

And after this with seerne & cruel herte  
His swerd out of his sheeth he tlypght  
Hym self to flee/ thow sore that hym smert  
Soo that his soule/ hir soule sofolbe myght  
There as the dome of Mynos wold it dryght  
Synth leue & cruel fortune it ne wold  
That in this world/ he longer lyue shold

Then sayde he thus fulfylled of hys desayne  
O cruel Ioue & thow fortune aduerse  
Thie al & som that ye falsely him slayne  
Escyde/ & synth ye may do no lbers  
If on your myght & werkes so dyuerse  
Thus cowardly shal ye me neuer lpyne  
There shal no wythe/ me from my lady tlypyne

For i this world/ synth ye haue hys slayne thus  
Wol lete & sofolbe hir swyfte folbe or hys  
Shal neuer Louer saye that Troilus  
Dare not for fere with his lady dre  
For certayne I wyll leue hir compaignie  
But synth ye wyll not suffre vs lyue hie  
Yet suffre that oure folbles len y fere

And thou cyte which that I lyue in woo  
And thou priamus/ & bretheren al in fere  
And thow moder fare wele/ for I goo  
And Antropos make redy thou my leue  
And thow Escyde/O swete hert dere  
Recyue now my swyfte wold he sey  
With swerd at hert ful redy for to deye

But as god wold of slyough she abyde  
And gan to sygh/ & to Troilus she cryde  
And he answered/lady myn Escyde  
Lyue ye yet/ & lete his swerd doune glyde  
Ye hert myne that thanked he Cuppe  
Quod she/ & ther with al she sore syght  
And he bygan to glade hys as he myght

Toke hyr in armes wo/ & kyst hyr oft  
And hyr to glade he dyde al his entent  
In which hyr gost that fflyeryd ay aloft  
In to hyr woful hert ageyne it went  
But at the last ryght as hyr eyen glent  
A spere anone she gan the swerd aspre  
As it lay bare/ & gan for to crye

And askyd hym why he it oute had draue  
And Troylus the cause anone hyr told  
And how hym self therewith he wold haue stalb  
For which Cresyde vpon hym gan behold  
And gan hym in hyr armes fast hold  
O mercy god/ she sayde/ so such a dede  
Alas how nyke we were tothe dede

Than yf I ne had spoke as grace was  
Ye wold hane slayn anon your self quod she  
Ye douteles/ & she ansuerd alas  
For by that ylike lord that made me  
I nold a furlong wey alyue haue be  
After your deth to haue be crowned quene  
Of al the world the sonne on shyneth shene

But with the self swerd which that hert is  
My self wold haue slayn quod she tho  
But how for we haue ryght ynowe of this  
And lette vs ryse/ & strenght to fed go  
And there lette vs speke of our wo  
For by the morter which I see hert brenne  
Enow we I full wel that daye is not for lenne

When they were a fed in armes fold  
Nought was it lyke the nyghtes there before  
For pryncely eche other gan behold  
As they that had al blyss y borne  
Wylwailynge ay the day that they were borne  
Tyl at the last this woful wyght Cresyde  
To Troylus these ylike wordes seyde



Lo hert myn welk Ibothe y this quod? she  
That yf a wyght allweye his wo compleyne  
And seeketh not hylt hylt for to be  
It mys but folp & encrease of payne  
And syth that hert assembled be the tibeys  
To fynde bothe of wo that we sen ynn  
It were al tyme soone to begynne

I am but a woman as ful welk y Ibothe  
And as I am aduysed? so depnly  
So wyl I telle it yow whyle it is hert  
Me thynketh thus that neythir y nor I  
Ought half this woo to make skilfully  
For there is art ynough for to redress  
That yet is mys & see this skynnesse

Soo this the wo that we sen ynn  
For ought I Ibothe/ for no thyng elles is  
But for by cause that we shal tibeys  
Consydered? al there is no more yllys  
But what is than a remedy vnto this  
But that we shawe vs sone for to mete  
This is al & som/ my dere hert swete

Nolb that shal I welk bryngen aboute  
To come sone ageyne aftir: I am go  
Not withstandyng the grekes grete route  
Doutyth not/ it must nedes be so  
By wrayf rsons more than one or tibo  
By al ryght/ & m wordys felwe  
I shal yow welk an lxx of lxxes shewe

For whiche I wyl not make long sermon  
For tyme y lost may not recouered? be  
But I wyl go to my conclusyon  
And to the best m that that I can see  
But for the loue of god foryeue it me  
If I speke ought ageynst your lxxes rest  
For trewely I speke it for the best

Makynge alwey a protestacyon  
That nold these wordes which that I shal seyn  
Nys but to shelve yow my maynour  
To fynde vnto yowre help the best wey  
And takyth it none other wyse I yow say  
For in effect/what so ye me comaunde  
That wyll I doo for that is no demaunde

Nold lengthe wele that ye haue vnderstonde  
My goynge grauntid is by parlement  
So forforth that it may not be wythstonde  
For al this world as by Iugement  
And syth there helpeth none aduysment  
To letten it/let it passen oute of mynde  
And lette vs shawe a better wey to fynde

Both is this the wyppynge of vs theryn  
Wylle vs dysse & greatly annoyne  
But hym helpeyth somtyme haue wyne  
That scripyth thus/yf that he wyll haue ioye  
And syth I shal noo further oute of Troye  
Thin I may yde ageyne in half a moorwe  
It ought the lesse causen vs to sorowe

Syth as I shal not ben hyd in melbe  
That day by day myn olde fere  
Syth wele ye wote it is nold a trelwe  
Ye shal ful wele al myn estate fere  
And or that trelwe is done I shal be fere  
And than haue ye sothe Anthenore wonne  
And me also/ be glad yf that ye conne

And thynk ryght thus Excuse is nold agone  
But when she shal come hastily ageyne  
And when alas/by god ryght fere anone  
Or dayes ten/this date I saufsly seyne  
And than at cist shal we be so feyn  
Soo as we shal to gyde euer dwelle  
That al the world ne myght our blysse telle

I see that ofte / there as we be nolb  
Is for the best our counseyl for to hyde  
Ye speke not with me nor I with you  
In fourtenyght ne see you go ne ryde  
May ye not ten dayes than abyde  
For myn honoure in such an aduenture  
I hope ye mow elles lytel endure

Ye knowe wel eke how al my kyn is here  
But yf that only it my fader be  
And eke myn other thynges al in fere  
And namely my dere hert ye  
Whome that I wolde leue for to see  
For al this world as wyde as it hath space  
Or elles see I neuer youe in the face

Why trouble ye my fader in this wyse  
Conceyting so to see me / but for drede  
Lest in this toun the folk me despyse  
By cause of hym for his unhappy dede  
What wote my fader what lyf I lede  
For eke he wyse in Troye how wele that I fare  
As nedyngh for my wending no thyng to care

Ye see eke that euery day more e more  
Men trete of pces / e it supposyd is  
That men the quene Heleyn shollen restore  
And grekes vs restore that is amys  
So e there nere comfort / none but this  
That men purpose pces on euery syde  
Ye may the better at ease of hert abyde

For yf that it be pces / so myn hert drede  
The nature of the pces must nedes dryue  
That men must entrecomune in fere  
And to e fro eke goo e ryde as blyue  
Al day as theyk / as ten from the hyue  
And euery wyght haue lytelle to bleue  
Where as hym lyt the bet without leue



And though so be that peas may be none  
Yet hyder though neuer ne peas were  
I must come/ for whider shold I gone  
Or hold myschaunce shold I dwelle there  
Among the men of armes in fere  
For whiche as wysly god my soule rede  
I can not see wherof ye shold drede

Haue here another way yf it so be  
That al this thyng ne may not yold suffice  
My fader as ye knowen wel pade  
Is old/ & old is ful of couetyse  
And I ryght now haue founde al the gyfte  
Withoute net/ wherwith I shal hym hent  
And herkeneth hold yf ye wyl assent

Too Troylus men seyn that hard it is  
The wether from the wolf hole to saue  
This is to saye/ that men ful oft yldys  
More spende part the remenaunt to saue  
For ay with gold/ men may the hart graue  
Of hym that sette is vpon couetyse  
And hold I mene I shal yold now deuse

The meoble whiche I haue in this tolne  
Unto my fader/ shal I take and seyn  
That ryght for trust and sauacyon  
It sente is from a frende of his or thers  
The whiche frende feruently hym praye  
To sende after more/ & that in hys  
Whyle that this Tolne stant thus in jeopardy

And that shal be an huge quantite  
This shal I seyn but lesse than folk espyde  
This may be sent by no wyght but by me  
I shal it shewe yf peas be tyde  
What frendys that I haue on eyther syde  
Toward the court to do the lymthe pade  
Of Pryamus & done hym stonde in grace

Soo that for one thyng/ or for other my stode  
I shal hym so enchanten with my salbes  
That ryght in truene his folwe shal he mete  
For al Apollo & his clerkes salbes  
Or calculyng auayleth not thre salbes  
Desyre of gold? shal soo his lert blend?  
That as me lyst I shal wel make an ende

And yf he bold? ought by his sort prue  
If that I lye in certayn I shal fynde  
Dystourben hym & plucken hym by the sleue  
Marryng his sorte & leryng hym on honde  
He hath not wel the goddes vnderstonde  
For goddes speken in Amphibolyges  
And for one sooth they make twenty lyes

Like drede fond? fyrst goddes I suppose  
Thus shal I sey/ and? that his colward? lert  
Made hym amys the goddes tye to glose  
When he for feire oute of Delphos gan stert  
And but I make hym sone to conuert  
And? do my wde within a day or thwey  
I wyl to yow oblyge me to day

And? trewely y wryten as I fynde  
That al this thyng was sayd? of good? entent  
And? that hys lert trewe was & kynde  
Colward hym & spak ryght as she ment  
And that she starf for wo? ny when she went  
And? was in purpos euer to sen trewe  
Thus wryten they that of hys lerts kene

This Troilus with lert & wde spradd  
Herd al this thyng deuyd to & fro  
And? berly hym semed? that he had?  
The self wyl? but yet to let hys goo  
His lert mysforgaue hym euermo  
But fynally he gan his lert wryte  
To taise hys & took it for the best

For which the grette fure of his penaunce  
Was queynt with hope / & therewith hym ful bene  
Began for ioye the amorous daunce  
And as the hyrdes when the sonne is shene  
Delytan in her song in the leues grene  
Myght so the wordes that they spak in fre  
Delyted hym & made thei heres cleere

But netheres the wending of Cursed  
For al this world may not oute of his mynde  
For which ful ofte ful ppyrly he purnde  
That of hyr lere he myght hyr talke spende  
And seide unto yf ye ben vnkynde  
And but ye come at that day set in Troye  
He shal I neuer haue his honoure ne ioye

For also soth as sonne ys a motowbe  
And god so wysly thow me woful wretch  
To wte me byng oute of this cruel sorowbe  
I wyl my self yf that ye wretch  
Out of my deth though spall be to wretch  
Yet or that ye causen me so to smert  
Dyvelles lere rather myn olde deth wret

He: twelvelf myn olde lady deth  
The slepyng that I haue lerd yow seer  
Ful shaply be to fallen al in feer  
For soth is sayd what thynketh the lere  
Yet al another thynketh his lere  
Yowre fader is wyse / & sayde is oute of deth  
Men may the wyse at tyme / but not at need

It is ful hard / to falten vnaspyd  
Wyfere a Cypul / for he can the craft  
Yowre fader is in slepyng / as argue is cryd  
For al be that his meoble be hym betwyt  
His old slepyng yet ben with hym last  
Ye shal not bynde hym for yowre womans deth  
He feyne a ryght / & that is al my deth



I note yf ptes shal euermo fityde  
But ptes or no/for earnest ne for game  
I note syth Eddas on the garkys syde  
Hath ones ben andy lost so foule his name  
He dare nomore come hre ageyne for shame  
For which that they for ought I can espye  
To truse vpon nys but a fantasie

Ye shal eke see your fader shal polb ghyse  
To be a wyf/ & as he can wel vrecche  
He shal som greke so pryse so hye a luse  
That mysssen he shal polb with his speche  
Or doo polb doo by force/as he shal trelke  
And Troilus of whome he nyl haue routhie  
So causeles shal steme in his trowthie

Andy ouer al this your fader shal despyse  
We all and sey this Cytte nys but lern  
Andy that the syge neuer shal aryse  
For why the garkes hane it al y sworn  
Eyl we ben slayn/ & doune our wallys tow  
Andy thus he shal polb with his wordes fere  
That ay drede I/ & he shal belyue there

Ye shal eke see soo many a lusey knyght  
Among the garkes ful of worthynesse  
Andy eke of theym with firt wyf & myght  
To plese polb wyf doo al theyr lesynesse  
That he shal duke of the madnesse  
Of Be Cely Troilus/ but yf that routhie  
Remorde polb of vertu & of your trowthie

Andy thus to me so greuous is to thynke  
That fro my lase it wyf my folle wende  
He drades in me there can not spynke  
A good owynyon yf that he wende  
For why your faders slenghtes wyf be shende  
And yf he gone as I haue to polb pore  
So thynk I nam but drede withouten more

For which with humble trewe & pious hert  
A thousand tymes mercy I yow pray  
Soo wyllyth vpon myn aspye pyntes smert  
And doeth somwhat as I shal yow se  
And lette be seke alwey bytvene be lye  
And thynk that folp is when a man may chuse  
For accident his substaunce ay to lese

I mene thus that syth ye molde no day  
Wele seke alwey/ and be togyder soo  
What were it to put in assay  
In case ye shold vnto yowr fader go  
If that ye myght come ageyne or no  
Thus thynketh me it were a grette folp  
To put that speknes in to ieopardye

And vulgarky to speke of substaunce  
Of treasure may be both with be lye  
Vnough to spue in honoure & plesaunce  
Tyl in to tyme that be shal be dede  
And thus be may eschewe al this drede  
For euery other lye ye can recorde  
Myn lre plys may therewith not acorde

And hardely/ne carpyth no pouert  
For I haue kyn & frendes elles wher  
That though be come in our bare shert  
We shold neyther lack gold ne gete  
But ben honoured whyle be dwelleyn there  
And go be anone/ for after myn entent  
This is the best yf that ye wyl assent

Crespe hym with a speke ryght in this wyse  
Ansuerd plys/ myn dert hert trewe  
We may wele alwey as ye dwyse  
Or fynde suche vnthryfty lyes nelbe  
But afterward ful soone it wold be telbe  
As kep me god at my last nede  
Al causeles ye suffre al this drede

For thylke day that I for cherysshynge  
Or drede of fader or of other lypght  
Or for estate delpte or for lveddynge  
Be fals to polb my Troylus my knyght  
Saturnus doughter Iuno thurgh her myght  
As woode as Adamaunt/doo me dwelle  
Eternally with sepy in the pyt of helle

And? this on euery god celestial  
I swere it polb/and eke on eke goddesse  
On euery nymphe/ & depte infernal  
On Satyrp and Fauny/more & lesse  
That half goddes ten of lypdernesse  
And Antropos my threde of lyp to tresp  
If I be fals noib twolbe me yf ye lest

And? tholb Synops that as an arelbe clere  
Thurgh Iwre rennest dounward to the see  
Were lypnesse of this word that sayde is here  
That yllke day that I vntrelbe be  
To Troylus myn olbne lert fr  
That thou retorne backward? to thy welke  
And? I with body & soule synke to helle

But that ye speke albey thus for to goo  
And leue al polbre frendes/ god? forbode  
For ony woman that ye holden so  
And? namely syth Iwre hath noib such new  
Of lyp/ & eke of one thyng? taketh hede  
If this were lypse/my lyp lay in balaunce  
And? your honour/god shuld be frd myschance

And yf soo be that yees strafter take  
As al day happyth/after angre game  
What lord the sorolbe & woo ye wold make  
That ye ne durst come ageyne for shame  
And er that ye reopart/soo poure name  
Be not to hasty in this old fare  
For hasty man wantythy neuer care



What trolbe ye eke / that peple here aboute  
Wold of it say / it is ful lycht to rede  
They wol sey / & sberre it oute of doute  
That loue ne droue yow to do that dede  
But luste voluptuous & colbard dede  
Thus were al lost / yllys myn hert dede  
Yowre honoure whiche that nold shyneth so clere

And also thynketh on myn honeste  
That scholbrith yet / how foule shold I it shende  
And with what fylth it spottyd shold be  
If in this forme with yow I shold wende  
He though I lyued vnto the worldys ende  
My name shold I neuer ageynward bypne  
Thus were I lost / & that were wylthe & synne

And for to see with reason al this lye  
Men seyn the suffraunt ouercomyth payde  
Also who wol haue lye / lye more lye  
Thus maketh vertu of necessity  
By patience & thynk that lord is he  
By fortune / ay that wyl not wete  
And she ne daunteth but a wretche

And talsyth this that art to hert swete  
O: Plebeus suster Eucyna the sheene  
The syon passe oute of this Arre  
I wyl be here withoute ony bene  
I bene as lye me Juno beuenees quene  
The tenth day / but yf that deyn maye  
I wyl yow seen withoute ony fayle

And nold so this be trolbe / quod I wylue  
I shal wele suffer vnto the tenth day  
Syth that I see / neede it more be thus  
But for the loue of god / yf it be may  
Soo lette be seke pryncely alway  
For euer in one / as for to lye in rest  
Myn hert seyth / that it wold be the best

O mercy god what lyf is this quod she  
Alas ye see me thus with twayne  
I see welk nold that ye mystausten me  
For by your wordes it is welk y seen  
Nold for the loue of Sathepa the sheue  
Mystaust me not thus causeles for wouth  
Sith to be trewe I haue pleght yowd my trowth

Ande thynketh welk that somtyme it is wyg  
To spende a tyme ryght for to bypne  
He parde horn am I not from yowd yet  
Though he be a day or elbood a tlypne  
Dryue out the fantasys yowd withpne  
Ande tauseyth me / 2 leupth eke your serolbe  
O: here my trowth I wyf not hie to merolbe

For yf ye wyf holt fore it dothe me smert  
Ye wold case of this for god thou wost  
The your spryde weyeth in my sert  
To see yowd there that I loue moost  
Ande that I motte goo to the greke host  
Ye net that I wyf a remedye  
To come ageyne / ryght here wold: I dre

But arde I nam not so nyx a wyght  
That I ne can wel pmygne a weye  
To come ageyne that day that I haue wyght  
For who may holde a thyng that wol alweye  
My fader nought for al this queynt pape  
Ande by my thyrt my wending oute of Troye  
Another day shall come us al to ioye

For thy with al myn sert I yowd byselle  
If that ye lyf doo ought for my prayere  
Ande for that loue / which I haue yowd eke  
That or I departe from yowd sert  
That of soo good comfort 2 chere  
I may yowd see that I may bypne at tise  
Myn sert which that is my pynt to tise

And ouer al this I pray yow quod she tho  
Myn olde lertres / sothfust suffysaunce  
Synth I am thynne al hole withouten mo  
The whyple that I am absent that no plesaunce  
Of other do me from youre remembraunce  
For why I am curd agast / for why men rede  
Loue is thyn / & ay ful of besy dede

For in this world there lyueth lady none  
If that ye were vntrewe as god defende  
That so betrayed were / or wooe bygone  
And I that al trouthe in yow entende  
And doutles ys that I other wende  
I nere but dede / & or ye can so fynde  
For goddes loue so keth not to me vnkynde

To this answerd Troilus & seyde  
Holv god to us he is no cause y why  
Me glad as wys I neuer to trespasse  
Synth thylk day I salbe hyr fyrst with ey  
Was false / ne neuer shal / tyl that I dye  
At short wordes wel ye may me leue  
I can no more / it shal be founde at proue

Gramercy good lert myn quod she  
And blyssful Venus let me neuer sterue  
Or I may stonde in plesaunce of agree  
To quyte hym wel that so wel can d. fyne  
And whyple that god my wylt wyl me cōseue  
I shal so done so trewe I shue yow founde  
That ay honoure to me ward shal rebounde

For trustyth wel that youre estate royal  
No kynne desyre / nor only worthynesse  
Of yow in lertre / ne tourney martial  
Nor pompe array / nobley or eke Ryckesse  
He made me to trewe vpon youre dyscesse  
But moral vertu groundyd vpon trouthe  
That was the cause I had fyrst on yow trouthe



Eke gentyl hert/and? manhode that ye find?  
And that ye had? as me thynketh in despyte  
Euery thyng/ that solued? in to bad  
As aduessa and? proplyss? & appetyte  
And? that your reason bypde? your delyte  
This made me aboue euery creature  
That I was your/ & shal whyle I may dure

And? this may lengthe of reue not for doo  
Ne remuabte fortune deface  
But Iuppter/that of his myght may doo  
Ye fowlsful to be glad/soo yue so grace  
Or nyghtes ten to meten in this place  
Soo that it may/myn hert & your suffyse  
And fare ye wele/tyme is that ye ryse

But after that they loue pleynd find?  
And? I kyste/and? seynt in armed fold?  
The day gan ryse/and? I wylus hym clady  
And? rebfully his lady gan bypold?  
As he that felt/dethes tere cold  
And? to hys grace/he gan hym reomaunde  
Whether he was woo/thus hold I no demaunde

For mannes herte ymagyne ne can  
Ne nentendement conspyde/ne tonge telle  
The cruel pynea/of this woful man  
That passyn euery torment down in hille  
For when he salbe/the myght not dwelle  
Whiche that his solde/oure of his hert rent  
Withoute more/he oute of the chambre went

Here endyth the Fourth booke

And? begynneth the Fyfte

a  
Crocken gan þ fatal day of despyne  
That Iouis hath in his dysposycon  
And to you angry parties sustere thre  
Commytted to doo anone execution  
For whiche Crespe must oute of the toun  
And Troilus shal dwelle/forth in pyne  
Tyl lachryms his threde no longer twayne

The gold tressyd Achilles hys on lost  
Shyned had with his beames clere  
The snowes molt/ & Zephyrus as oft  
P brought ageyne the lusty leues grene  
Synth that the sone of Hecuba the quene  
Wogan to keue hys fyrst/for whome his sorow  
Was al/that she depart shold a morow

Ful redy was at prync Dyomedes  
Crespe unto the grekes host to lede  
For sorowe/of whiche she felt hys hart blede  
As she that nyght/what was best to rede  
And trewely as men in bookes rede  
Men wyse neuer woman haue more care  
He was so both/oute of a towne to fare

This Troilus withoute rede or lore  
As a man that hath his ioyes eke forlore  
Was waytyng on his lady euermore  
As she/that the sothfast crop & more  
Of al his lust/or ioyes here before  
But Troilus/nolde fare wele al thyng  
For shalt thou neuer/see hys est in Troy

Sothe is whyle that he lode in this manere  
He gan his woo ful manly for to hyde  
That wele vnnethe/it seen was in his chere  
But at the gate/there she shold oute ryde  
With certeyn folk he bound hys to hyde  
So woo hygo/ al wold he not compleyne  
That on his hors vnnethe he sat for pyne

For yet he quoke/so gan his hert gnalbe  
When Dyomedes/on hore hym gan dresse  
And sayd: to hym self this yll salbe  
Alas quod he/thus folle & wretchednesse  
Why suffre I it/why nyl I it redresse  
Were it not bet at ones for to dye  
Than euermore in langoure/thus for to dye

Why nyl I make at ones ryght & poure  
To haue ynough to doo/or that she go  
Why nyl I brynge al Troie in Rour  
Why nyl I slee this Dyomedes also  
Why nyl I rather with a man or elbo  
Steale hys albey/why wil I thus endure  
Why nyl I helpe/to myn olde cure

But why he nold doo so fel a dede  
That that I sey/& why he lyst to spare  
He had in hert albey a maner dede  
Lest that Cresyde in rumour of this fare  
Shold haue ben slayn/so thus was al his care  
And elles certeyn/as I saide ore  
He had it done withoute wordes more

Cresyde when she redy was to ride  
Ful sorowfully she sighte/& saide alas  
But forth she mote/for ought that may betide  
There nys none other remedye in this caas  
And forth she rode ful sorowfully a paas  
What wonder is/though hir sore smert  
When she forgoth/hir olde dert hert

This Troilus in wise of curtesye  
With halbe on hond/& with an huge volute  
Of knyghtes rode/& dide hir compaignie  
Passing alle the valeys fere withoute  
And further wold haue ride/oute of doute  
Ful fayne/& woo was hym to goo so soone  
But ryght with that was Antenor y gone



But turne he must/ & eke it was to done  
Out of the grece hoost & euerp myght  
Was of it glad/ & sayd he was welcume  
And Troilus nere al his hert lpyght  
He pynded hym with al his ful myght  
Hym to withold of weppng at the leste  
And Anthenor/ he kyste & made frese

And heere with al/ his ladyes leue to take  
He cast his eye vpon hys pryauely  
And nere he rode/ his cause for to make  
To take hys by the hond/ al sekyly  
And heere she gan wepe tenderly  
And he ful soft/ stely gan hys sepe  
Nolde hold your day/ & do me not to dre

With that his coursour/ turned he aboute  
With face pale/ & vnto Dyomedes  
No word he spak/ ne none of al his tute  
Of which the sone of Pryamus took hede  
As he that couthe more than his tute  
In such a craft/ & by the wyne hys lent  
And Troilus to Troy homeward went

This Dyomedes that led hys by the byde  
When that he salve the folke of Troy albere  
Thought al my labour shal not be in pte  
If that I may/ for somwhat shal I sepe  
For at the last yet/ it may short our wepe  
I haue herd sepe eke/ tyme & thure & lue  
He is a foole that wyl forget hym selue

But notheles thus/ thought he wel ynough  
That treply/ I am aboute nought  
If that I speke of lue/ or make it tough  
For douteke ys she haue in hys thought  
Hym that I gesse/ he may not be y brought  
So soone alwey/ but I shal fynde a mene  
That she not yet shal wote what I mene

This Dyomedes as he that couthe his good  
When tyme was / gan falle forth in speche  
Of this & that & asked why she stood  
In such dysse / & gan hyr byseeke  
That yf he encre myght or cke  
With ony thyng / hyr ease that she wolde  
Comaunde it hym / & he doo it wolde

For treweþe he swore hyr as a knyght  
That ther nas thyng with which he mygt hyr please  
That he nyl do his lert & al his myght  
To doo it / for to doo hyr lert an ease  
And prayd hyr she wolde hyr aprise  
And sayd yllys we grekes conne haue ioye  
To honour polus as thele / as folk of Troye

He sayd eke thus / I wote ye thynke it strange  
No wonder is for it is to polus nelbe  
Theracquyntaunce of these Troians for to change  
For folk of grece / that ye neuer knelbe  
But wold neuer god / but that as trewe  
A greke ye myght among be alle fynde  
As ong Troian is & eke as kynde

And by cause I swore polus ryght noll  
To be your frend / & helpe to my myght  
And for the more acquyntaunce eke of polus  
Haue I had than another straunge wyght  
Soo fro this forth I pray polus day & nyght  
Comaundyth me to doo for that I smert  
To doo al that may lyke vnto your lert

And that ye me wold as for your broder trete  
And takyth not my frendshipp in despyte  
And thouz your sorowes ben for thynges grete  
Note I not why / but oute of more respyte  
My lert hath to amende it grete delyte  
And yf I may your harmes not redresse  
I am ryght sorowful for your feynesse

For though þe Troians be with þe grekes broȝt  
Haue many a day/ & ben yet parde  
O god of loue syth we seruen bothe  
And for the loue of god my lady free  
Whome so ye hate/ ne be not broȝt with me  
For trewely there can no bygȝt polde serue  
That halt so both youre wrath wold deserue

And nere it that we ben so nye the tent  
Of Calcas which that see be bothe may  
I wold of this nobl take al myn entent  
But this enscaled shal be tyl another day  
Peue me youre hand/ I am & shal be ap  
God helpe me so whyle that my lyf may dure  
Your olue aboue ony creature

Thus sayd I neuer or nold to women born  
For god myn hert as byssly glad soo  
I loued neuer woman here byfor  
As peramour ne neuer shal no moo  
And for the loue of god be not my foo  
Al can I not to polde my lady dre  
Compleyne a ryght/ for I am yet to lere

And wondryth not myn olue lady cryght  
Though þe I speke of loue to polde thus blyue  
For I haue herd of this of many a bygȝt  
That souyd thyng/ he neuer salbe his lyue  
For I am not of polber for to stryue  
Agaynst god of loue but hym oþer  
I wyl alwey/ & of mercy yeld pryue

There ben so worthy knyghtes in this place  
And ye so fayre that eueryche of hem alle  
Wylle wyen hem to stond in youre grace  
But myght me so fayre a grace falle  
That ye me for your seruaunt wold calle  
So wylvely ne so trewely wold serue  
Nyl none of hem as I shal tyl I sterue



Cursyd Into that purpoos lytel ansuerd  
As she that was with sorowbe oppressyd so  
That in effect she nought his tales herd  
But here & there / now here a word or two  
Hyr thought hyr sorowful hert breste a two  
For when she gan hyr fader see aspre  
Wels nyght doune of hyr hors she gan to sye

But netheles she thanked Dyomedes  
Of al his trauayle & his good chere  
And that hym lyst his frendshyp hyr to kepe  
And she acceptynge it in good manere  
She wold do fayne / that is hym lyf & dere  
And trustyn hym she wold & wels she myght  
As seyde she / & from hyr hors she lyght

Hyr fader hath hyr in his armes nome  
And twenty tyme he kyssed his doughter swete  
And seyde dere doughter myn welcome  
She sayde she was feryn with hym to mete  
And stode forth myght & mansuewre  
And thus I leue hyr with hyr fader dwelle  
And forth I wyll of Troylus yow telle

To Troye is come this woful Troylus  
In sorowbe aboue al sorowbes smert  
With felon loke & face despytous  
And sodenly doune from his hors he stert  
And thurgh his palays with a swollen hert  
To chambre went / of nothyng toke he lere  
For none durst to hym speke a word for drede

And there his sorowbes that he spard had  
He gaue an yssue large / and with he cryed  
And in his throlbes frenkyll sore & mad  
He cursyd Juno Appollo & eke Cupyd  
He cursyd Ceres Bacchus / and Cypryd  
His byrthe / hym self & eke nature  
And saue his lady / euery creature

To bed he goth/ halibyth there e turnyth  
In fure/as doeth he Jeyoun in alle  
And in this wyse/kyng hit day forourmeth  
But tho began his hert/a lytel vnstabelle  
Thurgh terys/whiche gan by to welke  
And ppyously he cryed: vpon Carseyde  
And to hym self rpyght thus he spak e seyd

Where is myn olde lady lye e lye  
Where is hyr whyte best/where is if lyeth  
Where ben hyr armes/and hyr eyen cleer  
That yster nyght this tyme lyth me there  
Nolw may I lye alone many a tere  
And graspe aboute I may but in this place  
Saue a ppylbe I fynde none to embrace

Holw shal I doo when shal she come ageyne  
I not alas why let I hyr goo  
As wold god I had as tho be slayn  
O kyt myn Carseyde e swete foo  
O lady myn that I loue e no moo  
To whome for euermore myn kyt I wolbe  
See holw I dye/ye lyf not me rescolbe

Who seeth nolw nolw my rpyght lye: sterte  
Who syt rpyght nolw or stant in yourre presence  
Who can comfort nolw yourre lere lere  
Nolw I am goo/who reueth nolw and yner  
Who speketh for me nolw in myn absence  
Alas no lyght/: that is al my care  
For wel: I wote as euyl as I ye fere

Holw shal I thus ten dayes ful endure  
When I the fyre nyght haue al this tere  
Holw shal ye doo sorrowful creature  
For tynnyng holw shal ye eke sustene  
Such woo for me/holw ppyous pale e grene  
Shal be yourre fressh womanky face  
For longyng or ye come in to this place

And when he felle in ony slumberinges  
Anone begynne he shold to growne  
And dreme of ryght dreadful thynges  
That nyght/as mete that he were alone  
In place horrible makinge ap his mone  
Or metyn that he was amonges alle  
His enemyes/ & in her bondes falle

And therewith al his body shold fere  
And with the fere al sodenly awake  
And such a crumpe feele aboute his fere  
That of the fere his body shold quake  
And therewith al/ he holde a noyse make  
And seme as though he shold falle dowe  
From hys aloft/ and than he wold wepe

And telbe on hym self so pytously  
That wonder was to here his fantasie  
Another tyme he shold myghtely  
Comfort hym self/and sepe it was folp  
So causeles such dredys for to dre  
And after begynne his aspre sorowles nelbe.  
That euery man myght on his sorowles telbe

Who couthe telle a nyght or ful descreue  
His woo his pleynt/his langour & his pyne  
Not al the men that haue or ben alpyne  
Thow wether mayst ful wel thy self dypne  
That such a woo my lyf can not despyne  
On ydel shold I wyte it with ynke  
Wen that my lyf is lery'it to thy nke

On Arcene the sterres were y sene  
Al though ful pale wozen was the mone  
And whyten gan the oryfount shene  
Al Eselbard as it is wonte to done  
And Phelus with his rosy cart soone  
Gan after that to dresse hym vp to fare  
When Troylus hath sent after pandare



This Pandare that of al day byforn  
He myght haue come Troplus to see  
And though on his herte he had it sworn  
For with kyng Priamus al day was he  
Soe that it lay not in his lyberte  
Nolwhe to goo/ but on the morow he went  
To Troplus wher that he for hym sent

For in his hert he couthe wel dyspyne  
That Troplus al nyght for sorowle woke  
And that he wold telle hym of his pyne  
This knelwe he ryght wele withoute booke  
For whiche to his chabre the ryght lere he toke  
And Troplus tho soothly he grette  
And on the bed ful soone he gan hym sette

My Pandare quod Troplus the sorowle  
Whiche that I dye/ e may not long endure  
I trolwe I shall not lyue ty to morowle  
For whiche I wold allweys in aduenture  
To the deuse of my sepulture  
The fourme e of my meoke thow dyspone  
Ryght as the semeth best is for to done

But of the furre e flabmes funeraill  
In whiche my body lerne shal to gleede  
And of the fest e playes palestra  
At my bygyles I pray take good hede  
That that he wele and offre mars my stede  
My swerd/ myn helme/ e lye broder dore  
My shelde to pallas geue that shyneth clere

The poude in whiche myn hert bent shal towe  
That pray I the thou take/ e it conserue  
In a vessel that men clepye an vne  
Of gold to my lady that I serue  
For loue of whome thus prouously I serue  
So geue it hyr e doo me this plesaunce  
To pray hyr to kepe it for a remembraunce

For wele I feele by my maladye  
And by my dremes/ nold & yore ago  
Al certaynly that I mote nedes dye  
The Oble eke whiche that hyght Escaphys  
Hath after me shryght/ al these nyghtes tboo  
And god Mercurye nold of me woful wretche  
The solle guyde/ & When ye lyst it fetch

Pandare ansberd & sayd O Troylus  
My dere frend/ as I haue told the yore  
That it is folp for to sorowe thus  
And causeles/ for whiche I can no more  
But who so wyl not trolben rede ne fore  
I can not see in hym no remedye  
But let hym worche with his fantasie

But Troylus I praye the telle me nold  
If thow wote or this ony wyght  
Hath buyd/ peramour as wele as thow  
Ye god wote/ & from many a worthy knyght  
Hath his lady ken a fourtenyght  
And he not yet made haluendse the fare  
What ned is the to maken al this care

Syth day by day thou mayst thy self see  
That from his loue/ or elles from his wyf  
A man mote tlypne of necessitye  
Ye though he loue hyr/ as his owne lyf  
And though byt bene yowb there neuer no feaf  
For wele thou wost my lyf growde dere  
That allbey frendys may not ken y feir

Wold done these folk that seen her loues wedded  
Wy frendys myght/ as it letyd/ ful oft  
And seen hem in her spouses bed y beddyd  
God wote they take it wylsely fayre & soft  
Withoute wordes or sholbyng oute aloft  
And for they conne a tyme of sorow endure  
As tyme hem hurt/ tyme wyl hem reure

So shalt thou endure & lette styde  
The tyme/ & founde to be glad & lycht  
Ten dayes is not so longe to abyde  
And syth she to come hath lycht  
She nyl hyr best breke for no lycht  
For drede not but she wyl fynde a wey  
To come agayne my lycht that dare I lycht

Thy sweuene is eke/ & al such fantasie  
Dyue out & lette hym goe to myschaunce  
For though they trowe of thy Melancolye  
That doeth the fele in slepe al this penaunce  
Stralbe for al thy sweueneis sygnyspanne  
God helpe me so/ I comyt hym not at a kene  
There wote noman a ryght what dreames mene

For presyde of the temple taken this  
That dreames ben the reuelacions  
Of goddes/ & as welk they telle pbyes  
That they ben infernal illusyons  
And lettes seyn that of compl. yons  
Proceden they of fastyng or glotony  
Who wote in soth what they sygnifye

Eke other seyn that furdur impressyons  
As yf a lycht hath faste a thyng in mynde  
That therof come such dysyons  
And other seyn as they in booke synde  
That after tymes of the yere by kynde  
Men dreame & that the effect goth by the mone  
But leue no dreame syth it is not to done

Welle worth of dreames al these old wyues  
And trewely angury of these folles  
For ferre/ wylow men bene to lese their lyues  
As rauene qualme/ & shrykyng of these oules  
To twolven on it/ fals & foule is  
Alas alas that so noble a creature  
As is a man shold drede such ordure



For which with al myn herte I the beseech  
Vnto thy self/al this thou forgiue  
Andt ryls noli by withoute more speche  
And let vs case hold forth may lest bedryue  
This tyme & eke/hold fresshly we may lyeue  
Whan that the comyth that shal be ryght soone  
God helpe me soo/this thynk me best to done

Ryls let vs speke/of lusey lye in Troye  
That we hane had/& forth this tyme dryue  
Andt eke of tyme comyng/as of iore  
That bynges shal oure blysse/noli so lyeue  
And langour of these/ thyres dayes fyue  
We shuln therwith/so foryet oure oppresse  
That wele vnnethe/it shal do vs durrese

This towne is ful of lordys al aboute  
And trelles lasteth/al this mene whyle  
Goo we pley vs/in som lusey route  
To Sardexdon/not fens but a myle  
And thus thow shalt/the tyme wel begyle  
Andt dryue it forth/vnto thy blyssful morowle  
That thou hys see/that is cause of thy sorowle

Noli ryls/my dere broder Troylus  
For certeyne none honour/is to the  
To wepe/& in thy bed to wolden thus  
For trelvely of one thyng/trust thow me  
If thou thus lygge/a day twoo or thre  
The folk wyl saye/that thow for cowardyse  
Thou feynest the seke & darst not aryse

This Troylus answered/O broder dere  
This knowen folk/that han suffred payne  
That though he wepe & make sorowful chere  
That felty harme/andt smert in euery wyne  
No wonder is though that I euer pleyne  
O: alibey wepe I am no thyng to blame  
Synth I haue lost/the cause of al my game

But sitth of fyn force I must arise  
I shal arise as soone as euer I maye  
And god to whome myn herte I sacrifice  
So send vs hastely now the tenth daye  
For was there neuer folle so fayne of maye  
As I shal be when she comyth in Troye  
That cause is of my torment/ & my Joye

But whyder is thy wde quod Troylus  
That we pley vs may best in this towne  
My counseyl is by god/quod pandarus  
To ryde & pley vs with Sarpedon  
So long of this they speken vp & down  
Tyl Troylus at the last gan assent  
To ryse/ & forth to Sarpedon they went

This Sarpedon/as he that honourable  
Was euer his lyf/ & ful of hys largesse  
With al that myght serued he at table  
That daynt was/al cost it grete ryche  
He fed hem day by day/that such nollesse  
As sayden bothe the more & eke the lesse  
Was neuer seen or wyse at any feste

Nor in this world there nys none instrument  
Delyte of songe/or touche of corde  
As fer/as any wyght hath euer went  
That tonge telle/or hert may recorde  
That at the feste/it nas herd a corde  
Of ladyes eke so fayre a companye  
On daunces as tho/was none seen with eye

But what awaylth this to Troylus  
That for his sorowe no thyng of it wought  
For euer in one/his hert pytuous  
Ful k. j. ply & respyde his lady sought  
On hys was euer/al that his hert thought  
Now this now that/so fast ymagynyng  
That glad pleye can hym no festenyng

These ladies that at the feste been  
Sith that he salbe his lady was albere  
It was his sorowbe/ vpon him to sene  
Or for to lere/ Instrumentes plepe  
For she that of his hert bare the kepe  
Was absent/ soo this was his fantasie  
That no wyght shold make mldodre

For there nas houre/ in the day nor nyght  
When he was there/ that no man myght hym lere  
That he so sayde/ O blyssful lady bryght  
Holt haue ye fare/ sith that ye were here  
Welcome yllys myn olde lady dere  
But wele albe/ al this nas but a mase  
Fortune his houe/ entendyd set to glase

The letters eke/ that she of old tyme  
Had hym sent/ he wold anone rede  
And ofte settyt/ none & myne  
Respyrnyng hyr shap/ & for womanfode  
Withyn his hert/ & euery word & dede  
That passed was/ & thus he droof to an ende  
The fourth day with Pandare his frende

And sayd/ myne brother Pandarus  
Entendyst thou/ that we shal lere byleue  
Til Sarpedon forth wyl conuey us  
Yet were it fayrer that we took our leue  
For goddes loue/ let us soone at eue  
Oure leue take/ and home let us torne  
For trevels I nyl not thus sojourne

Pandare ansuerd/ he we comen hyder  
To fetch us up & torne home ageyne  
God helpe me soo/ I can not telle it hyder  
We myght gone/ yf I shal sothly seyne  
There ony wyght/ is of us more feyn  
Than Sarpedon/ & yf ye lene hye  
Thus socht I/ I hold it vylenge



Wryth that we sayde/the wold blawe  
With hym a wyke/and noll thus sochtly  
The fourth day take of hym our leue  
He wold wonder/on it twelvety  
Let us forth hold/our purpose firmly  
And wryth that he bryghte hym for to abyde  
Hold forwarde noll/and after let us ryde

This pandarus with al pyne & woo  
Made hym to dwelle/& at the wykes ende  
Of Sarpedon they took hyr leue tho  
And on they way they sped hem to bende  
Quod Troilus/noll lord me grette sende  
That I may fynde/at myn home comyng  
Cressyde y come/& therewith he gan senge

Pe lasyl woode quod this Pandar  
And to hym self ful softly he seide  
God wote wrythde/may thy herte fure  
O: Calas sende to Troilus Cressyde  
But netheles he sayde thus & pleide  
And wote yllys/his hart hym thus bryght  
He wold come as soone as he myght

Whan they vnto the paleys wete y comen  
Of Troilus/they dwene of hys almyght  
And to the chambere the wyke haue they comen  
And in to tyme/that it gan to nyght  
They speke al of Cressyde the bryght  
And after this/whan hem tothe lyste  
They sped hem from solowr vnto rest

On mercolbe as sone/as day began to cleere  
This Troilus gan of his slepe to abyde  
And to Pandarus his olde brother deere  
For leue of god/ful pytously he seide  
As goo we see the paleys of Cressyde  
For wryth we yet may haue no more feste  
Soe let us see hyr paleys at the laste

And therewith al hys meyne for to blende  
A cause he fond in Tolbne for to goo  
And to Ctespde hous they gan to wende  
But lord this ely Troilus was woo  
He thought his sorowful hert hase a illoo  
For when he salbe hys dores spende alle  
Wel myght for sorowbe a doune he gan to falle

Terlbyth when he was ware/and gan behold  
Holt that was every byndolbe of the place  
As frose hym thought his hert gan to colde  
For which hym thought with dedely pale face  
Without word forth by he gan to pace  
And as god wold/ he gan so fast to ryde  
That no byght of his countenaunce espyde

Then sayd he thus/ O palays desolate  
Of honour of gladnes why some lest y dyght  
O palays empty and dysconsolate  
O thow latene/ of which quenched is the lyght  
O palays whylome day/ that now art nyght  
Wele ought thow to falle doune/ & I to dye  
Synth she is went that was wonte vs to guyde

O palays whylome crowne of holys alle  
Ealmynded with sonne of al blyss  
O ryng from which the Ruby is y falle  
O cause of woo/ that cause hase he of lyffe  
Yet synth I may not let/ sayn wold/ I kysse  
Thy cold dore/ yf I durst for this rebte  
And fare wel thynne/ of which þ corpe is out

Therewith he cast on Pandarus his eye  
With chaungyd face/and pytous to beholde  
And when he myght his tyme ryght espye  
As he rood to Pandarus he told  
His nelbe sorowbe & eke his ioyes old  
Soe pytously/and with so dede an helpe  
That every byght/ myght on his sorowbe rebte

From thensforth/he rydeth by e doune  
And euery thyng come hym to remembrance  
As he rode by the places in the towne  
In which he had/had his pleasure  
Loo ponder salve I last my lady daunce  
And in that temple with her eyen cleere  
He caught fyrst/my ryght lady dere

And ponder haue I herd/ful lustely  
My dere herte laugh e ponder pleye  
Salve I her ones/ekke ful blyssfully  
And to me ones ponder gan she seye  
Now good swete/haue me wele I praye  
And pond soo goodly/gan she me hold  
That to the deth/myn hert is to her hold

And at the corner in the ponder holbe  
Herd I myn at ther leuest lady dere  
Soo womanly with hopye melodyous  
Synge so wele/so goodly and so cleere  
That in my soule me thynketh I her  
That blyssful solbe/and in that ponder place  
My lady fyrst me took into her grace

Then thought he thus/O blyssful lord Cupyde  
When I the proesse haue in memorye  
Holt thou me fast betwex on euery syde  
Men myght a booke make of it lyke a storye  
What neede is the to seke of me byctorye  
Synth I am thyn e woly at thy wyll  
What ioye hast thou thynne olde folk to spyll

Wele hast thou lord troke on me thynne ioye  
Thou myghtful god/ e dredeful for to greue  
Now mercy lord/ thou woost wel I desyre  
This grace moost of al lustes leue  
And lyue and dye I wyl in that blyue  
For which I ne ave in guerdon but a boone  
That thou me send to resyde agayne soone



Dyſcrepne hys hert as faſt to retourne  
As thow doſt myn/ to ſonge. hys to ſee  
Than wote I loke/ that ſhe nyl not ſoiourne  
Nolde blyſſful lord/ ſoo cruel thou ne be  
Unto the blood of Troye I pray to the  
As Ioue was/ vnto the blood of Ithene  
For which the folk of Thebes/ cauſt theyr tyme

And after this/ he to the pates went  
There as Treſpde/ wode oute a ful good pates  
And by e doune there made he many a bent  
And to hym ſelf ful ofte he ſayd alas  
From henc wode/ my blys e my ſolas  
And wold blyſſful god nolde for his ioye  
I myght hys ſen ageyne come to Troye

And to the ponder hyll/ he gan hys gyde  
Alas/ e there I took of hys my leue  
And pond I ſalve hys/ vnto hys frider ryde  
For ſorolue of which/ myn hert wyl to cleue  
And hyder home I come/ wlxn it was eue  
And here I dwelle oute caſt/ from al ioye  
And ſhal tyl I may ſee hys eſte in Troye

And of hym ſelf/ ymagyned he ful ofte  
To be defected/ pale and werye leſſe  
Than he was wont/ e that men ſayden ſofter  
What may it be/ wlxn can the ſothe geſſe  
Why Troylus ſith al this ſtrumpneſſe  
And al this nas but his melancolye  
That he had of hym ſelf ſuche fantaſye

- Another tyme ymagyne he wold  
That euery wyght/ that went by the werye  
Had of hym tolthe/ and they ſeyn ſhuld  
I am ryght ſory/ Troylus wyl deye  
And thus he droofe forth yet a day or thre  
As ye haue herd/ ſuche lyf he gan lede  
As he that ſtood ſet bene hope e drede

For which hym lyked in his songes shelde  
Thence son of his broo/as he best myght  
And made a song of wordes but a felde  
Somwhat his woful herte for to lyght  
And when he was from euery mane spght  
With soft hope/he of his lady dre  
That absent was/gan sungen as he that dre

O sterre of which I haue y lost the lyght  
With hert sore/ought I to be wapte  
That euer dwelle in turment/nyght by nyght  
Toward my deth/with wynde I see a sayle  
For which the trouth nyght/yf that I sayle  
The Adamant of thy beames/bryght & our  
My shyp and me & arpepe wyll be droun

This song when he had sungen soone  
He syl ageyne in to his spghes olde  
And euery nyght as he was wont to done  
He stood the bryght mone to behold  
And al his sorow he to the mone told  
And sayde yllpe when thou art hoined neld  
I shal be glad/yf al the world be teld

I sal be thyne hounes eld/old by the morowe  
When I see we my nyght lady dre  
That cause is of my turment & my sorowe  
For which bryght Enyda the clere  
For loue of god tunc fast aboute thy spere  
For when thy hounes neld grune spring  
Than shal she come that may my blysske bring

The day is more/and longer euery nyght  
Than they be wont to be/hym thought tho  
And that the sonne went his curre vnyght  
By longer wep than he is wont to do  
And sayde yllpe me dredyth euermo  
The sonnes sone chydyn to be a lyue  
And that his cart ampe he deth dreue

Upon the wallys/ fast he bold walke  
And on the grekes fast he bold see  
And to hym self right thus he bold talke  
Too ponder: is myn olde lady free  
Or elles ponder/ there the centres be  
And thens comyth this ayte/ that is so swote  
For in myn soule I fele it doth me boote

And hardly this/ bynde more & more  
Thus stounde mele encreased in my face  
So of my lady deere/ syghtes sore  
I proue it thus/ for in none other space  
Of al this I olde/ saue only in this place  
I fele I no bynde/ that solowth so lyke yeme  
It seyth alas/ why thynded be the thyng

This long tyme he dryuyth forth right thus  
Tyl fully passed was the nyghte nyght  
And as besyde hym/ was this Pandarus  
That bespye dyde his ful myght  
Hym to comfort/ & make his hert lyght  
Peuping hym hope allbey the tenth morowe  
That he shal come/ & synt al this sorowe

When that other spde was this Cresyde  
With hymmen felde among the grekes stronge  
For which ful oft/ alas al is she seyde  
That I was born/ wel may myn hert longe  
After my deeth/ for nold lyue I to long  
Alas/ & I may it not amende  
For nold is there/ than euer yet I wende

My fader nyl for no thyng do me grace  
To goo ageyn/ for nought I can hym quene  
And yf so be that I my terme pax  
My Troilus shal nold in his hert deme  
That I am fals/ & soo it may wel seme  
Thus shal I haue vntank on euery spde  
That I was born/ so wel: albey the tyde



And yf I me put in iopardye  
To stele alwey to nyght/ & it byfalle  
That I be caught I shal be holde aspre  
Or elles/soo this drede I mooste of alle  
If in the handes of somme wretche I falle  
I am but lost al be myn hert welbe  
Now myghty god thou on my sorowe welbe

Ful pale was bove hyr bryght face  
Hyр lymes leene/as she that al the day  
Sood when she durst/and lokyd on the place  
There she was borne/& there she dybelldy ag  
And al the nyght wepyng/alas she lay  
And thus dyspayred oute of al cure  
She lad hyr lyf/this woful creature

Ful oft a day/she spgked for dysresse  
And in hir self/she went ag portayng  
Of Troylus the gatte worthynesse  
And al his goodly wordys recordyng  
Synth first y day/their love began to spryng  
And thus she set hyr woful hert a fyre  
Thurgh remembraunce of that she gan desyre

In al this world/there nys so cruel hert  
That hyr had herd compleyne in that sorowe  
That nold hane wept for paynes smert  
Soe tenderly she wepte both the eue & morowe  
Hyр neddyd no terys for to sorowe  
And this was yet the worst of al hyр payne  
There was no wyte/to whom she mygt complayne

For welfully she loked vpon Troye  
Wygheld the turreys hyр & eke the halles  
Alas quod she the plesaunce & the ioye  
The which al now turned in to galle is  
Haue I had oft within ponder wallys  
O Troylus what doest thou now she seyde  
Lord whether thou yet thyngke vpon Cresyde

Alas I ne had trolbed/ Upon your. lore  
And wend with you/as me re. or this  
Than had you not spgked/half so sore  
Who myght han seyd/that I had done amys  
To stele alwey/with such one as he is  
But al to late/compth the lectuare  
When men the corpe vnto the graue carye

To late is now/to speke of that matere  
Prudence alas/one of thyng even thir  
Me lakked; alwey or that I come here  
Of tyme passed I wyl remembre me  
And present tyme/wele couthe I see  
But future tyme/ or I was in the snare  
Couthe I not see/that causith al my care

But netheles fetide/what fetyde  
I shal to morowe at nyght/by est or west  
Oute of this hostel/on som manere side  
And goo with Troilus wher so hym leste  
This purpos wyl I hold/and this is best  
No fors of wykke tonges/janglewe  
For euer on loue/haue wretches enye

For who so wyl of euery word take heed  
Or telble hym self/by euery wyghtes wey  
He shal be neuer thryue oute of drede  
For that somme men blamen euer yet  
Too other men/yet comendyn it  
And; as for me/al such farpauce  
Felyppte clepe I my suffysaunce

For whiche without ory wordes mo  
To Troilus wyl I/as for conclusyon  
But god it wote/or fully nyghtes tboo  
She was ful fer from that entreuoun  
For bothe Troilus and; Troie town  
Shal knottesse thurgh hyr hart slyde  
For she wyl another purpos abyde

This Dyomedes/ of whose I telle yow  
Goth now within hym self/ as arguynge  
With al slepyght/ and al that euer he can  
How he may lise/ with shorteſt taryng  
In to his net/ & ſcapes hert ſtrang  
To this entent/ he couthe neuer ſpne  
To feſſen hys/ he leyde oute hook & lyne

But netheles wel in his hert he thought  
That he was not withoute a hure in Troy  
For he neuer ſpyth/ he hert thens brought  
He couthe hys ſee laugh/ ne make ioy  
He myght hold beſt/ hys hert to accey  
But for to aſſay/ he ſeyde not ne gurruth  
For he y nought ne aſſayeth/ nout ne churpeth

Yet ſayd he hym ſelf Upon a nyght  
Now am I not a fool/ that both wel hold  
Hys woo for hure is of another wyght  
And ſcrupon to goo aſſay now  
I may wel wyte/ it wyl not be my proſe  
For wyſe folk in ſcoles it cryſteſſe  
Men ſhold not wolbe a wyght in hurmeſſe

But who ſo myght wyne ſuche a ſkure  
From hym/ for whose he moeynth nyte & day  
He myght ſey/ he were a conquerour  
And ryght anone/ as he that ſold was op  
Thought in his hert/ day hold I ſay may  
Al ſhold I dre/ I wyl hys hert ſede  
I ſhal no more liſe/ but my ſpecte

This Dyomedes/ as ſcoles be declare  
Was in his nede wyſe & courageous  
With ſecre toys/ & myghty lymcs ſquare  
Hardy ryght ſtrong/ and chynalrous  
Of dedys lyke his fader Idæus  
And ſome men ſeyn he was of tonge large  
And hys he was of Calydone & Arge



Exceyde medycrre / was of stature  
Therto of shap / of face / & eke of chere  
There myght be no fairer creature  
And oftyme this was hyr manere  
To goo y tressyd with hyr lere cler  
Doun by hyr Coler / at hyr bakk schynde  
Whiche with a threde of gold / she wolde bynde

And saue hyr broldes ioyned in fere  
There was no lak in ought I can esprey  
But for to speke of hir eyen clere  
Trelvely they lrypen al that hyr syen  
That paradysc stood formed in her eyen  
And with hyr ryche beaute euermore  
Stroofe loue in hyr ay / whiche was more

She seke was symple / & wyse with al  
The best nortured eke that myght be  
And goodly of hyr speke in general  
Charytable estately / lusty / and free  
Ne neuermore lakked hyr pyte  
Tender herte / flydng of courage  
But trelvely I can not telle hye age

And Troilus wele woxen was in knyght  
And complete fourmed by proporcyon  
Soe wele that kynde not amende myght  
Pone / fresshe / strong / and hardy as spoun  
Trelve as fyre in eke condycoun  
One of the best entychyd creature  
That is or shal whyle the world may dure

And extrenly in force / as it is founde  
That Troilus was neuer vnto no knyght  
As in his tyme / in no degre secound  
In daryng doo that knyght to a knyght  
Al myght a Spauit / passen hym of myght  
His force ay with the fyrst / & with the best  
Stood pargal / to do what hym lest

But for to telle forth of Dyomedes  
It fyl after/ that on the tenth day  
Wyth that Ersepe/ oute of the cyte weede  
This Dyomedes as fresshe/ as fraunch in may  
Come to the tent/ there as Calcas say  
And feyned hym wuth Calcas haue to done  
But what he ment/ I shal yow telle soone

Ersepe at short wordys for to telle  
Welcomed hym/ & dyd hym by hyr set  
And he was ethe ynowe/ to make duelle  
And after this withoute long let  
Spraw & wynn men forth hym set  
And forth they speke of this & that yfere  
As frendys doo/ of which som ye shal here

He gan fyrst falle of the better in speche  
Welbygt hym & the folk of Troye Tolby  
And of thasseyge/ he gan fyrst seche  
To telle hym/ what was hyr oppynoun  
fro that demaunde/ he so descendyth down  
To asken hyr/ yf that she straunge thought  
The grekes gyle/ & werkys that they wrought

And why hyr fader/ targeth he so long  
To wedden hyr vnto somme worthy knyght  
Ersepe that was in hyr pynes strong  
For loue of Troilus hyr olde dore knyght  
As ferforth as she connyng had or myght  
Ansuerd hym thoo/ but al of his entent  
It semed not/ she wiste what he ment

But netheles this ylle Dyomedes  
Gan in hym self assure/ and thus he seyde  
If I a ryght/ haue take of yow heere  
Me thynketh thus/ O lady myn Ersepe  
Syth that I fyrst honde on youre byddel seyde  
Whan ye oute come of Troye by the morow  
He couthe I neuer see yow but in sorow

Can I not seyn what may the cause be  
But it for loue of somme Troian it were  
The which right sore wold a thynk me  
That for ony byght that dwelleth there  
Sholden spylle a quarter of a tre  
Or petyously/your self soo begyle  
For dredeles it is, not worth the whyle

The folk of Troy/as who seyth al & some  
In prysoun be/as your self see  
For thens shal none a lyue come  
For al the gold byt bene sonne & see  
Trustyth right wele/& vnderstonde me  
There shal not one to mercy/goe alyue  
Al were he lord of worldes thyngs fyue

Such wrecche on hem for fetchyng of Helyne  
There shal be take or that he shal ben  
That Maunes which goddes ken of payne  
Shold ben agast/holy grekes sholde hem shende  
And men shul drede vnto the worldes ende  
From hens forth to rauysse any quene  
So cruel shal our wrecche on hem be sene

And but yf Calcas lede vs with Ambages  
That is to sey with double wordes spe  
Such as men clepe a word with two vsages  
Ye shal wel knowe/that I nought ne lye  
And al this thyng right sone with your eye  
And that anone ye wyl not trolle howl soone  
Now taketh heed/for it is to done

What bene ye your wyse fader wold  
Haue youe yelw/for Antenor anone  
If he ne wylt that the cytre shold  
Destroyed be/why nay soo mote I gone  
He knoweth ful wele ther shal escape none  
That Troian is/& for the grete fere  
He durst not/that ye dwell yd longer there



What wold ye more haue from lady dere  
Lette Troy & Troians from your hert pace  
Dryue out your bytter hope / & make good chere  
And clepe ageyne the beaute of your face  
That ye with salt teares so deface  
For Troye is brought in such leoparde  
That it to saue is nowher remedye

And thynketh wel / ye shal in grettes fynde  
A more partye haue / or it be nyght  
Than ony Troian is / and more fynde  
And yet to saue yow / wyl do his myght  
And yf ye touch sauf my lady bryght  
I wyl be he / to saue yow my selue  
Ye leuer than be kyng of grettes belue

And with that word / he gan to bereyde  
And in his speche a lytel wryght he quode  
And cast a speche a lytel with his trode  
And synte a wyple / and astrilward he wode  
And schepelyk on hys thral be his boke  
And sayd I am / al be it to yow no ioye  
As gentyl a man / as ony wryght in Ioye

For yf my fader Pryus he seide  
Fyued had / I had be long or this  
Of Caladony and Arge / a kyng & trespide  
And so I hope I shal be yet ylype  
But he was steyn / alas the more harme is  
Unhappely at Tike / al to mythe  
Polymyte / and many a man to scathe

But seith myn synth I am your man  
And ye the first / of whome I seith graue  
And saue yow / as ferdely as I can  
And euer shal wyple I to true haue space  
Soo or that I departe oute of this place  
That ye me graunt that I may to merolde  
At better leyser / telle yow my sorolde

What shold I telle his wordes/that he seyde  
He spak ynough for one day at the meest  
It proueth wel he spak/soo that I reseyde  
Graunted hym a morow/at his request  
To haue a speche with hyr at the lese  
Soo that he nold speke of suche matere  
And thus she sayd to hym as ye maye here

As she that had hyr lert on Troylus  
Soo that ther may none it auaice  
And strangely she spak/ & seyde thus  
O Dyomedes I kene that yllke place  
That I was born in/and Ioue for his grace  
Deliuere it soone/of al that doo it care  
God for thy myght/soo lene it wel to fare

That greekes hold in Troye their worth while  
If that they myght I knowe it wel yllys  
But it shal not fallen/as ye speke  
And god to forni/& further ouer this  
I wote my fader wyse and redy is  
And that he hath me bought/as ye me tolde  
So deere I am the more to hym hold

I kene greekes ben of hyge condreoun  
I wote it wel/ but certeyne men shul synde  
As worshipp folk within Troye Tollyn  
As compynge/as partyte/& as kynde  
As hertelye Oracles & prynces  
And that ye wylle wel knowe lady seue  
I wote it wel/hyr thank for to deserue

But as to speke of loue yllys she seyde  
I had a lord to whome I wedded was  
The which myn lert had/tyl that he deyde  
And other loue/as helpe me nold passas  
That in myn lert nys ne neuer was  
And that ye be of noble & hye kynde  
I haue it lert wel telle oute of kynde

And that doeth me/ to haue so grette a wonder  
That ye myght scorne ony woman soo  
Eke god wote howe and I ben for a sinder  
I am dysposed/ but soo moche I goo  
Unto my dethe to playne & make woo  
What shal I doo after can I not sepe  
But truely as yet me lyst not to pleye

Myght is nold in trybulacyon  
And ye in armes lesy day by day  
Here after when ye women hane the tolne  
Parauenter than so it hap may  
That when I see/ that neuer yet I say  
Than myght I werk/ that I neuer brought  
This word to yold ynough suffysen ought

To morowe wol I speke with yold fayn  
So that ye touche not of this matere  
And when yold lyst ye may come here agayne  
And or ye goo/ thus moche I sey yold here  
No help me pallas with hir herte cleere  
If that I shold on ony grete haue wouth  
It shold be yowre self by my trowth

I sepe not therfor that I myght yold howe  
Ne I say not nay/ but in conclusyon  
I mene wele by god/ that syt above  
And therbyth al she cast hyr eyen doune  
And gan to speke/ & sayd O Troye Tolne  
Yet byd I god in quyet & in rest  
I may the see/ or doo myght herte best

But in effect as shortly for to saye  
This Dyomedes al fresshe nelle ageyne  
Gan prayn in/ fast hyr mercy praye  
And after this the soth for to sepe  
Hyre greue he took/ of which he was ful feryn  
And synally when it was wopen eue  
And al was wele/ he wote/ & toke his leue



The bryght Venus folowyd/ and ay taught  
The weye there brode wherbus a doune syght  
And Cythera the chare hors ouer taught  
To whyrle oute of the spoun/ yf she myght  
And Signifer his candel shewed bryght  
Whan Ersepe into hyr tere went  
In with hyr faders faire bryght tent

Retournyng in hyr solle vp & doune  
The wordes of this sodeyne Dyomed  
His grete estate & perille of the Towne  
And that she was alone/ & had nede  
Of frendys / & thus began to brede  
The cause why the sooth for to telle  
That she took purpos fully for to duelle

The morowe cam/ and goostely for to speke  
This Dyomed is come to Ersepe  
And shortly lest that ye my tale breke  
Soo wele he for hym self spak & seyde  
That al his syghes sore a doune he leyde  
And fynally the sooth for to seyne  
He lest of the grete/ of al his payne

And after this/ the story telleth vs  
That she hym past the fayre buy stede  
The whiche she ones had of Troylus  
And eke a breke that was lytel nede  
That Troylus was/ she past this Dyomed  
In dede the let/ from sorow he hym to releue  
She made hym bere/ a pensel of hyr sleue

I fynd eke in the story elles where  
Whan thurgh the body hurt was Dyomed  
Of Troylus tho wept she many a tere  
Whan that she salve his wyde woundes blede  
And that she took to kepe hym good & hede  
And for to helpe hym of his sorowes smert  
Men seyn I note/ she past hym hyr hart

But truely the scarp trypth be  
Eke made neuer woman more woo  
Than she when she falsed Troplue  
She sayd alas/for nold is cleue a go  
My name of trowth in loue for euer mo  
For I haue falsed one the gentyllest  
That euer was & eke the worthiest

Alas of me vnto the worldes ende  
Shal neyther of me be wyte nor fenge  
No good word/for this booke wyll me shende  
Y trowyd that it be on many a tonge  
I thought out the world/my kille that be wonge  
And? wymmen wyll me hate moost of alle  
Alas that such a case shold me byfalle

They wyll say in as moche/as in me is  
I haue hym doo dyshonoure welle alwey  
Al be I not the first that dyd amys  
What helppyth that to doo my blame alwey  
But syth I see there nys no better wey  
And? that to late it is nold for to tyme  
To dyomed asgare I wyll be tyme

Wnt Troplue syth I no better may  
And syth that thus departed ys and? I  
I praye god/yeue yow ryght good day  
No for the gentyllest knyght truely  
That euer I salbe to same feythfyll  
And lest can ap his lady honour here  
And? with that word/ she hyste anone to weye

And? wylle yow hatyn that I neuer  
And? frendys leue/that shal ye haue of me  
And? my good? word/al myght I speyn euer  
And? truely I wold? ryght sore be  
To see yow in ony aduersyte  
And? gyltes I wote welle I yow leue  
But al that passe/& thus I take my leue

But felibely how long it was byt bene  
That she forsoke hym for this Dyomed  
There is none other auctor telleth I bene  
Take every man now to his lookes se  
He shal no terme fynde out of drede  
For though that he began to loue her soone  
O: he her wan/ yet was there more to done

He me lyst not/ this cely woman chyd  
Forther than the story whyl deuyse  
Her name alas is publyssh'd so wyde  
That for her gilt/ it ought pmoche suffyse  
And yf I myght excuse her in any wyse  
For she so sorow was for her vntowthe  
Wyth I wold excuse her yet for wouth

This Troilus as I byfore haue told  
Thus dryueth forth/ as wel as he myght  
But ofte was his herte sore & cold  
And namely that plike nyght  
Which on the morowe she had hym lehyght  
To come agayne/ god wote ful lytel tyme  
Had he that nyght/ nothyng to slepe hym lesse

The lauter crowned Phebus with his herte  
Come in his court/ as byward as he went  
To warren of the east the walles were  
And Eneas daughter sange with good entent  
When Troilus his Pandar after sent  
And on the walles of the Towne then pleyde  
To looke yf they can ought see of Etespe

Yp. it was none they stood for to see  
Who that there come/ & every maner myght  
That come from fer/ they sayde it was she  
And that they wold he knowen from a myght  
Now was his herte heuy/ now was it lyght  
And thus traied they stonde to stare  
About nought Troilus & Pandar



To Pandarus this Troilus the seide  
For ought I wote / byfore none speker  
In to this tunc not cometh hie Erseide  
She hath ynough a doo there hardely  
To bypne from hys fader / so trolbe I  
Hys old fader wold yet make hys dyne  
Or that she goo / god geue his herte pyne

Pandare answerd / It may wel be certeyn  
And for thy lete be dyne I the kysse  
And after none / than mayst thow come ageyn  
And home they gone withoute more speche  
And come agayne / and long may they seeke  
Or that they fynde / that they after gawe  
Fortune hem bothe / thynketh for to iape

Quod Troilus I see wel pynne that she  
Is taryed with hys old fader soo  
That or she come / it wol nyke even be  
Come forth I wyll vnto the gate goo  
These porters ben vnconnyng euermore  
And I wyll doo hem holde open the gate  
As nought ne there / al though she come late

The day goth fast / & after that come eue  
And yet come not to Troilus Erseide  
He seketh forth by hedge / by tre / by greue  
And for his frend on the walke he seide  
And at the last he turned hym & seide  
By god I wote hys menyng nold pandare  
Al moost ylys / al nelbe was my care

Nold doutles this lady can hys good  
I wote she comyth rydyng pryncely  
I commend hys wysdom by myn hood  
She wyll not make people nyce  
Galbryn on hys when she comyth / but softly  
By nyght in to Colne she thynketh ryde  
And are broder / thynk not longe to abyde

We haue not elles to done ylbys  
And? Pandarus now shall thow trouble me  
Haue here my trouthe/ I see yond? where she is  
Heue' by thynne eyen/ man mayse thow not see  
Pandare answered/ nay so mote I the  
Al wrong by god/ what kiste y man where arte  
That I see yond nys but a faire carter

Alas thow seyst ful soth quod Troylus  
But hardly it is not al for nought  
That in myn herte that I reioyse thus  
It is agaynst som good/ I haue a thought  
Note I not holt/ but syth that I was wrouzt  
He felt I such a comfort sothe to seye  
She cometh to nyght/ my lyf dare I lye

Pandare answered/ it may be wel ynough  
And held with hym of al that euer he seye  
But in his herte he thought/ a fast lough  
And to hym self ful sobyrly he seyde  
From this elwoode/ ther joly Robyn pleyde  
Shal come al that thow doest abyde here  
Ye fare wele al the sholde of fern yere

The wardyn of the gates gan to calle  
The folk/ whiche withoute the gates were  
And bad hem dyue in theyr bestes alle  
Or al that nyght they must abyde there  
And? for withyn nyght with many a tere  
This Troylus gan homeward for to ryde  
For wele he salbe/ it helpyd not abyde

But netheles he gladdyd? hym in this  
He thought amys he had computed his day  
And sayde I vnderstonde haue al amys  
For thysle nyght/ I last Erespeyde say  
She sayd I shal be here/ yf that I may  
Or that the mone/ be here herte swete  
The yowyn passe oute of this Arrete

For which she may yet hold her laste  
And on the morowe into the park he went  
And by a dowe/by west/eke by Este  
Upon the walkes made he many a went  
But al for nought/his hope al bey hym blent  
For which at nyght in sorowe & syghes sore  
He wente hym home withoute ony more

His hope al clene oute of his herte fled  
He ne hath luston/no longer nold to longe  
But for the payne hym thought his herte bled  
So were his throbbes sharp & wonder stronge  
For when he salbe she abode soo longe  
He nyght what he ymagyne therof myght  
Synth that she hath broke/that she hym kysght

Ele thre/the fourth/the fyfthe/e the syxth day  
After the dayes ten/of which I told  
Whylbene he se & tude his herte lay  
For somwhat taustyng on her keses old  
But when he salbe/she nold her terme hold  
He can nold see none other remedye  
But for to shape hym soone for to dye

After wyth the wyllked spryte/god be blesse  
Which that men clepe boode jelousie  
Can in hym crepe in al this hevynesse  
For which by cause he wold soone dye  
He ne ete ne dranke for his melancolie  
And eke from cuer y companye he fled  
This was the lyf/that al this tyme he led

He soo defeted was that no maner man  
Hym knolbe myght/ynnethe where he went  
Soo was he leane/e ther to pale & wan  
And feble that he walked by potent  
And with his yte thus hym self he shent  
And who so asked hym/what of he smerte  
He seide his harme was al about his herte



1  
pandarus ful of tre/ & eke his moder dere  
his bretheren & his susteren gan hym freyne  
Why he so sorowful was/ in al his chere  
And what thyng was the cause of his payne  
But al for nought he nold his cause pleyne  
But seyde/ he felt a greuous maladye  
About his hert/ & fayn wolde he dye

Soo on a daye/ he leyde hym doune to slepe  
And so byfelle that in his slepe he thought  
That he walked in a forest to wepe  
For hie of hys that his payne brought  
And vp & doune/ as he the forest sought  
Hym thought he saw a hore with Tuskes grete  
That slepe ageyne the bryght sonnes lichte

And by this hore/ fast in armes fold  
Say kyssyng ay/ his lady bryght Cresyde  
For sorowe of which/ when he gan byholde  
Foude he cryed on Pandarus & seyde  
For sorowe of which/ almost there he deyde  
O Pandarus nold knowe I crye & rote  
I am but ded/ there nys none other loote

My lady bryght Cresyde hath me bytrayed  
In whome I trustyd/ moost of ony wyght  
She elles where hath nold hys hert apayed  
The blisful goddes thurgh theyr grete myght  
Haue in my dreame shewed me ful ryght  
Thus in my dreame Cresyde haue I behold  
And al this thyng to pandarus he told

O my Cresyde/ alas what subtiltye  
What nelbe lust/ what beaute/ what science  
Hath thus withdraue your hert/ & loue fro me  
This is the cause of your long absence  
Hath from me cast/ alas your aduertence  
O trust/ O feyth/ O depe assuraunce  
Who hath me cast Cresyde al my plesaunce

Alas why lette I yow from hene go  
For which wel nyghte oute of my lyt I bryde  
Who shal now twylve on ony othes moo  
God wote I wende lady bryght & chere  
That euery word was gospel / that ye seyde  
But who may lette begyle / yf hym lyse  
Thinke on whome men wene best to tryste

What shal I doo / my Pandarus alas  
I feele now so sharp / & a newe payne  
Synth that ther lyth noo remedye in this case  
That let it were I with myn handes twayne  
My self slee / than thus alwey to pleyne  
For thurgh the deth my wo shold haue an ende  
Ther euery day with lyf my self I shende

Pandarus answered / & sayd alas the whyle  
That I was borne / haue I not seyd / or this  
That dreemes may many a man begyle  
And why for folk excolnen hem amys  
Wolb durst thou sey / that false thy lady is  
For ony dreemes ryght for thyne olde drede  
Late be thy thought / thou canst no dreemes rede

Parauenter there thou dreamest of this soore  
It may so be / that it may sygnefyre  
Hyr fader eke / which old is & hoore  
Ageyne the sonne lyth in point to dye  
And she for sorow gynnethe wepe & crye  
And there he lyth kyssyd hym on the ground  
Thus sholdest thou thy dreames ryght exound

Wolb myght I than done quod Troylus  
To knowe of this / were it neuer so lyte  
Now seyst thou wysely quod the Pandarus  
My rede is this / synth thou canst wele endyte  
That hastely a letter thou to her wryte  
Thurgh which thou shalt bryngen it about  
To knowe a sooth ther thou art in doute

And see now why/for I dare wel seyn  
That yf so is/she vntrewe be.

I can not trolbe she wyl wryte ageyn  
And yf she wryte thow shalt soone see  
As whether she hath/ony lyferte  
To come ageyne/or elles in som clause  
If she be let/she wylle assygne a cause

Thow hast not wryte to hyr/syth shz went  
Ne she to the/and this I durst lye  
There may such cause be in hyr entent  
That hardly thow wylt thy self seyn  
That hyr alow/the best is for yow tlyve  
Now wryte hyr than/& thow shalt see soone  
A sooth of al/ther is no more to done

Acordyd they to this conclusyon  
And that anone these plke lordes tlybo  
And hastely spt Troylus a doune  
And rollyth in his hert to & fro  
Holv he may best dscriven hyr his woo  
And to Euseyde his olvne lady dre  
He wrote ryght thus/and sayd as ye shal here

Ryght fressh flour/whos I haue ben & shall  
Withouten part of elles where scruple  
With hert/body/lyf/lust/thought & al  
I woful wyght in euery humble wyse  
That tonge can telle or hert may deuple  
As oft as matre occupyth place  
Me recomaunde I vnto your noble grace

Lyketh yow to wyte swete hert  
As ye wel knolbe/holv long tyme agone  
That ye me left in asper payne's smert  
Wen that ye went/of whiche yet boote none  
Haue I none had/ but euer wors bygone  
From day to day am I/and soo mote dylle  
Whyle it yow lest so ye of wele & wo my welles



For which to polb with dredeful fere trewe  
I wryte as he that scoll depueth to wryte  
My booe that euery houre enuiceth nolle  
Compleynng/ as I dare/ or can eny  
And that a ferd is/ ye may welle lye  
The tere which that fro myn eyen reyne  
They wold speke/ yf they couthe compleyne

Polb fyre/ byfelle I with your eyen clew  
To looke on this defolde/ a vnfold  
And ouer al this/ ye my lady dre  
Wil wuchsauf this letter to byhold  
And by the cause eke of my care wold  
That sleeth my wylt/ yf ought amys me stert  
Forpue it me myn olde fere fere

If ony seruaunt durst or ought of ryght  
Upon his lady prouysly compleyne  
Than wene I that I ought be that wryght  
Consparyng this that ye these monethes lye  
Haue tarped there/ ye sepe sooths to sepe  
Wut dyes ten ye nold in host foriune  
Wut in the monethes yet ye not trowne

Wut for as moche/ as I more nedre lyke  
At that polb lyketh I dare pleyne no more  
Wut humbly wylth sorowful spere spe  
Polb wryte I myn vntrepy sorowde fere  
From day to day despyng euermore  
To knowe fully/ yf polbre wylle wete  
Wold ye hane ferd/ and doo wylle ye be there

Whe welfare/ and fere god eke encrease  
In honoure suet/ as vylbard in dre  
It growe allbey so/ that it neuer cease  
Lyke as your self fere/ can my lady fere  
Deuys I pray to god/ so mote it be  
And graunt that ye soone wone me wete  
As wylly as I am your trewe

And yf yowr lyffe to knolke of the fute  
Of me lioos woor/ther may no wyght aferme  
I can no more/but cheit of eery care  
At wrytyng of this letter I was alyue  
Al redy cutt my woful goole to dyue  
Whiche I delay/and hold hym yet in hond  
Wpon the fyghe of matre of yowre fonde

Myn eyn lioos in wyne/with whiche I see  
Of woful treis salt/arn woyen wessies  
My fonge in pleynt of myn aduersyte  
My good/ in harme myn ease woyen falle is  
My ioye in woor/I can yowr fere not elles  
So turned is/for whiche my lff I waty  
Eery ioye/is turned/ to me contrary

Whiche with yowr caryng home agern to Trow  
Ye may tressse/and more a thowlsand/ sythe  
I am euer I find encrepyng in me ioye  
For was there neuer fette yet so blythe  
To haue his lff/as I hold/ it as flythe  
As I yowr fere/though no manere wouthe  
Can mene yet/thynke vpon yowr twouthe

And yf so moche my deff I haue defewed  
Or yf yowr lyffe no more vpon me see  
In guardon yet of al I haue yowr serued  
Wpseck I yowr my fettes lady fere  
That karyn/w lyfl wryte me  
For lue of god/my ryght gode fere  
Or deff lere make an ende of al my lerre

If ther cause ought that doth yowr for to duell  
That with yowr lare ye me recomforce  
For though to me yowr absence be an felle  
With paxent I lyfl my lio sumygate  
And with yowr letter of fere I lyfl dyspente  
Wolb wryteth sibet/3 lue me thus not pleyne  
With hook or deff depuier me from wyne

plys myn olone dert herte trulbe  
I wrote than/ when ye next vpon me see  
Soo lost haue I myn helthe/ & eke myn halbe  
Crespeyde shal not conne knolbe me  
Ibys myn hertes day/ my lady fre  
Soo thursyth an myn herte to byhold  
Poure leaute that my lyf vnnethe I hold

I say nomore/ al haue I for to seye  
To yow wel more than I talle may  
But whether ye done me lyue or dye  
Yet pray I god/ so yeue yow right good day  
And faryth wel/ right fayne frellhe may  
As ye thal lyf or deth may me comaunde  
And to yowre trouthe I me recomaunde

With helthe such/ that but yf ye yeue me  
The same helthe/ I shal neuer helthe haue  
In yow lyeth/ when yow lyst/ it so shal be  
The day on which me clothe shal my graue  
In yow my lyf/ yowre myght is it to saue  
Me from dysese/ of al paynes smerte  
And fare noll wele myn olone swete herte

This letter forth was sent vnto Crespeyde  
Of which hyr answer in effect was this  
Yul pytously she wrote agayne and seyd  
That as soone/ as euer she myght pbyss  
She wold come/ and mende that was amys  
And fynally wrote/ & sayd hym than  
She wold come/ but she byst neuer when

But in her letter/ she made such feesces  
That wonder was/ & sware she souyd hym best  
Of which he fond/ but botumles byssces  
But Troylus thow mayst noll Est or West  
Pyss in an yuy leef/ yf that the lest  
Thus goth þ world/ god sheld vs fro myschaunce  
And euery byght/ that meneth trouthe auance



Encreasen gan the woo from day to nyght  
Of Troylus/for taryng of Cresyde  
And lassen gan his hore & eke his myght  
For which al doun & don his led hym leyde  
He ne ete ne drank/ne slepe/no no word seyde  
Pynagynnyng ay that she was unkynde  
For which wel myght he way oute of mynde

This dreame/of which I told haue here before  
May neuer come oute of his remembraunce  
He thought as wel/he had his lady born  
And that Jouys of his putreaunce  
Hym sheldyd had in slepe the spynysfaunce  
Of hys vntrouthe & dysauenture  
And that this was sheldyd hym in figure

For which he for Gyble his sister sente  
That callyd was Cassandra eke al aboute  
And al his dreame/he told hys or he wente  
And hys bysought/assoylen hym the deute  
Of this stronge hore with tuskys stoute  
And fynally within a lytel stounde  
Cassandra ryght thus his dreame expounde

She gan fyrst smyle/& sayd broder deere  
If thow a sothe of this despyte to knowe  
Thow must a felbe of old stories here  
To purposse holt that fortune ouerthrolbe.  
Hath hertes hys/which within a throlbe  
This hore shalt þ knowe wel/& of what kynde  
He comyn is/as men in bookes fynde

Dyane which that brothe was & in yre  
For grekes nold doo hys sacrifice  
He encens on hys aulter set a fyre  
She for that grekes/gan hys despyse  
Wroke hys in a wonder cruel wyse  
For with a hore/as grete as Oye in scale  
She made hym ete vp hys corne & hys alle

To see this love was all the countre tryed  
Amonges which there come this love to see  
A mayde one of this world best & pryed  
And Meleager lord of that countre  
He sayd soo/ this fresshe mayde fere  
That with his manhod/or he wold sent  
This love he sholde/and heere the fere he sent

Of which as old bookes tellen be  
There was a contest & a grette eny  
And of this lord descendyd Tydeus  
By lyne/or elles/old bookes lye  
But how this Meleager gan for to dye  
Through his moder wyf I polde not telle  
For al to long it were for to duelle

She tolde elle/how Tydeus she sent  
Unto the strong cyte of Thebes  
To clayme kyngdom of the cyte & went  
For his felawe Dan Polymytre  
Of which his olde brother Etyoches  
Gul wrongfully of Thebes held the strength  
This told she by proesse & by lengthe

She tolde elle/how he monyde after  
When Tydeus sleugh hys kyngdome stent  
She told al the prophete by herte  
And how that saien kynges with theyr wite  
Oysheged the cyte al about  
And of the hely seruant & the welle  
And of the furies al gan she hym telle

Associat profugum/ Tydeus primo Polimiden  
Tydeus legatum/ deat insidias qz scandio  
Tertius Dermodien/ canit & latro latitante  
Moro furie Lemne/ quinto narratur & angues  
Quartus habet reges/ incuntes praeta septem  
Archymon lusu/ sexto ludi qz leguntur  
Dat Graios Thyle/ latem septimo Umbrie

Octauo tradit / Eideus spes Vita pelagis  
Ipomedon nono moritur cum Parthonepro  
Fulmine percusso / deamo Canopus superatur  
Vndecimo sese / premunt per Vulnera fratres  
Argiuam flentem / narrat duodecimo & ignem

Of Arctonores buryng / and the playce  
And how Amphiporay / fyl thurgh the ground  
How Eideus was slayn lord of Argeys  
And how Ipomedon in a lytel stounde  
Was derynt & dede / Parthonepe of wounde  
And how Canopus the prowde  
With thonder was slayn that ayed hylde

She gan hym eke telle / how that epyher leoder  
Ethiopes and Polemyte also  
At a scarmucte eke of theym shalbe other  
And of Argeus / hyr wepyng & hyr woo  
And how the towyn was brent / she told eke the  
And so descendyd doune from gestys old  
To Dyomedes / & thus she spak & told

This ylle fore bytoldeneth Dyomedes  
Eideus sonne that doune descended is  
How Meleager / that made the hore to blode  
And the lady / seker that she be yllwe  
This Dyomedes hyr hert hitth / & she his  
Wex yf howe whyle or lue / for oute of doute  
This Dyomedes is in / & thou art out

I how seyst not soth thou fals forgeres  
With al thy fals goole of Prophecy  
I how benest to be a grete dysynneres  
How seest how not this foole of fantasie  
Deyneth hyr / on ladies for to lye  
Alwey quod he there Doupe wile the scowle  
I how shalt be fals parainter yet to meowle



As wele myghtest thow lye vpon Acaste  
That was of creatures/ but men lye  
That euer was the kyndethe & best  
For when her husband was in iecpardye  
To dye hym self/ but yf she wold dye  
She chas for hym to dye/ and goo to helle  
And starf anone as vs the folkes telle

Cassandre goth/ & he with cruel herte  
For that his woo/ for anger of her speche  
And from his bed al sodenly he stert  
As though el hole hym had made a leche  
And day by day/ he gan enquire & seke  
A sooth of this with al his kesp cure  
And thus he dryneth forth his aduenture

Fortune which hath the permutacion  
Of thynges had/ as it is here commytte  
By purueaunce and dysposycoun  
Of hym Houe/ as Regnes shul be fflyte  
From folk in folk/ or when they shal be smytte  
Can pul alwey the fethers kynght of Troye  
From day to day/ tyl they be bare of ioye

Among al this the fyn of the parody  
Of Hector gan approche wonder blyue  
The faate wold/ his soule shold vnbode  
And shapen had a mene oute to dryue  
Agaynst which faat/ hym helppth not to styue  
But on a day to fyght gan he wende  
At which alas/ he caught his last ende

For which me thynketh yf euery maner wyzt  
That hauntyth armes/ ought to be wayle  
The deth of hym that was so noble a kynght  
For as he dwlbe a kyng by the auentayle  
Onlware of this Achylles thurgh the mayle  
And thurgh the body gan hym for to ryue  
And thus yf worthy kynght was browzt fro lue

For whome as old booke tellen is  
Was made such wo that tynge may it not telle  
And namely the sorow of Troilus  
That next hym was of worthynes besse  
And in this woo gan Troilus to dwell  
That for that sorow / & leue of his dearest  
Ful ofte a day he had his herte brise

But neithers though he gan hym desperen  
He dredy as his lady was vntrewe  
Yet ay on hyr his herte gan repayre  
And as suers done / he sought ay nelwe  
To gete ageyne Erisseyde bryght of selwe  
And in his herte he wente ay excusynge  
That Calas caused al hyr taryenge

And of tyme he was in purpos grete  
Hym self lyke a pylgrym to disguise  
To seen hyr / but he couthe not countrefete  
To be vnkowen of folk that were wyse  
He fyny excuse a myght / that myght suffyse  
If he among the grekes knowen were  
For which he wepte ful ofte many a tere

To hyr he wrote yet ofte al nelwe  
Ful pytously he lete not for shouth  
Beseechynge hyr / that syth he was trewe  
That she wold come ageyne / & hold her trowth  
For which Erisseyde vpon a day for wouth  
I take it soo / touchynge al this matere  
Wrote hym ageyne / & sayd / as ye may here

Euphydes sone / ensample of goodlyfede  
O swerd / of knyghthode / sours of gentylnesse  
Holt myght a wyght in turment & in drede  
And selthles sendy yow / as yet gladnesse  
I feteles / I sygh in grete dyscesse  
Syth ye wyl me nor I wyl yow may dele  
Yow may I sendy neyther tere ne hile

1  
Your letter ful the papper al be pleynted  
Conspued; hath myn letter ppe  
I haue eke seyn with tres al be pleynted  
Your letter; & how ye requyre me  
To come ageyne/ which yet may not be/  
But why lyste that this letter found were  
No mencyon make I nold for fere

Errours to me god wote your vntrewe  
Your haste/ & that the goddes ordynaunce  
It semeth not/ ye take it for the lyste  
For other thynges nys in your remembraunce  
As thynketh me/ but only your plessaunce  
But be not wroth/ and that I wol beseeche  
For that I tarye/ it is for lyked speche

For I haue herd wel more than I wende  
Tolde byng; be also how thynges haue p fiede  
Which I shal with dysmyllyng amende  
And; be ye not wroth; I haue eke vnderstonde  
How ye ne doo/ but hold; me in honde  
But nold no fore/ I can not in yow geffe  
But al trowthe euer/ and; al gentylnesse

Come I wyl/ but yet in such dyspoynt  
I stonde; as nold/ but what houre or what daye  
That this shal be/ can I not apoynt  
But in effect/ I pray yow as I may  
Of your good word;/ & of your frendship ap  
For trewely/ whyle my lyf may dure  
As for a frend/ ye may in me assure

Yet I pray yow/ on euyl ye ne take  
That it is short/ which I to yow wryte  
I dare not there I am wel letter make  
Ole neuer yet couthe I wels endyte  
Eke grete effect/ men wryte in place lyte  
Exentant is al/ & not the letter space  
And faith nold wel god haue you in his grace



Troplus this letter thought al strange  
When he it saide/and set forth fully he syght  
Hym thought it a kalendys of chaunge  
But fynally he ful ne trolben myght  
That she ne wold hold hym that she hyght  
For withful gyrl wyffe/lyst hym to leue  
That southe wele in such a case/though hym geue

But netheles men seyn that at the last  
For ony thyng/men shuln the sooth see  
And such a case betyd/and that as fast  
That Troplus wele understood that she  
Was not so kynde/as he ought to be  
And fynally he wote noly oute of doute  
That al is lost/that he hath ben aboute

Stood on a day/in his melancolie  
This Troplus/and in suspicioun  
Of hyr / for whome he wende for to dre  
And soo byfel that thurgh Tary Toll ne  
As was the gyse/fore was he & doune  
A maner cotte armure/as seyth the story  
Byfore Depplabus in sygne of victory

The which cotte/as seyth Lollus  
Depplabe had rent from Dyomece  
The same day/and when this Troplus  
It saide he gan to take of it hede  
Aupsyng on the lengthe/ & of the brede  
And al the werk/ & as he gan beholde  
Ful sodeynly his herte gan to colde

- As he that on the coler fond/withyn  
A breche that he cecyde pafe at marolbe  
That she from Troplus must nedes thynne  
In remembraunce of hym/ & of his sorowe  
And she hym leyde her seyth agayne to worlde  
To kepe it/ but noly ful wele he wyse  
His lady was no longer for to treste

He goth hym home/ and than ful scene he seide  
For Pandarus/ & al this newe chaunce  
And of his trothe/ he told hym word & ende  
Compleynnyng of hyr hertes parysaunce  
His long loue/ his trothe & his penaunce  
And after that withoute wordes more  
Ful fast he cryed his wif hym to restore

Then spak he thus/ O lady bryght Ersepe  
Where is your feith/ where is your fith se  
Where is your loue where is your troth he seide  
O Dyomedes/ haue ye nold al this feith  
Alas I wold haue trolbe at the last  
That fith ye nold trolbe to me stonde  
That thus ye nold haue hold me in honde

Why shal nold trolbe ony othes moo  
Alas I wold neuer haue wende or this  
That ye Ersepe couthe haue chaunged so  
Not but I had a gyft/ or done amys  
So cruel wende I not your herte yllys  
To see me thus/ alas your name of trewe  
Is nold fordone/ & that is al my wuthe

Was there none other troth ye lyst to lete  
To feith with your newe loue quod he  
But thyll troth/ that I with trewe weete  
Yoll yafe/ as for a remembreunce of me  
None other cause alas ne hadden ye  
But for a spyt/ & che for that ye ment  
Al vterly to sheld your entent

Therough which I see clene out of your mynde  
Ye haue me cast / and I ne can ne may  
For al this world/ withyn myn herte fynde  
To vnkoue yoll a quarter of a day  
In cursyd tyme I forne was wel alway  
That ye that doo me al this woo endure  
Yet loue I lest of ony creature

Nolb god quod he / yet sende me that grace  
That I may mete with this Dyomedes  
And trewely yf I haue myght and space  
Yet shal I make / I howe his spyes bledde  
O god quod he that oughtest taken hede  
To furthre trouth / & wronges to punyssh  
Why nyl thow doo a kengeaunce of this vyce

O Pandare that in dremes for to tryste  
Me blamed hast / & ofte me by keryde  
Nolb mayst thow see thy self / yf that thow list  
Thow trewe is nolb thy next keryght & keryde  
In sondry fourmes / god it wote he seyd  
The goddes shelve / bothe ioy & tene  
In slepe / and he my dreame it is sente

And certaynly without more speche  
From hens forth / as ferforth as I may  
Myn olbne dethe in armes bylle. I seeke  
I wete not how soone he the daye  
But trewely & keryde swete may  
Whome I haue ap with al my myght yfscayd  
That ye thus doo / I haue it not descayd

This Pandarus that al these thynges seyd  
And byst wele / he sayd a sooth of this  
He not a word to hym agayne answerd  
For sory of his frendes / sorow he is  
And shamed for his next shad done amys  
And stood astonyd of these causes tiben  
As stille as stone / a word couthe he not not sey

But at the last / thus he spak & seyd  
My broder dere I may doo the no more  
What shold I sey / I late yllbyss & keryde  
And god wote I wyl haate hyr euermore  
And that thou me bysoughtest done of pore  
Hauyng vnto myn honour / nor to mytise  
Ryght no reward / I deed al that ye lest



If I dyd ought / that myghtaken the  
It is me lief and of this trefoy nold  
God wote that it / a sorowe is beth me  
And dardles for litters ease of pou  
Right faryn wold I it amende / wile I holl  
And fro thys world almyghty god I pray  
Delpuer hyr sone I can no more say

Erte was the sorowe & the playne of troilus  
Wut forth his cure of fortune gan to holde  
Enside bueth so the sone of tydus  
And troilus mote them in care colde  
Such is the world who so can beholde  
In ech estate is hit litters wile  
God be he take it al for the wile

In many cruel bataylle out of dard  
Of troilus this ple noble knyght  
As men may in this olde booke wite  
Was sen his knyghthode & his gude myght  
And dardles his pr day and nyght  
Ful cruelly the gylpe ap abought  
And allwey most this diomedes he fought

And ofte tyme I fynde that they met  
With bloody swerdes & with wordes gude  
Assayeng how their sprys were I wite  
And god wote with many a cruel be  
Can troilus vpon his harte to be  
Wut netheles fortune / it nol ne wold  
Of other hand that cyther dyd shold

And yf I had taken for to wryte  
The ames of this ple worthy man  
Than wold I of his bataylles endyte  
Wut for that I to wryte first began  
Of his sone I have sayd as I can  
His worthy dedes who so list hem lere  
Rede dardes he can telle hem al in fere

Wylschynge euery lady bryght of helde  
And euery gentylwoman what she be  
That al be that Cresseide was vntrewe  
That for that gylt ye be not worth with me  
Ye may hyr gylt in other woordes see  
And gladlyer I wold wyte/ yf yow be lest  
Penelope's trouthe/ and good Alceste

Ne I seye not this/ as only for this men  
But moost for wymmen that betrayed be  
I thowgh this folk/ god geue hem sorow be amen  
That with theyr grete wordes & subtilyte  
Optrapeth yow/ & this now meneth me  
To speke/ & in effect al yow I prey  
Wreth wyte of men/ & larken what I seye

Goo lytel booke/ goo lytel Tregedye  
That god thy maket/ yet or that I dye  
So sende me myght/ to make somme comedye  
But lytel booke/ make thow none enye  
But subg & be thou vnto al Poetrie  
And kysse þe stowes/ where as thow seest space  
Of Opygple/ Ouyde/ Homere/ Lucan/ & seare

And for ther is so grete dyuersyte  
In Englysshe/ & in brytynge of oure tonge  
Goo pray to god/ that none mysbryte the  
Ne the mysmetre for default of tonge  
And tede/ where so thow be/ or elles songe  
That thow be vnderstonde/ god I beseeke  
But yet to purpoores of my rather speke

The wyse/ as I began yow for to seye  
Of Troylus holt the grekes wought dore  
For thousandes of his handes dyd he dore  
As he that was without ony pite  
Saue Hector in his tyme as I can seye  
But woe alwey/ sauf only goddes wyll  
Ogrytously hym stowe the fiers Achylle

And when that he was slayn in this manere  
His lyght goost/ful blisfully is went  
Onto the holynes of the ryght spere  
In his place letynge eche element  
And there he salve with ful aduysment  
How he was slayne/ alas al to rathe  
The folke of Towyre to moche harme & shathe

And doune from thence fyrst he gan aduise  
This lytel spot of erthe/ that with the see  
Embracyd/ is/ & fully gan despyse  
This wretched world/ & helde it ranspye  
To respect of that playne felytye  
That is in heuene aboue/ & at the last  
There he was slayn/ his bodyng doune he cast

And in hym self he laugh ryght at the woo  
On hym that wepen for his deeth so fast  
And dampnen al oure werkes that folowen so  
The blinde lust/ which that may not last  
And shold al oure lyf to heuene cast  
Holt forth, he went shortly for to telle  
There as Mercury fortold hym to dwelle

Suche fyne hath he/ this Troylus for loue  
Suche fyne he loue/ such fyne he noblesse  
Suche fyne hath his estate yal aboue  
Suche fyne hath fals worldes treghnesse  
Suche fyne hath al his grette worthynesse  
And thus hegan/ his sayng of Escyde  
As I haue told/ and in this wyse he deyde

O yonge fresshe folkes/ he or she  
In which that loue by growlyth with your age  
Reparyth home from worldly ranspye  
And of youre lerte by casteth the by sage  
To thyllk lord/ that after his ymage  
Yow made/ and thynketh al is but a fayre  
This world/ that passyth sone/ as floures faire



And soupyth hym which that ryght for soue  
Upon a crosse our soules for to buye  
Fyrst fear : wofe : & syth in heuene aboue  
For he wyl haue no wyght dare I seye  
That wyl his lere al holy on hym lere  
And sothe / he best is to loue / and moost make  
What nedeth feyned / loue lere for to seke

Loe lere of Paynemes cursyd old / rytes  
Loe lere what al theyr goddes may auayle  
Loe lere these worldes wretchyd apertes  
Loe lere the syne : guerdon for trauayle  
Of Ioue Apollo / of mare / such rascalle  
Loe lere the forme of old clerkes speke  
In poetrye / of yf theyr booke seke

O mortal Golber this booke I direct  
To the end to the Philosophical Stode  
To touchsaf there nede is to correct  
And of your benygnytes / and helpe good  
And to that sothfast / Case that fear on roode  
With al myn lere of mercy I pray  
And to the lorde ryght thus I speke & seye

Thou one and / twoo / and / thre eterne a lyue  
That regnest ay in thre twoo and / one  
Incircumscrip / & al mayst circumscriue  
Us from dysple and Inurysse foone  
Defende & to thy mercy euer chone  
So make vs Iesu for thy mercy dygne  
For loue of mayden / & moder thyn benygne

Here endeth Troylus / as touchyng Cresseide

Explicit per Caxton